Church Psalter and Hymn Book.

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THE

Church Psalter and Hymn Book.

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THE

Church Psalter and Hymn Book.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM MERCER, M.A.,

INCUMBENT OF ST. GEORGE'S, SHEFFIELD.

THE HARMONIES REVISED BY

JOHN GOSS, ESQ.,

COMPOSER TO HER MAJESTY'S CHAPELS ROYAL.
AND ORGANIST OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

Dedicated, by Express Permission, to

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT,

TO THE MOST REVEREND THE LORD ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY AND YORK, AND TO THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOPS OF LONDON, DURHAM, WINCHESTER, PETERBOROUGH, ST. DAVID'S, CHICHESTER, LICHFIELD, ELY, ST. ASAPH, MANCHESTER, HEREFORD, NORWICH, LLANDAFF, BATH AND WELLS, CARLISLE, RIPON, BANGOR, ROCHESTER, WORCESTER, AND GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

No. 1.—CANTICLES.—PSALTER.—HYMNS.

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PREFACE.

It will be unnecessary for the Compiler of the present volume to occupy any time in enforcing the duty of congregational psalmody. The Church of England does not content herself with simply recognizing it, but she requires it of her members; and even those who do not worship within her pale have of late years not only abjured former antipathies and prejudices, but, by their activity in organizing numerous associations for its promotion, have set the Church herself an example which she would do well to follow. He will at once then proceed to give a brief explanation of the general object and character of his work.

THE GENERAL PLAN OF THE WORK.

Its object is to supply congregations, and also families, with a complete manual of all that they are able or may be expected to sing in their collective capacity. It comprises the Prose Psalter, pointed for chanting, with appropriate Chants, 400 Metrical Hymns, with appropriate tunes, six Responses, arranged for different periods of the year, one Sanctus and two Doxologies. What are called the Metrical Psalms have not a distinct position assigned them, but are incorporated with the Metrical Hymns, for, strictly speaking, that is their proper designation. Certainly, in their present fragmentary and mutilated state, they have no claim to be called "the Psalms of David:" yet, as Metrical Hymns, many of them are admirable and well fitted for choral purposes. At the same time the number of the Psalm from which each is taken is placed alongside the number of the Hymn. The *music*, it will be seen, both in the Prose Psalter and in the Hymn Book, appears invariably in company with the words, agreeably to the universal usage in our own country in the period succeeding* the Reformation, and in modern Germany. The advantages of this arrangement are obvious and manifold. The Clergy are spared the weekly trouble of selecting the tunes: the choice of music inappropriate to the words is avoided: a due variety of chants and tunes is secured: the people know the music they will have to sing, and by practising it at home can become thoroughly familiarized with it; and above all, the melody becomes associated and intertwined in the people's minds with the Psalm or Hymn. The benefit of this last result is incalculable. No sooner is the Hymn given out than the tune starts at the same moment to the memory, and conversely. The tune suggests the Hymn; the Hymn calls to memory the tune. If it is urged, the poor can make no use of the music; it may be replied, this objection is fast receding before the widely extended range of educational appliances. The elements of music now form an

* "Este's collection, at the period of its publication (1592), was found in every Church pew, and was in general use; for the power of reading from notes was not then rare, but a general acquirement."—*Preface to a collection of Psalm Tunes.*

integral portion of instruction in our national schools, and not a few indulge the sanguine hope that a few years will see the poor of this country as able to take the same intelligent part in "the common tune" as the poor of Germany. To say the least, the non-musical section of a congregation, if not *gainers*, yet assuredly will not be *losers* by the arrangement. They will still have the words, as they had before; whilst, on the other hand, that section which have some knowledge of music, will have their position improved; they will have the music as well as the words. The whole of the music is printed in what is commonly called short or compressed score, a mode of arrangement universal in Germany, and rapidly becoming so in England. Short score means the harmony of the four parts or voices (treble, alto, tenor, and bass), written in two instead of four staves. In the upper staff, the treble occupies the higher range, with the stems of the notes upwards, and the alto or second treble the lower range, with the stems downwards. On the lower staff (with the bass cleff), the tenor occupies the upper, and the bass the lower range, with the stems upwards and downwards respectively. The advantages of this mode of printing chant and psalm music are so numerous and obvious, as to need neither enumeration nor explanation.

THE PSALTER.

The system of punctuation adopted is that commonly used in our Cathedrals. Great care has been taken to attain the proper coincidence of the musical and rhetorical accent, so as not to sacrifice the one to the other.* The Chants chosen are the best of those in ordinary use in our Cathedrals. Most of them are already well-known in our parochial Churches, and consequently will not have to be learnt for the first time. In selecting them, special attention has been paid, first, to the practicability of the *reciting* note: secondly, to simplicity and ecclesiastical character. It will be seen, moreover, that transitions in the *same* Chant, from the major to the minor key, and *vice versâ*, have been avoided. When a change in the character of the Psalm required it, another Chant has been introduced.

THE HYMNS.

These are 400 in number.† Some may possibly deem this number beyond the requirements of a congregation. It should, however, be borne in mind that it includes many of the Metrical Psalms: not a few again, are required for occasional use, whilst others have become so enshrined in popular sympathies and affections, that to omit them in any collection would be fatal to its success, however high the authority which endorsed it. In making this selection, the Compiler has most carefully consulted integrity of doctrinal teaching, correctness of rhythm, strength and propriety of phrase and sentiment, comprehensiveness of subject, and the general exigencies of public worship; with what success must be left to the decision of others. All bald and meaningless Hymns have been rigidly excluded. The metres of three or four of the Hymns may sound unusual to English ears; but they could not be omitted or altered, save by the sacrifice or mutilation of some of the finest of the German Chorales. Two of these, Hymn 122 and Hymn 381, were composed expressly for the original metres, by the late James Montgomery, Esq., who, for some years before his death, statedly attended the Compiler's Church. It may be added that the present collection was favoured with his most careful examination, and he was pleased to speak in the kindest terms of it.

* *See* "Explanatory Marks of Psalter." † *See* Second Preface.

THE METRICAL TUNES.

For the selection and arrangement of these the Compiler alone is responsible. They are taken from the best repertories of Psalmody, both English and foreign, and consist chiefly of the stately melodies of our own Church, and of the finest Chorales of Germany. He has not felt himself at liberty to reject the least objectionable of the tunes in triple measure, such as *Rockingham, Irish, Abridge, &c.* They are good in their particular style, though that style may not be pronounced the best: but all tunes of a florid structure and of secular associations are allowed no admission here. The tunes selected are suitable, easy, and methodical in their phrases, symmetrical in their proportions, and, for the most part, syllabic in their partition. Such, doubtless, are the tunes best adapted for the ready, distinct, and simultaneous utterance of the congregational voice. A considerable number of them have already acquired great traditional renown, and an established position in the public favour; and the rest, when once mastered, will be equally appreciated. Some of them, on their first enunciation, may be thought dull and lifeless, and the Clergyman may feel a little hesitation in introducing them, lest he should seem to run counter to his people's predilections. For these the Compiler craves a patient hearing; and for the encouragement of others he begs to record the result of his own experience. This he does with the confident assurance that many of his brethren can re-echo his statement as the result of their own. The flippant, complex, and operatic* tunes which, alas! still prevail in too many of our Churches, once prevailed in his own. Some of them were quite impracticable to all but trained ears, by their high pitch, broken rhythm, and interminable appoggiaturas. Consequently the singing of the Congregation was partial, irregular, fitful, and impulsive. They sung out only when in the humour, and not unfrequently the people in one part of the Church were a full bar behind those in another. The Compiler sought to remedy the evil by gently and unobtrusively substituting the noble melodies which were composed when psalmody was best understood and most extensively practised. At first they were pronounced heavy and unattractive, and so would the *Old Hundredth* be pronounced by many modern congregations, if introduced for the first time. He persevered, notwithstanding, quietly yet firmly. Shortly, prejudices began to recede. The people gradually got hold of the tunes; the poor could sing them, and they are now sung with a vigour of voice and purpose which is most refreshing, whilst those who were loudest in their condemnation have become loudest in their praise. It is indeed quite exhilarating to mark the revolution which the public mind is undergoing in their favour. The spurious, crude, irreverent, inartistic productions which have so long occupied the room of their elder brethren, the rightful heirs to the people's confidence and attachment, are rapidly losing the position which they have so unjustly usurped, and probably within twenty years we shall have to celebrate their entire extrusion from the sanctuary. Possibly the number of tunes in this collection (160), may be thought too great, yet it is considerably below that in constant use in Germany and amongst many dissenting congregations in our own country. It could not have been reduced without banishing much that was really excellent. It will be found, moreover, upon trial, that the capabilities of a congregation in this department of the service are almost unlimited, when once they have caught

* "Church music," says Dr. Crotch, "should contain nothing which recommends itself for its novelty, or reminds us of what is heard at the parade, the concert, and the theatre."

the true style; and I may be pardoned if I venture to observe, that those of my brethren who restrict the psalmody of their Churches to a very limited number of chants and tunes, from the fear of their people being unequal to a larger number, are in unwitting error upon this point. It is proved by experience that the periodical recurrence of the same tune, however good, at very brief intervals, is obstructive of congregational singing. The tune, in process of time, loses its freshness, and palls upon the ear, and the people become weary of the perpetual repetition. A compiler of psalm-tunes is bound to provide a sufficiency, not for a *short time*, but for *all time*.

THE HARMONIES.

These have been adopted from the most trustworthy and unimpeachable sources. A few others, as in *Eisenach*, *Halle*, *&c.*, which have been simplified from Sebastian Bach, may appear at the first sight difficult; but the difficulty is only in *appearance*, as the motion of the parts is natural and easy. That there may be no apprehension on the score of accuracy, the Compiler has pleasure in adding that the whole of the Harmonies throughout the entire work have been rigidly revised, and, whenever necessary, corrected and re-arranged by John Goss, Esq., Organist of St. Paul's, London. The task could not have been confided to safer or abler hands, and the skill and care which Mr. Goss has brought to it merit my warmest commendation. And it is encouraging to me in my labours for the promotion of a good object, that Mr. Goss authorizes me to add, that the selection itself of Tunes and Chants has his entire approbation. My best thanks are also due to the Rev. W. H. Havergal, Rector of St. Nicholas and Canon of Worcester, for placing at my unfettered disposal the harmonies in his invaluable work, *Old Church Psalmody*: a reference to the Index of Tunes will show that I have not been sparing in my use of so generous a permission. I have also great pleasure in acknowledging my obligations to the compiler of the *Congregational Church Music*, and to the editor of *The Standard Tune Book*, for so kindly permitting me to use the arrangements which I requested of them; and to my able Organist, Mr. Phillips, whose skill on his instrument is only equalled by his exact taste, for his kindness in rendering me assistance, whenever required.

THE TABLE OF HYMNS.

This is constructed upon the presumption that all the tunes have been mastered. Where this is not the case the Clergyman can easily draw up a separate index for himself, and use it till the complete index can be brought into full requisition. The peculiar advantage of a tabular index of this kind is, that the Hymns, like the lessons for each Sunday, are known beforehand, and the people, by private or by public practice during the week, can prepare themselves to take their part upon the Sunday.

THE PRICE.

The Compiler is anxious to offer his work at the very lowest price, consistently with immunity to himself from personal risk. If he be *indemnified* for actual outlay, he will be satisfied: *remuneration* he desires not, but that arising from the consciousness of having contributed in some humble degree to the right discharge of a great and glorious duty. The work is stereotyped, and the whole of the plates cast from entirely new type; consequently there need be no fear of the supply being exhausted. The Psalter and Hymn Book can be had separately at proportionably reduced prices.

THE BEST MODE OF USING THE BOOK.

It is not in the spirit of dictation, but with the utmost deference, that the Compiler would venture to offer the following suggestions to those of his brethren who may be disposed to introduce his volume into their Churches. 1. Let the tunes which are well known, and of these there is a considerable number, first be selected and adhered to. By this means deeply rooted predilections would not receive too vehement a shock, a taste for a pure style of psalmody would be formed, and this would pave the way for the use of all the rest. 2. As the service of the domestic altar, to be complete, should have the family Hymn, as well as the family lesson and the family prayer, the heads of families may be encouraged to use at morning and evening prayer, during the week, the Hymns and Tunes which are appointed in the Tabular Index for the following Sunday. The children and servants of the household will thus become familiarized to good Psalm-tunes, and be qualified to sing them with precision, earnestness, and spirit. Domestic psalmody will ever be found to be the best preparation for congregational psalmody. 3. The same plan may be adopted in the national schools. The tunes which are appointed for the ensuing Sabbath can be used at the opening and close of the school each day: and to this may be superadded a practice of the whole school for one hour at least every week, when the melodies can be taught by the teacher from the black board. The true syllabic psalm-tune is the only one children can sing with correctness, and they catch it with remarkable facility. 4. If practicable, let the congregation be invited and urged to assemble every week for practice. This method is now extensively adopted by many congregations, both in and out of the Church, and with the happiest effects. These recommendations, systematically and energetically carried out, would soon, the Compiler believes, raise the psalmody of our Church to the high and palmy condition of its most flourishing period.

I now commit the book to the blessing of God and the kind consideration of the Church, and I commit it in the degree that it is likely to subserve the glory of the one and the benefit of the other. I deeply lament the prostrate condition of our psalmody. In some of our Churches the chant or tune is never heard; in others it is confined to the clerk or choir; from others Metrical Hymns are violently ejected; whilst, again, in others where they are welcomed as an important auxiliary to congregational praise, they are too often allied to a class of melodies which never can permanently carry the sympathies of the people, or effectually draw out the choral powers of a congregation. This comparative neglect of such an important arm of divine service is a source of unspeakable weakness to the Church amongst the masses. "The common tune," well and adequately rendered, is relished by the educated as well as the uneducated ear: but to the poor it is essential, and no form of worship will ever be attractive without it. If they find no vent for their feelings in channel like this within the Church, they will wander in search for it without. Everywhere we hear the complaint that the poor do not appear in any large number at our Churches, and especially in our large towns. Cannot one reason for this be found in the torpor which too often pervades her services? The rich do not sing, the poor dare not, whilst those who resolutely make the effort soon find their voices grow tremulous from being solitary in the work of praise. The plain, practical truth is, the poor have neither the time, ability, nor inclination to examine the numerous and elaborate treatises which have been written

to vindicate the Church's claims to their homage and affection; but an earnest, impressive, and devotional worship they can understand; it is an argument which lies quite within their comprehension and feeling. Let the services of the Church be as distinguished by their warmth and vitality as they are by their majesty; let every one lift up his voice in the congregational song and response, and not be afraid; and this, united with the other influences of faithful teaching from the pulpit and diligent visitation in the parish, will, with God's blessing, do more to recover and attach the alienated masses of our population to her courts, than a thousand arguments which appeal merely to the understanding or to hereditary prepossessions. It is gratifying to mark the recent efforts for the promotion of pure psalmody; and I hope yet to hear the "common tune" resounding through the lofty aisles of the Cathedral,* uplifted by the worshippers of our parochial Churches† with the grand and consonous unity of former days, and animating the service of every family altar.‡ Above all do I earnestly pray that God may pour the *spirit* of praise upon our congregations in its richest affluence. This alone, like the incense to the fire of the altar, communicates the sacred odour and distinguishes it from the common element; this alone qualifies for the psalmody of the Church triumphant; and this alone makes the psalmody of earth, however sweet the confluence of sounds, rise an acceptable offering to God. "Praise is comely FOR THE UPRIGHT."

WILLIAM MERCER.

Leavy Greave, Sheffield.
Dec. 10, 1854.

* Cosin, Bishop of Durham, says, "he never forbade singing the metre psalms in the Cathedral, but used to sing them himself with the people at morning prayer." Master Thomas Mace's statement respecting the super-excellency of the style in which psalms were sung by immense congregations in York Minster, in 1644, is well known. The fact also is evident from the title of Ravencroft's volume, from Clifford's collection of works "usually sung in all Cathedrals and Collegiate Choirs," (1664.)

† "Immediately," says Bishop Jewell, in a letter to Peter Martyr, 1560, "not only the Churches in the neighbourhood, but in the towns far distant, began to vie with each other in the same practice. You may now sometimes see at St. Paul's Cross, after the service, 6000 people, old and young, of both sexes, all singing together and praising God." "Three or four thousand singing at a time in a Church of this city is but a trifle," says Roger Ascham, in a letter from Augsburg, dated 14th May, 1551.

‡ Hawkins, in his history, mentions that "the time is hardly beyond the reach of some persons living when psalmody was considered a delightful exercise," and that "a passenger on a Sunday evening, from St. Paul's to Aldgate, would have heard the families in most houses in his way occupied in singing psalms."

SECOND PREFACE.

It has been suggested to me by individuals whose opinion I felt to be entitled to all deference, that in the previous edition of this Hymn-Book some of the Church's seasons, and especially that of Lent, were but inadequately represented, whilst some of its occasional offices were altogether unprovided for. The suggestion was accompanied by a kind intimation, that the addition of 100 Hymns would make the book complete, and all that they could desire.

In the suggestion itself I entirely concurred; and no opportunity for carrying it out seemed so suitable as the present, when a considerable number of congregations were waiting for a new edition in order to be supplied.

The present Editions contain 106 additional hymns. In selecting these, I have carefully examined every known source which appeared to me worth the trouble, and especially the Protestant Hymnology of Germany, rich beyond description in the number, variety, and value of its stores. A large proportion of the new Hymns consists of its choicest gems. Of these, not a few are from the pen of earlier translators: for the remainder I am chiefly indebted to the kindness of living translators.

In acknowledging the services of the latter, I have to thank very sincerely Miss Coxe, of Oxford, for Hymns 163. 401, 455, 461, 462; the Rev. E. Jackson, Incumbent of St. James', Leeds, for Hymn 319; and the Rev. H. G. Bunsen, Vicar of Lilleshall, for Hymn 105. Upon the kindness of R. Massie, Esq., of Pulford Hall, Wrexham, I have drawn very largely. Not only has he allowed me to enrich my collection with some of the finest hymns of Luther, from his "Spiritual Songs of Luther," but he has translated a large number of other German Hymns expressly for this work. The former are Hymns 64, 104, 142, 143, 481: the latter, Hymns 92, 93, 106, 135, 161, 185, 404, 436, 463, 482, 500, 501, 502, 504, 506.

Some of the German Hymns may be considered of too great length for English congregations. This inconvenience has been obviated by dividing them, when necessary, into two or more parts.

One of the ablest judges of the day, in a communication with which he has favoured me, says, "I think it is a great pity to leave out verses of Hymns, if it can by any means be avoided. Every clergyman can choose as many verses as he likes. The one likes this; the other, that. Again, in altering words I think that great care should be taken. The way hitherto has been to cut, eliminate, alter, change,—and thus wholly destroy the Hymn as it came forth out of the mind of the author." In this view I perfectly concur, and accordingly, in the present edition, I have bestowed the greatest pains in revising the text, and, when necessary or desirable, restoring it to its original integrity. This has occasioned the transfer of a few Hymns, and amongst others, of Hymn 266 (see Hymn 487) and Hymn 230 (see Hymn 65), one of the finest of Paul Gerhardt's.

The Psalter, as well as the Hymn-Book, has undergone a thorough revision, and at the instance of some friends, has been furnished with additional marks, so as to remove every difficulty that may possibly arise in its musical interpretation.

Both editions, large and small, exactly correspond. The additional music which I have felt it necessary to select, has, of course, been submitted to the revision of Mr. Goss.

Some of my brethren have expressed a doubt whether the music can be of any use to the poorer members of their flocks. Experience may, perhaps, be allowed to decide the point. In the Churches where the work is already introduced, so far as I have been given to understand, the poor are as partial to the music as to the Hymns; and even assuming that many of the present generation of adult poor can benefit but little by it, yet their children will. By being familiarized from their infancy, in the Church and in the school, to the sight of a given number of notes, they will gradually acquire the use of them, and so be enabled to take a more intelligent part in the choral praises of the congregation. To this

may be added, that the low price at which the small edition is offered, will place it within the reach of the humblest means.*

The testimonies I have received, from time to time, from those of my brethren who have adopted the book into their Churches, as to the improvement already effected in their congregational singing, have been peculiarly gratifying.

I am glad to be able to say that, though 64 pages have been added to the work in each edition, I find I am under no necessity of adding to the price: the best proof, I trust, I can give of my anxiety to serve the Church without any view to personal emolument.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to say that, in selecting the Hymns I have sought to lay aside every party or personal predilection. Whenever I found a really good Hymn—a Hymn in harmony with the teaching of Scripture and of the Church, calculated to aid public or private devotion, to promote the honour and glory of Christ and the good of His people,—whatever might be its source, ancient, mediæval, or modern, I thankfully adopted it. I would add that, however gratifying it might be to me personally to witness the extensive adoption of this work, on which I have spent so large an amount of time and labour, yet I hope and desire it only in the proportion it is likely to serve the great ends to which I have alluded.

WILLIAM MERCER.

Leavy Greave, Dec. 5, 1856.

* Cheap editions of the Hymns without Music, in good type, have recently been published.

THIRD PREFACE.

The present Editions contain a few alterations, which have been made at the special instance of some earnest well-wishers to the work. I felt, moreover, that its recent introduction into St. Paul's Cathedral, at the Special Evening Services, laid me under an additional obligation to render the book as perfect as human care could make it.

The whole of the music, with the exception of two tunes (Coburg or Christmas Hymn, and Gotha) composed by H. R. H. the Prince Consort, and inserted by his gracious permission, has undergone another and most anxious revision by Mr. Goss. The harmonies may now safely be pronounced to be no longer susceptible of improvement.

Some valuable suggestions kindly tendered by the Dean of St. Paul's, I have gladly adopted.

WILLIAM MERCER.

Feb. 3, 1859.

PREFACE TO THE QUARTO EDITION.

The "Church Psalter and Hymn Book" has already been introduced into several Cathedrals, and the aspiration uttered at the close of the first Preface is being realized. "The Common Tune" is no longer "uplifted by the worshippers of Parochial Churches" only: it once more "resounds through the lofty aisles of the Cathedral."

But Cathedrals have this requirement beyond most Parochial Churches, that the exigencies of *daily* worship have to be provided for. Accordingly the Psalter is now furnished with a greater variety of Chants. Not the least inconvenience, however, will arise to the holders of existing Editions, as the additional music is invariably distinguished by an asterisk. It will be seen that options, both of double and single chants, are given in each Morning and Evening. As a general rule, the double chant should be associated with the double chant, and the single with the single: yet, with few exceptional cases, both forms are so distributed that the one leads to the other, the double chant to the single, or conversely, the single to the double, without any improper sequence of keys.

Still further to promote the convenience of Cathedral and other Churches, all the musical forms may be had with, as well as without, the Plain Chant of the Daily Service. The Plain Chant, Song, or Tune adopted at the Reformation was not a new composition, but the Canto Fermo of earlier days, stripped of the florid phrases which had supervened in the lapse of ages, and properly adjusted to the Vernacular and Reformed Service. It was set in 1544 by Archbishop Cranmer himself to the Litany, the first part of the Prayer Book used in the vulgar tongue; and afterwards in 1550 to the Daily Prayer and the Office of the Holy Communion, by John Marbeck, organist of Windsor, most probably under the superintendence of the Archbishop. In the form in which it came out of their hands, it has, with some slight variations, and with such modifications as the subsequent revisions of the Liturgy rendered necessary, been retained in our Cathedral, Collegiate, and some other Churches to the present day; two periods alone excepted.

What is popularly known as Tallis's Service, is, strictly speaking, not a *new use* composed by Tallis; but the Archbishop's adaptation of the *old* one, with the harmonies of that great Cathedralist. This arrangement I have not adopted, for, (1) contrary to modern usage, it exhibits the principal melody, or the Plain Song itself, in the Tenor: (2) its harmonies are much too intricate for the great bulk of Cathedral worshippers: and (3) it was never designed for *daily* and ordinary use. Even in Cathedrals which possess their full complement of choral resources, it is reserved for particular occasions only.

In the present work the Plain Song has been adopted in all its original purity, and, whenever practicable, thrown into the Chant form. Such a form will, it is hoped, greatly simplify its use, and help to correct an erroneous impression too often induced by the customary notation, that each note is to have its strict musical length assigned to it. An unnatural and unrhythmical utterance of it, which grates upon the ear, and serves rather to extinguish than foster devotional feeling, is the necessary result.

The harmonies allocated to the Plain Song are not, except in some rare instances, from Tallis: here abridgement would be mutilation: but chiefly from Byrde, and those traditionally used in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. They are presented in their uncorrupted form, and will recommend themselves no less by their beauty and simplicity, than by their antiquity. In preparing this portion of the work, I cheerfully acknowledge the valuable assistance which I have received from Mr. Goss. In availing myself of his judgment and experience, I imposed one condition only, that the Plain Song should be scrupulously adhered to, even if it involved an occasional deviation from the modern uses of our Metropolitan Cathedrals.

Having now done my best to meet all the congregational requirements both

of Cathedral and of Parochial Churches, I desire, in conclusion, to record my thankfulness for the degree of success which has already accompanied my labours. I am gratefully sensible of the Royal,* Archiepiscopal, and Episcopal patronage which has been so liberally vouchsafed to the work, nor can I deny myself the satisfaction of tendering my thanks also to those of my brethren who have, in such large numbers, given it their support. In the first preface I remarked:

"The Compiler is anxious to offer his work at the very lowest price, consistently with immunity to himself from personal risk. If he be *indemnified* for actual outlay, he will be satisfied: *remuneration* he desires not, but that arising from the consciousness of having contributed in some humble degree to the right discharge of a great and glorious duty."

The best practical proof I can now allege of the sincerity of this profession is that, although the work has been favoured with an immense circulation, I am not yet indemnified for my outlay. But the assurances which I constantly receive from my brethren of the impulse given to their Congregational singing, of the augmented attendance at their Churches, and of the quickened spirit of their services, have cheered me incomparably more than any mere pecuniary recompense, and have filled me with thankfulness to Him who alone can render effectual whatever is designed for the edification of His Church.

Nov. 6th, 1860. WILLIAM MERCER.

* The work is in regular use in Her Majesty's Private Chapels.

CONTENTS.

Advent, 1—37, 47, 64, 221, 280, 378, 430.
Christmas, 37—41, 2, 8, 15, 18, 20.
Circumcision, 41—45, 21, 412, 413, 414, 452.
Epiphany, 45—61, 13, 15, 17, 122, 268, 375—382, 493.
Lent, 61—82, 135, 222—238, 254—265, 279, 280, 288, 298, 307, 308, 401—408, 416, 417, 419, 423, 424, 430, 436, 441, 445.
Week before Easter, 82—93, 134, 136, 211—221, 312—316, 401—408, 430
Easter Eve, 93, 88, 282, 307, 319.
Easter, 94—115.
Rogation Days, { War, 363. / Food, 366, 367, 369, 370, 371, 372, 395. / Church, 270, 303, 304, 305.
Ascension, 116—137, 26, 279, 280, 319, 351, 428, 446, 480.
Whitsuntide, 137—156, 303, 36, 325, 425, 426, 431.
Trinity Sunday, 156—170, 14, 278, 279, (Part III.) 425, 450
Miscellaneous Subjects:—

I. Scripture, 171—177, 165.
II. Attributes of God, 177—193.
III. Creation, 193—195, 22, 170, 188, 352.
IV. Providence, 196—207, 59, 179, 190, 259, 351.
V. Redemption, 207—222, 400—417. *See* Advent, &c.
VI. The Christian Life, 222—266, 404, 409, 410, 411, 416, 417—453.
VII. The Church, 266—278, 13, 51, 56, 299, 327, 353, 381, 450 (Part II.).

Saints' Days, 280—303, 266, 272, 275, 276, 277, 487.
Ember Days, 303—306, 48, 52, 55, 56, 289, 290, 381, 440.
Baptism, 306, 307, 41, 42, 155, 292, 450, 455.
Holy Communion, 308—317, 278 (Part II.), 456—458.
Confirmation, 318, 320, 24, 42, 246, 263, 290, 305 (Part II.), 428, 434—438, 453, 458—460.
Order of Matrimony, 462.
To be used at Sea, 464—467, 468, 7, 184, 201, 202.
Visitation of the Sick, 467—483, 20, 47, 68, 71, 76, 128, 165, 199, 219, 201, 215, 256, 259, 265, 271, 274, 301, 443.
Burial of the Dead, 320—325, 28, 29, 76, 104, 131, 272, 274, 301, 470, 476, 479, 480, 481, 482.
Lord's Day and Public Worship, 325—354, 1, 6, 11, 47, 51, 52, 60, 95, 105 138, 143, 151, 161, 169, 297, 303, 304, 316, 387, 388, 454.
Accession, 113, 373, 374, 499.
Morning and Evening, 354—363, 442, 500—506.
Fast Day, 363—368, 35, 54, 87, 177, 206, 254, 262.
Thanksgiving Day, 368—373, 59, 117, 122, 192, 196, 201, 297, 327, 381.
Harvest, 368, 371, 372, 463.
Fifth of November, 373, 374, 113, 376, 381.
Missions, 375—382, 14, 15, 122, 124, 170, 295, 337, 493. *See* Epiphany
Missions to the Jews, 383, 43, 52, 56 64, 73, 81, 122, 124, 268, 376, 381.
Schools, 383—387, 4, 41, 42, 138, 173, 263, 318.
Foundation, Consecration, and Anniversary of a Church, 387—390, 51, 327, 330, 331, 341, 345, 353.
Benefit Societies, 390—396, 422, 451, 452.
Birth Day, 196, 29, 28, 221.
Different Circumstances of Life, 494—500.
Future State, 119, 128, 272, 273, 279, 483—492.
End of the Year, 396—401, 506.

Proper Psalms on certain Days.

	Matins.	*Evensong.*
Christmas Day.	Psalm 19	Psalm 89
	—— 45	—— 110
	—— 85	—— 132
Ash Wednesday.	—— 6	—— 102
	—— 32	—— 130
	—— 38	—— 143
Good Friday.	—— 22	—— 69
	—— 40	—— 88
	—— 54	

	Matins.	*Evensong.*
Easter Day.	Psalm 2	Psalm 113
	—— 57	—— 114
	—— 111	—— 118
Ascension Day.	—— 8	—— 24
	—— 15	—— 47
	—— 21	—— 108
Whit Sunday.	—— 48	—— 104
	—— 68	—— 145

Hymns proper for Sundays and other Holy Days.

SUNDAYS OF ADVENT.

	Morning.	Evening.
1.	1, 220, 27.	36 (or 3), 5, 18.
2.	171, 7, 15.	35 (or 12), 2 (pt. 3), 175.
3.	304, 10, 32.	30, 14 (or 1), 221.
4.	19, 292 (or 288), 170.	47, 378, 60.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

39, 38, 40. | 20, 37, 39 (2).

SUNDAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS.

1.	438, 210, 2 (pt. 3).	211 (or 141), 228, 429.
2.	44, 8, 295.	102, 229, 248.

EPIPHANY.

51, 55, 45. | 46, 57, 49.

SUNDAYS AFTER EPIPHANY.

1.	46, 241, 45.	13 (or 413), 57, 56.
2.	58, 105, 376.	127, 235 (or 485), 503.
3.	51, 49, 217.	305 (2), 381 (or 228), 362.
4.	245, 364 (or 374), 379 (or 144).	255, 260, 265.
5.	267 (or 10), 377, 297.	329, 122, 17.
6.	230, 36 (1), (or 257, or 110), 15.	187 (or 151), 27, 276.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

193, 244, 319. | 188, 251, 170.

SEXAGESIMA.

333, 325 (or 463, pt. 2), 84. | 177 (or 330), 303 (or 460), 357.

QUINQUAGESIMA.

403 (or 110), 152, 168. | 28, 120, 242 (or 439).

ASH WEDNESDAY.

65, 61, 71. | 62, 75, 79.

SUNDAYS IN LENT.

1.	62 (or 96), 74, 61.	68, 76, 234 (or 362).
2.	454, 78, 64.	254, 237 (or 472), 220.
3.	172, 250, 223.	65, 215, 263.
4.	369 (or 151), 85, 89.	296, 87, 361 (or 93), 21.
5.	72, 280 (1), 228.	275 (or 407), 364 (or 87), 79.
6.	75 287, 83.	82, 88, 312.

GOOD FRIDAY.

86, 91, 92 (1). | 308, 90 (or 4), 313.

EASTER DAY.

Morning.	Evening.
97, 94, 104 (or 108).	98, 122, 104 (2), (or 109).

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER.

1.	102, 115, 106 (2), (or 100).	130, 15, 132.
2.	339, 125 (or 461), 370.	380, 219, 212.
3.	352, 236, 136.	279 (or 74), 122, 106 (2).
4.	204, 146, 144.	124, 297, 114.
5.	346, 96, 119.	298, 169, 160.

ASCENSION DAY.

11, 116, 118. | 126, 135 (or 129), 221.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

121, 123 (or 229), 122. | 134 (or 2, pt. 3), 107 (or 116), 94.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

138, 142 (or 148), 137. | 139, 303 (or 143), 144.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

157 (or 164), 166, 156. | 162, 163 (or 352), 170.

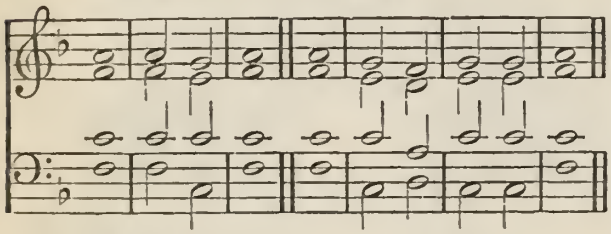
SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

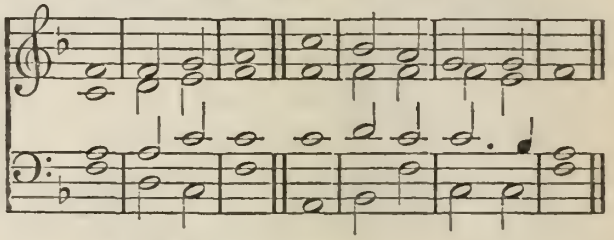
1.	207, 31, 298.	192, 206 (or 351), 504.
2.	186, 159, 238.	502 (or 200), 243, 162.
3.	336, 224, 257 (or 411).	340, 165, 247.
4.	281 (or 330), 161 (or 200), 105.	271 (or 1), 273, 277.
5.	117 (or 25), 54, 381.	191, 268 (or 473), 270.
6.	231, 322 (or 447), 120.	353, 136, 362.
7.	172, 161 (or 485), 77.	209, 28, 313.
8.	189, 203 (or 84, pt. 2), 154.	145, 25 (or 196), 198.
9.	347 (or 437), 265, 395.	256, 106 (or 484), 264.
10.	222 (or 186), 382, 43.	132, 81, 150.
11.	500, 33, 16.	503, 297, 232 (or 442).
12.	354 (or 344), 92 (or 66), 26.	502, 63, 302.
13.	387, 252, 57.	52, 269, 337.
14.	253, 140, 423.	332, 355, 350.
15	179, 216, 256.	275 (or 454), 296, 167.
16.	342, 290, 271 (or 22).	280, 288, 300.
17.	65, 21, 351.	349 (or 197), 394, 153.
18.	500, 265, 261.	417, 105, 233 (or 180).
19.	501, 221, 316.	335, 15, 358.
20.	199, 87 (or 344), 122.	343, 294 (or 492), 320 (or 504).
21.	348, 255 (or 249), 185.	19, 156, 246.
22.	143 (or 6), 291, 297.	388, 299, 362.
23.	356, 183 (or 214), 312.	375, 89, 24 (or 182).
24.	256, 59, 135 (or 425).	211 (or 240), 381, 185 (2).
25.	181, 131 (or 162), 272.	319, 378, 326.

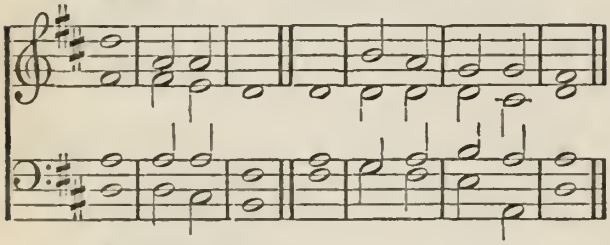
MORNING PRAYER.

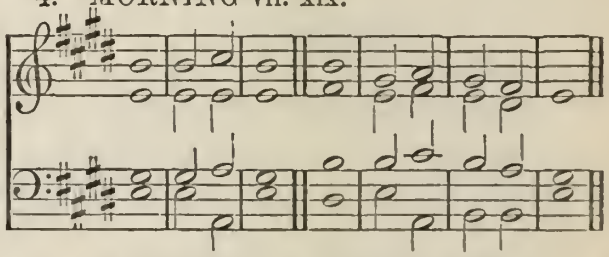
¶ *Then shall be said or sung this Psalm following: except on* Easter-Day, *upon which another Anthem is appointed; and on the nineteenth day of every month it is not to be read here, but in the ordinary course of the Psalms.*

Morning	No. of Chants.	Morning	No. of Chants.	Morning	No. of Chants.	Morning	No. of Chants.	Morning	No. of Chants.
I.	7.	VII.	4.	XIII.	3 or 9*.	XIX.	4.	XXV.	7.
II.	6.	VIII.	2.	XIV.	7.	XX.	5.	XXVI.	2.
III.	8 or 10*.	IX.	8 or 10*.	XV.	8 or 10*.	XXI.	8 or 10*.	XXVII.	6.
IV.	1.	X.	6.	XVI.	1.	XXII.	2.	XXVIII.	3 or 9*.
V.	5.	XI.	7.	XVII.	2.	XXIII.	7.	XXIX.	1.
VI.	3 or 9*.	XII.	6.	XVIII.	6.	XXIV.	8 or 10*.	XXX.	3 or 9*.

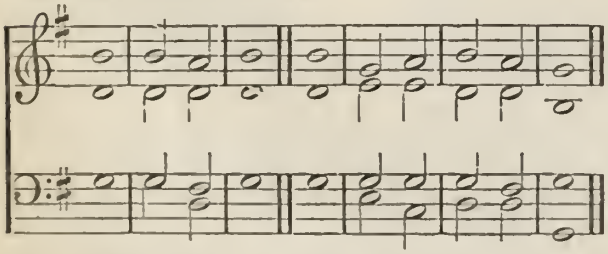
1. MORNING iv. xvi. xxix.

2. MORNING viii. xvii. xxii. xxvi.



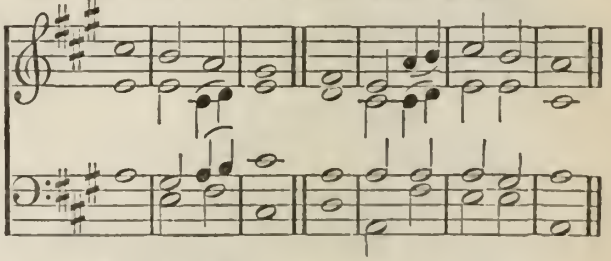
3. MORNING vi. xiii. xxviii. xxx.

4. MORNING vii. xix.



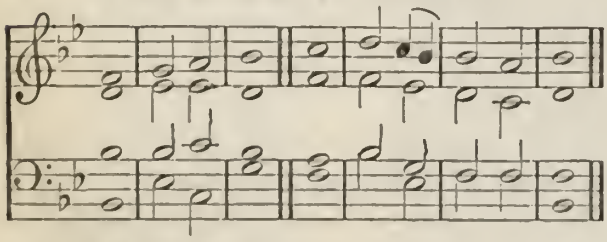
5. MORNING v. xx.



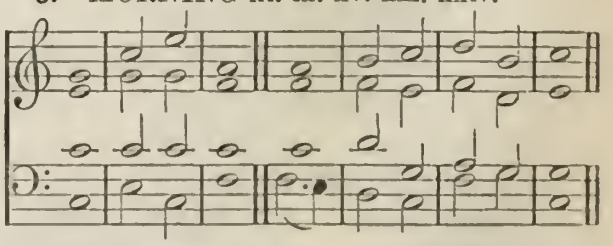
6. MORNING ii. x. xii. xviii. xxvii.



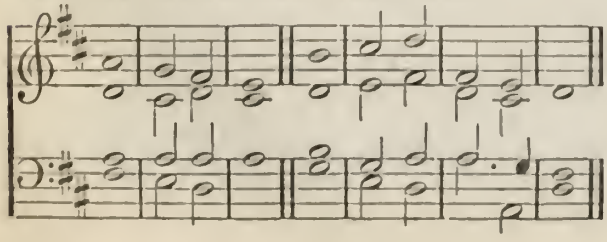
7. MORNING i. xi. xiv. xxiii. xxv.



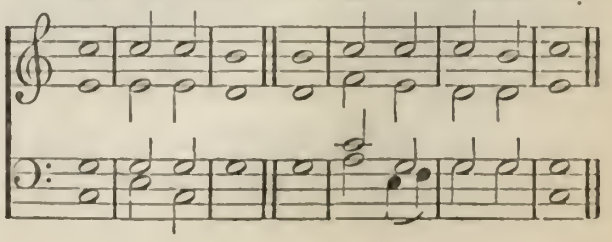
8. MORNING iii. ix. xv. xxi. xxiv.



9. *MORNING xiii. xxviii. xxx.



10. *MORNING iii. ix. xv. xxi. xxiv. Easter Day.



VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO. Ps. xcv.

1 O COME, let us sîng un'to the Lord : let us heartily rejôice in the' strength of' our salvation.

2 Let us come before his prêsence' with thanksgiving : and shêw ourselves' glad in' him with psalms.

3 For the Lôrd is a' greät God : ând a great' King a'bove all gods.

4 In his hand are all the côrners' of the earth : and the strêngth of the' hills is' hïs also.

5 The sêa is his, and' hë made-it : and hîs hands pre'pared the' drÿ land.

6 O come, let us wôrship, and' fäll down : and knêel be'fore the' Lord our Maker.

7 For hê is the' Lord our God : and we are the people of his pâsture,' and the' sheep-of his hand.

8 To-day if ye will hear his voice, hârden' not your hearts : as in the provocation, and as in the dây of tempta'tion' in the wilderness ;

9 Whên your fathers' tempted me : prôved' me, and' saw my works.

10 Forty years long was I grieved with thîs gene'ration, and said : It is a people that do err in their heârts, for they' have not' known my ways ;

11 Unto whôm I' sware-in my wrath : that they shoûld not' enter' into my rest.

Glory be to the Fâther,' and to the Son : ând' to the' Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and' ever shall-be : wôrld' without' end. Amen.

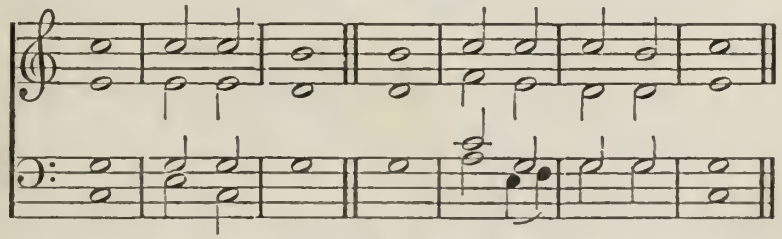
¶ *Then shall follow the Psalms in order as they are appointed. And at the end of every Psalm throughout the Year, and likewise at the end of* Benedicite, Benedictus, Magnificat, *and* Nunc dimittis, *shall be repeated,*

Glory be to the Fâther,' and to the Son : ând' to the' Holy Ghost ;

Answer. As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and' ever shall-be : wôrld' without' end. Amen.

EASTER DAY.

¶ *At Morning Prayer, instead of the Psalm,* O come, let us sing, *&c., these Anthems shall be sung or said.*



CHRIST our pâssover is' sacrificed for us : thêrefore' let us' keep the feast;

Not with the old leaven, nor with the lêaven of' malice and wickedness : but with the unlêavened' bread of sin'cerity and truth. 1 Cor. v. 7.

CHRIST being raised from the dêad' dieth no more : death hath nô more do'minion' over him.

For in that he died, he dîed' unto sin once : but in that he lîveth, he' liveth' unto God.

Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dêad in'deed unto sin : but alive unto Gôd through' Jesus' Christ our Lord. Rom. vi. 9.

CHRIST is rîsen' from the dead : and becôme the' first-fruits of' them that slept.

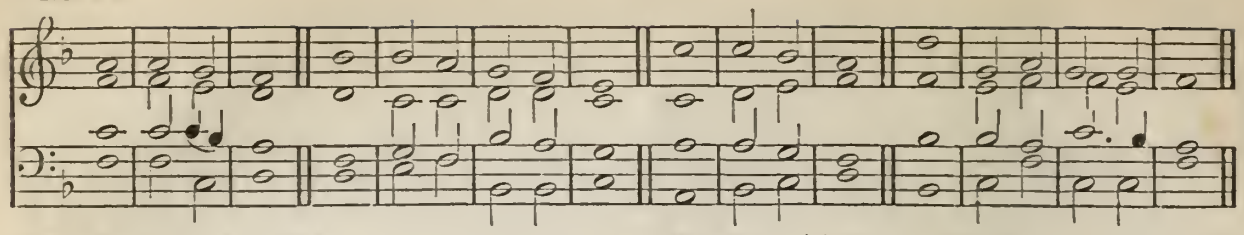
For sînce by' man came death : by man came âlso the resur'rection' of the dead.

For âs in' Adam all die : even so in Chrîst shall' all be' made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 20.

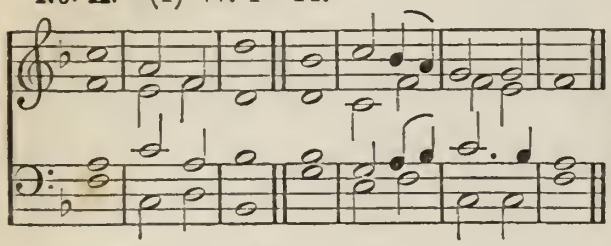
Glory be to the Fâther,' and to the Son : ând' to the' Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and' ever shall-be : wôrld' without' end. Amen.

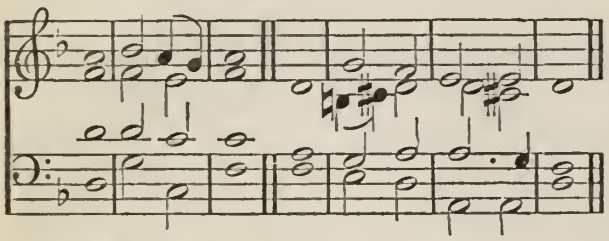
No. IX.



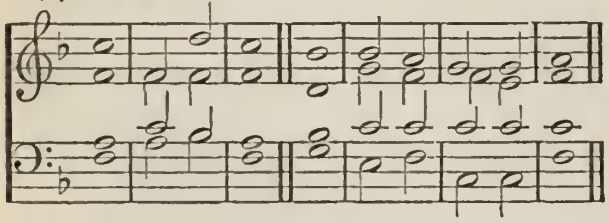
No. X. (1) vv. 1—14.



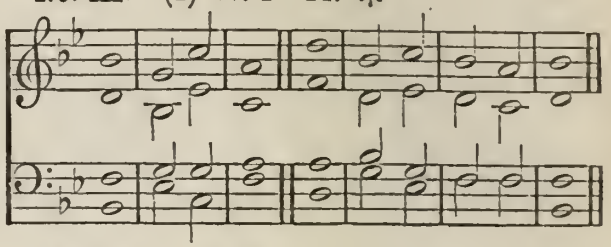
(2) vv. 15—22. ✻



(3) vv. 23—28.



No. XI. (1) vv. 1—14. ✻



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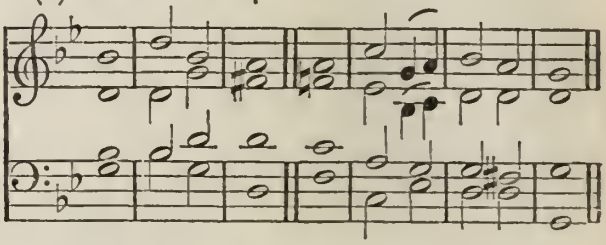

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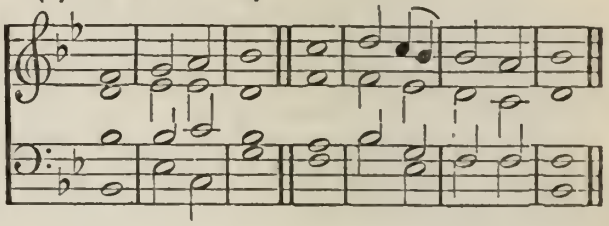
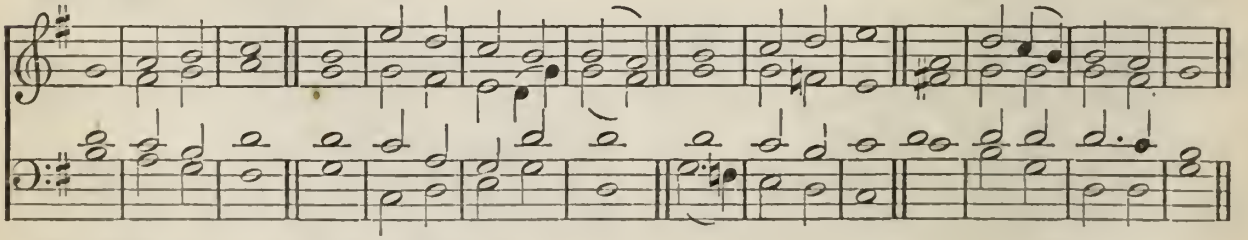
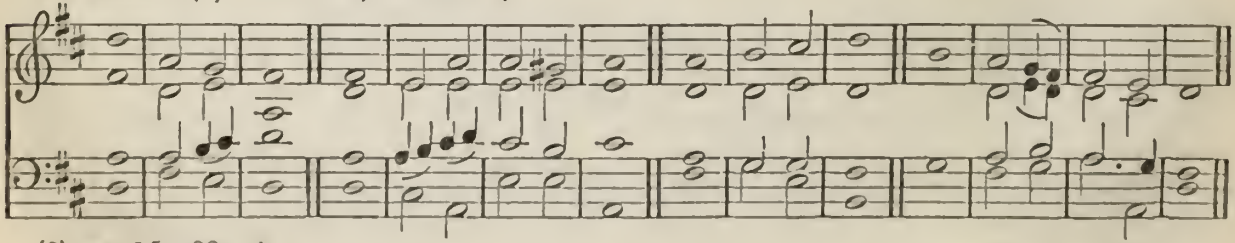


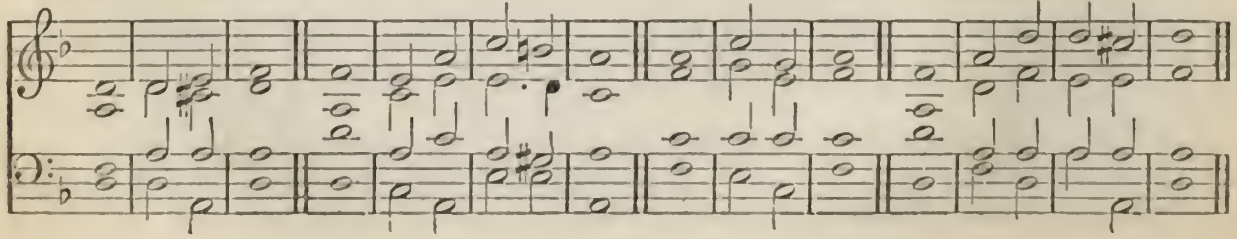
No. XII.



No. XIII. (1) vv. 1—14, 23—28. ✻



(2) vv. 15—22. ✻



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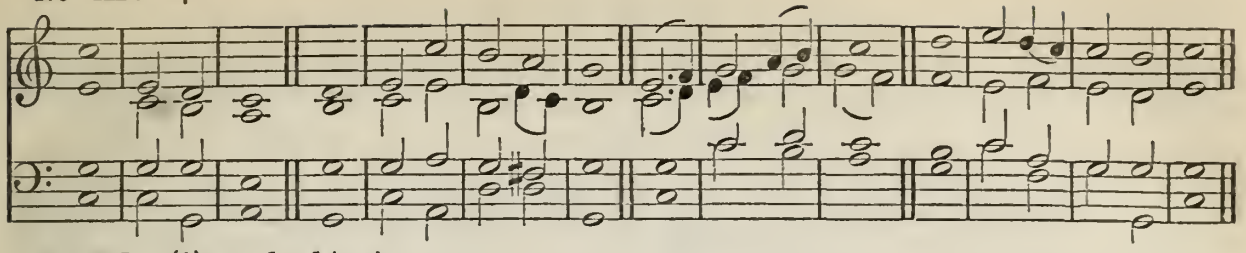

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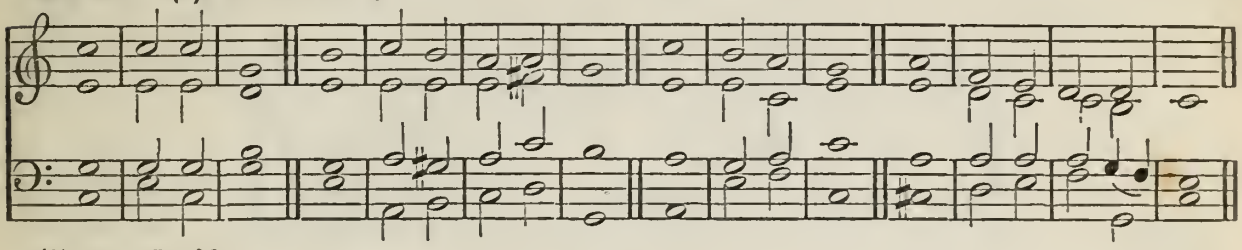
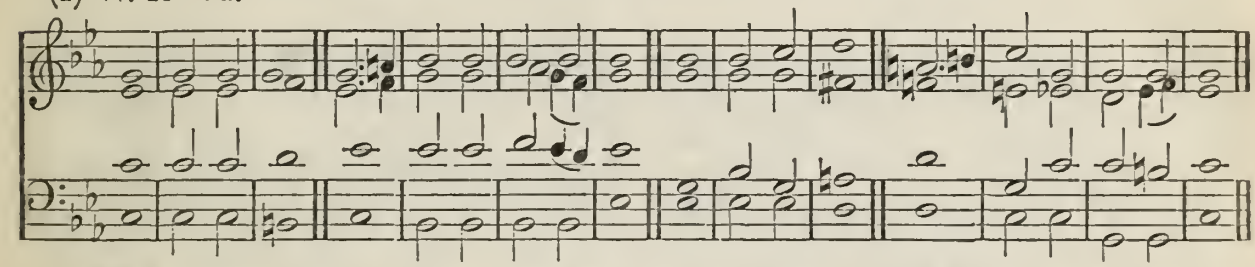


(2) vv. 15—22.



1 WE prâise′ thee, O God : we acknôwledge′ thee to′ be the Lord.

2 All the êarth doth′ worship thee : the Fâther′ ever′läst-ing.

3 To thêe all Angels′ cry aloud : the Hêavens, and′ all the′ Powers therein.

4 To thee Chêrubin, and′ Seraphin : côn′tinual′ly do cry,

5 Hôly,′ Holy, Holy : Lôrd′ God of′ Sabaoth :

6 Heaven and earth are fûll of the′ Majesty : ôf′· thy′ Glö-ry.

7 The glorious cômpany′ of the Apostles : prâise′··′··′ thee.

8 The goodly fêllowship′ of the Prophets : prâise′··′··′ thee.

9 The nôble′ army of Martyrs : prâise′··′··′ thee.

10 The holy Church throughôut′ all the world : dôth′· ac′knowledge thee ;

11 Thê′ Fä-ther : ôf an′ infinite′ Majesty ;

12 Thine honourable, trûe, and′ only Son : âlso the Holy′ Ghost, the′ Comforter.

13 Thoû art the′ King of Glory : O′··′··′ Christ.

14 Thou ârt the ever′lasting Son : ôf′· the′ Fä-ther.

15 When thou tookest upôn thee to de′liver man : thou didst nôt ab′hor the′ Virgin's womb.

16 When thou hadst overcôme the′ sharpness of death : thou didst open the Kîngdom of′ Heaven to′ all believers.

17 Thou sittest at the rîght′ hand of God : în the′ Glory′ of the Father.

18 We beliêve that′ thou shalt come : tô′ be′ oür Judge.

19 We therefore prây thee,′ help thy servants : whom thou hast redêemed′ with thy′ precious blood.

20 Make them to be nûmbered′ with thy Saints : în′ glory′ everlasting.

21 O Lôrd,′ save thy people : ând′ bless thine′ heritage.

22 Gô′·vern them : ând′ lift them′ up for ever.

23 Dây′· by day : wê′ magni′fy̆ thee ;

24 Ând we′ worship thy Name : êver′ world with′oüt end.

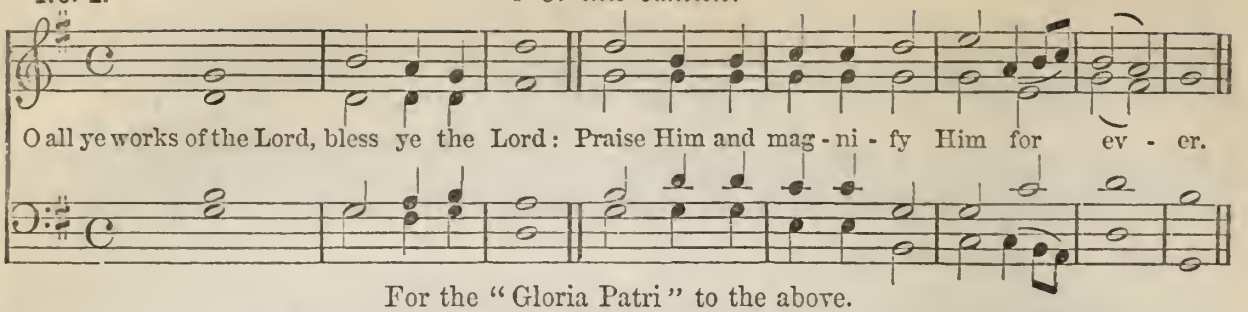
25 Voûch′safe, O Lord : to kêep us′ this day′ without sin.

26 O Lôrd, have′ mercy upon-us : hâve′ mercy up′ön us.

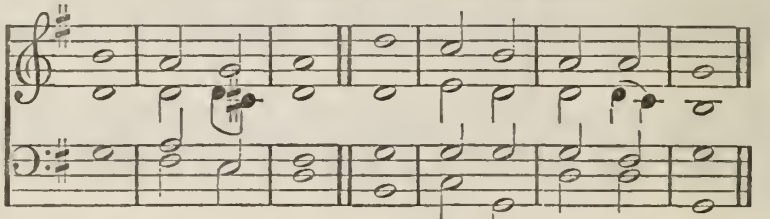
27 O Lord, lêt thy mercy′ lighten upon-us : âs our′ trust′ is in thee.

28 O Lôrd, in′ thee have I trusted : lêt me′ never′ be confounded.

No. I. ¶ *Or this Canticle.*



For the "Gloria Patri" to the above.



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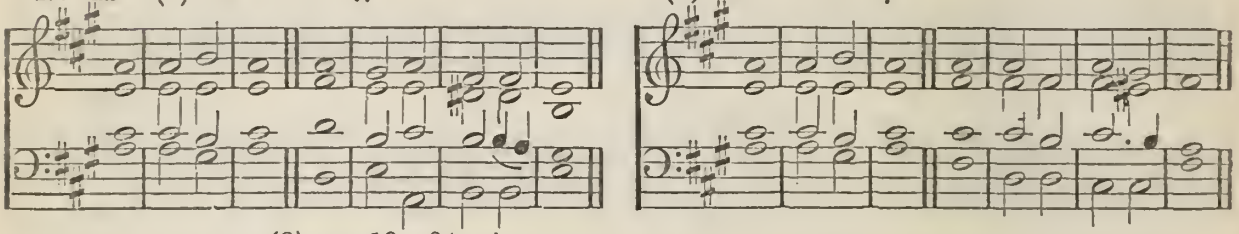
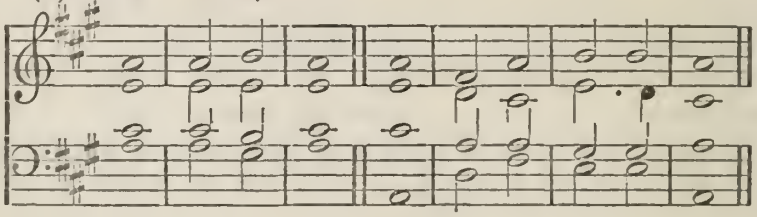

(3) vv. 19—34. ✻



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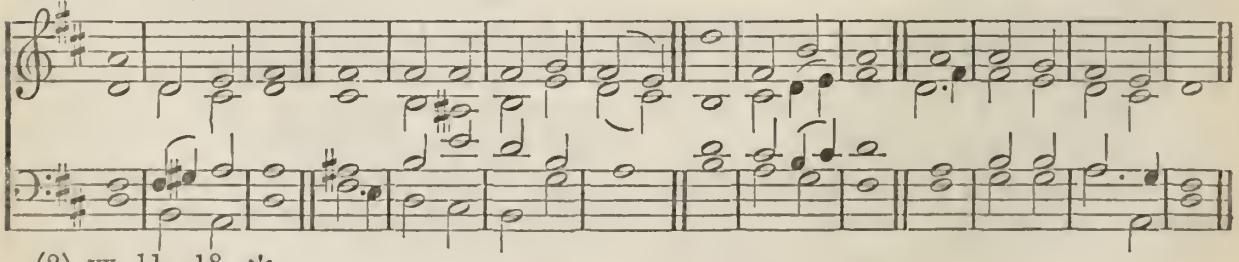

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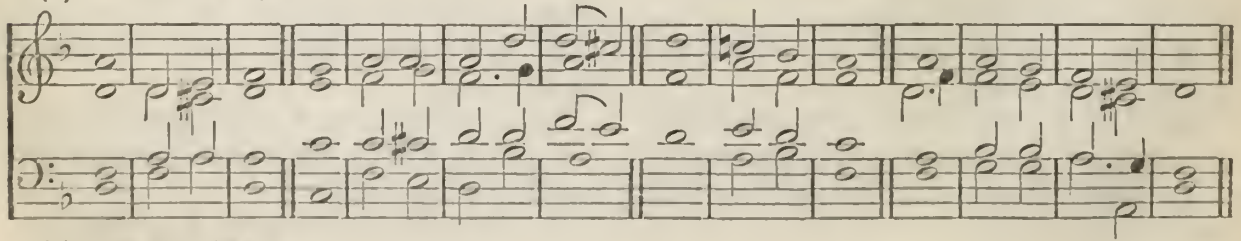
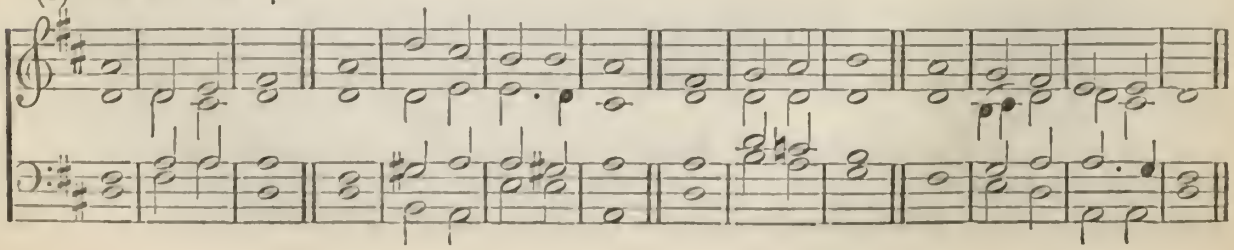


(3) vv. 19—34. ✻



BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA.

1 O ALL ye Works of the Lôrd,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

2 O ye Angels of the Lôrd,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

3 O ye Hêavens,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the Fîrmament,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lôrd,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

6 O ye Sun, and Môon,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

7 O ye Stars of Hêaven,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

8 O ye Showers, and Dêw,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

9 O ye Winds of Gôd,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

10 O ye Fire and Hêat,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

11 O ye Winter and Sûmmer,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frôsts,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

13 O ye Frost and Côld,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

14 O ye Ice and Snôw,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

15 O ye Nights, and Dâys,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

16 O ye Light and Dârkness,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

17 O ye Lightnings, and Cloûds,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

18 O let the Eârth' bless the Lord : yea, let it prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

19 O ye Mountains, and Hîlls,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the Eârth,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

21 O ye Wêlls,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

22 O ye Seas, and Flôods,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the Wâters,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the Aîr,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Câttle,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

26 O ye Children of Mên,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

27 O let Ìsrael' bless the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

28 O ye Priests of the Lôrd,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lôrd,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Rîghteous,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

31 O ye holy and humble Men of hêart,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

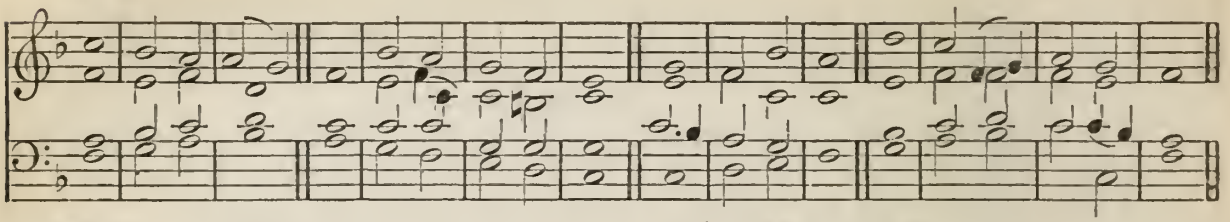
32 O Ananias, Azarias, and Mîsael,' bless ye the Lord : prâise him, and' magnify' him for ever.

33 Glory be to the Fâther,' and to the Son : ând' to the' Holy Ghost ;

34 As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and' ever shall-be : wôrld' without' end. Amen.

¶ *Then shall be read in like manner the Second Lesson, taken out of the New Testament. And after that, the Hymn following; except when that shall happen to be read in the Chapter for the Day, or for the Gospel on Saint* John Baptist's *Day.*

No. I.



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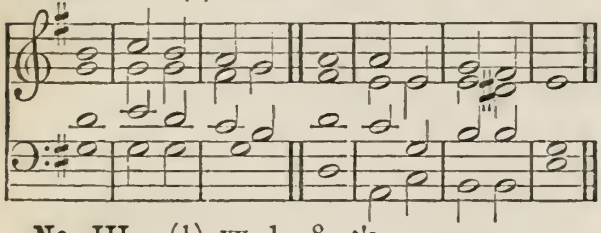

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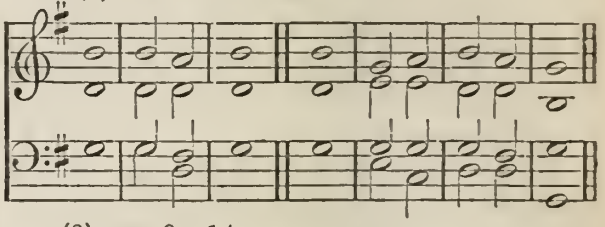

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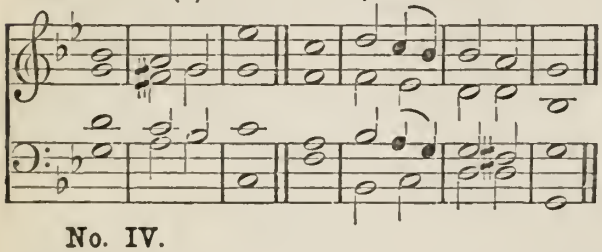

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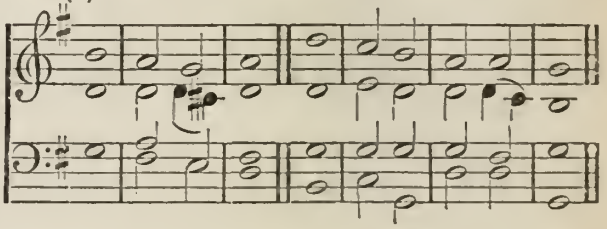

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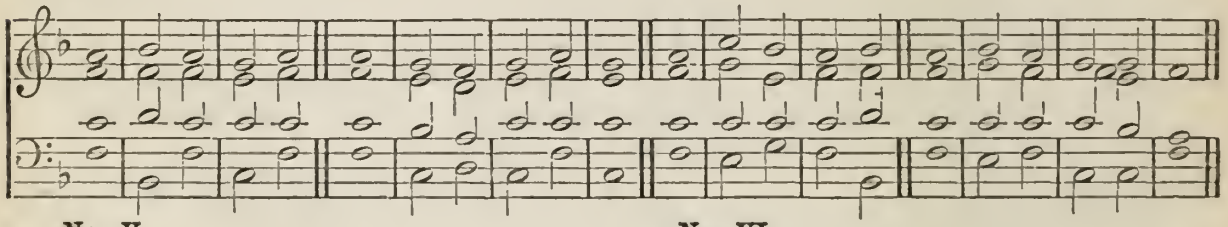

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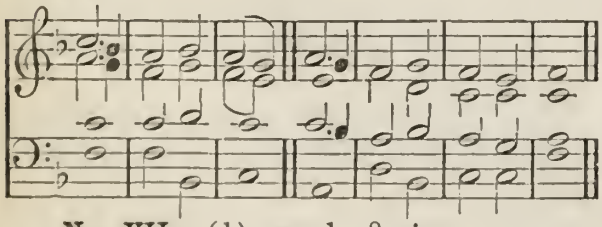

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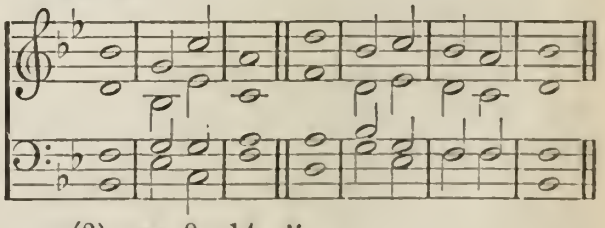

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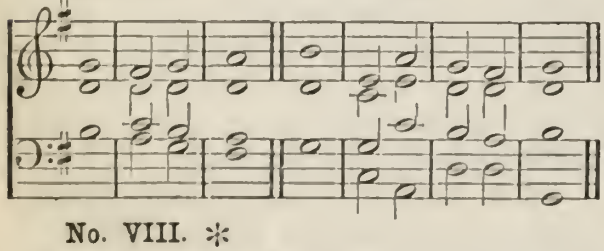

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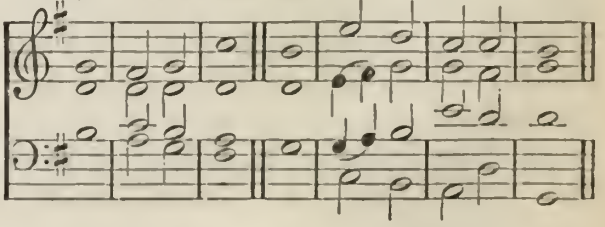

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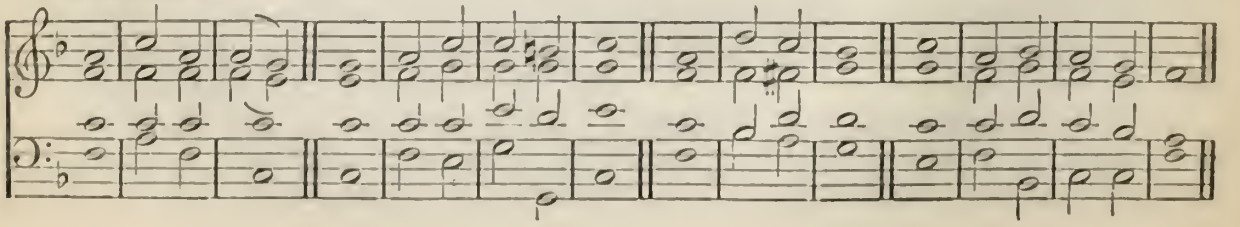

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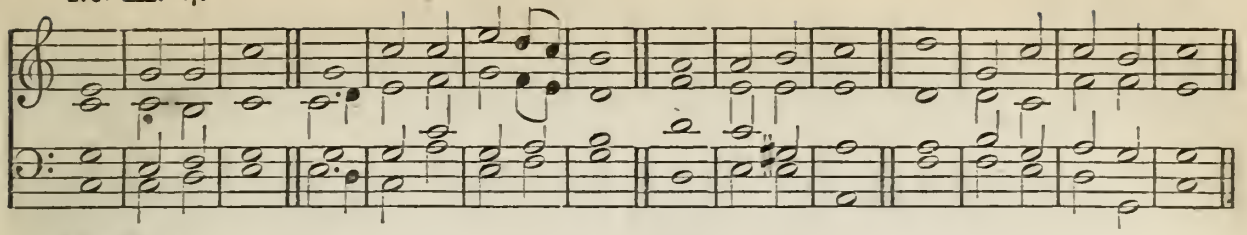

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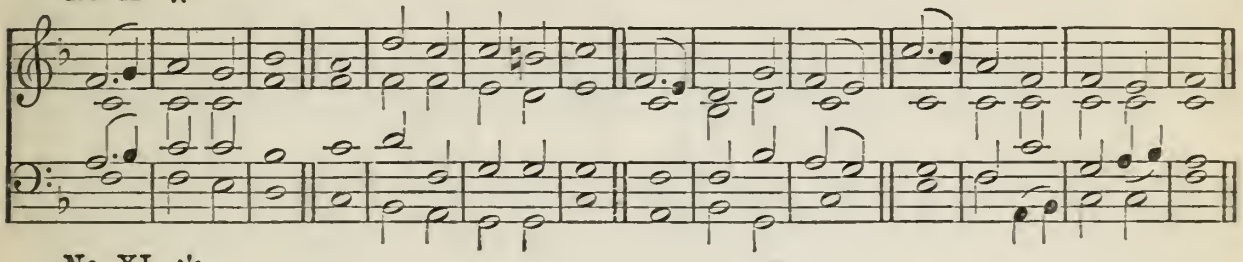

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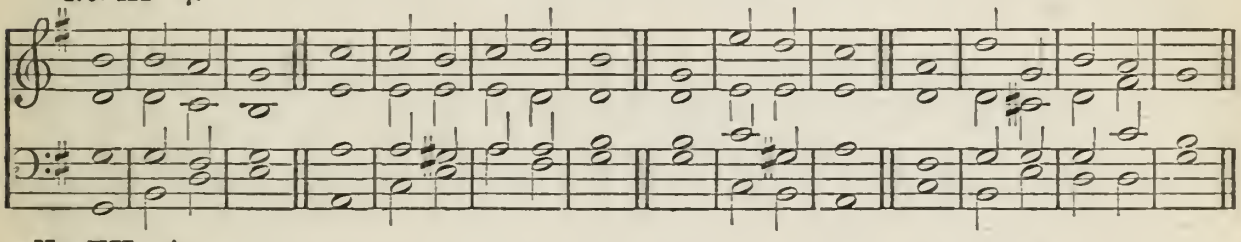

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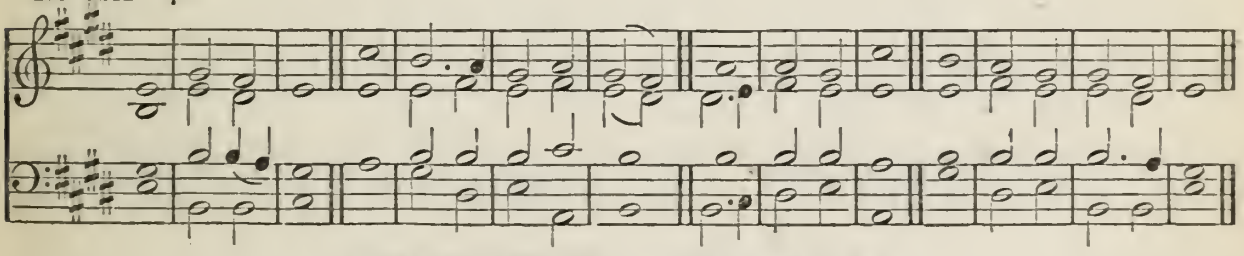


BENEDICTUS. St. Luke i. 68.

1 BLESSED be the Lôrd′ God of Israel : for he hath vîsited,′ and re′deemed his people;

2 And hath raised up a mîghty sal′vation for-us : în the′ house-of his′ servant David;

3 As he spake by the moûth of his′ holy Prophets : whîch have′ been since-the′ world began;

4 That we should be sâved′ from our enemies : ând from the′ hands of′ all that hate-us;

5 To perform the mercy promised to oûr′ förefathers : ând to re′member his′ holy Covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our förefather′ Abraham : thât′ he would′ give us;

7 That we being delivered oût of the′ hand-of our enemies : mîght′ serve him′ without fear,

8 In holiness and rîghteous′ness be-fore-him : âll the′ days of′ oür life.

9 And thou, Child, shalt be called the Prôphet′ of the Highest : for thou shalt go before the fâce of the′ Lord to-pre′pare his ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvâtion′ unto his people : fôr the re′mission′ of their sins,

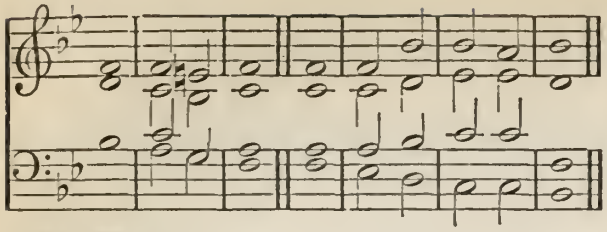
11 Through the tender mêrcy′ of our God : whereby the dây-spring from on′ high hath′ visited us;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, ând in the′ shadow of death : and to guide our fêet in′to the′ way of peace.

13 Glory be to the Fâther,′ and to the Son : ând′ to the′ Holy Ghost;

14 As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and′ ever shall-be : wôrld′ with-out′ end. Amen.

No. XIII. ✻



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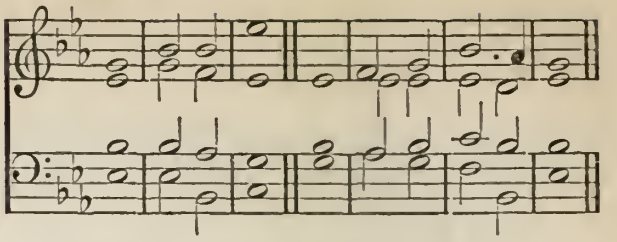

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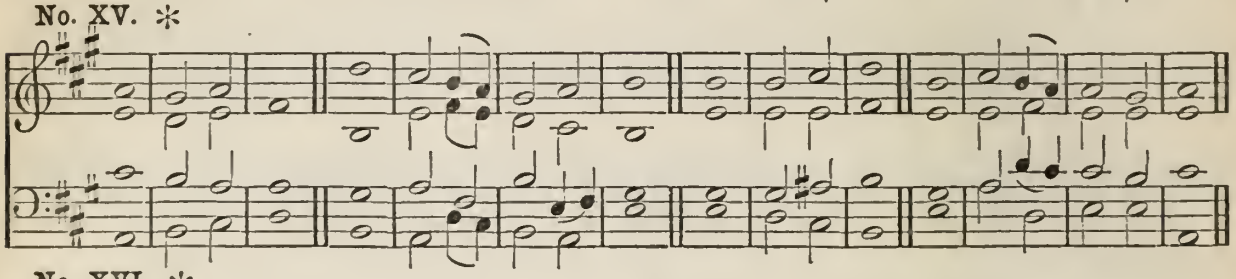

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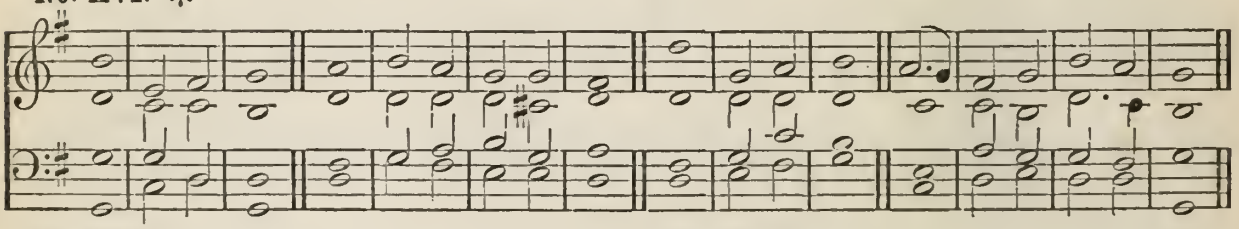

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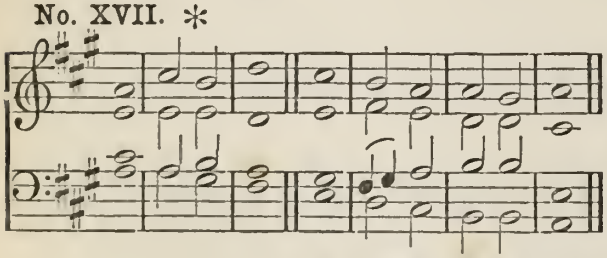

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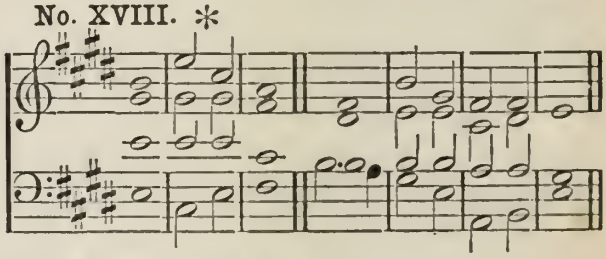


For Nos. XIX. and XX. see Psalms 105 and 75.

1 BLESSED be the Lôrd′ God of Israel : for he hath vîsited,′ and re′deemed his people;

2 And hath raised up a mîghty sal′vation for-us : în the′ house-of his′ servant David;

3 As he spake by the moûth of his′ holy Prophets : whîch have′ been since-the′ world began;

4 That we should be sâved′ from our enemies : ând from the′ hands of′ all that hate-us;

5 To perform the mercy promised to oûr′ förefathers : ând to re′member his′ holy Covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fôrefather′ Abraham : thât′ he would′ give us;

7 That we being delivered oût of the′ hand-of our enemies : mîght′ serve him′ without fear,

8 In holiness and rîghteous′ness before-him : âll the′ days of′ oür life.

9 And thou, Child, shalt be called the Prôphet′ of the Highest : for thou shalt go before the fâce of the′ Lord to-pre′pare his ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvâtion′ unto his people : fôr the re′mission′ of their sins,

11 Through the tender mêrcy′ of our God : whereby the dây-spring from on′ high hath′ visited us;

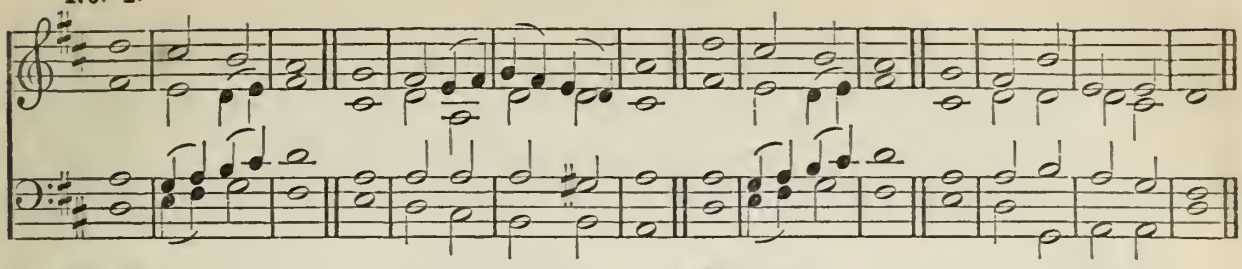
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, ând in the′ shadow of death : and to guide our fêet in′to the′ way of peace.

13 Glory be to the Fâther,′ and to the Son : ând′ to the′ Holy Ghost;

14 As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and′ ever shall-be : wôrld′ without′ end. Amen.

¶ *Or this Psalm.*

No. I.



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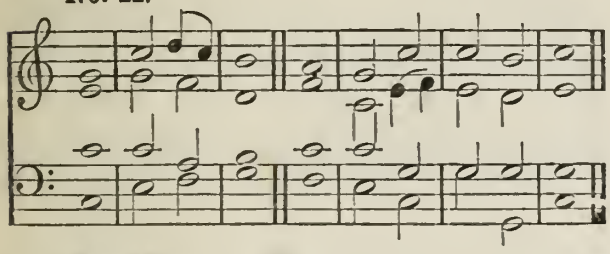
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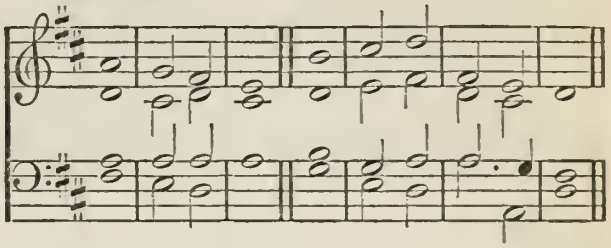

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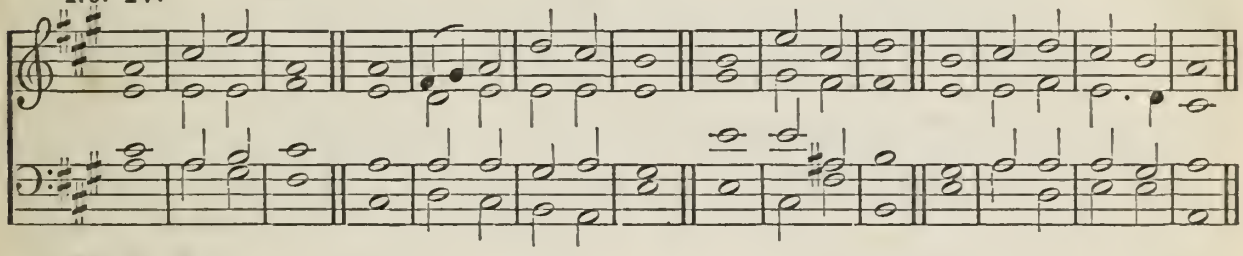

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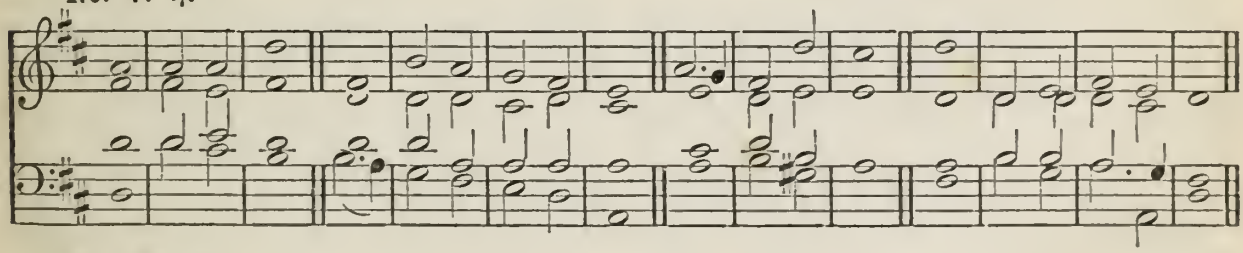

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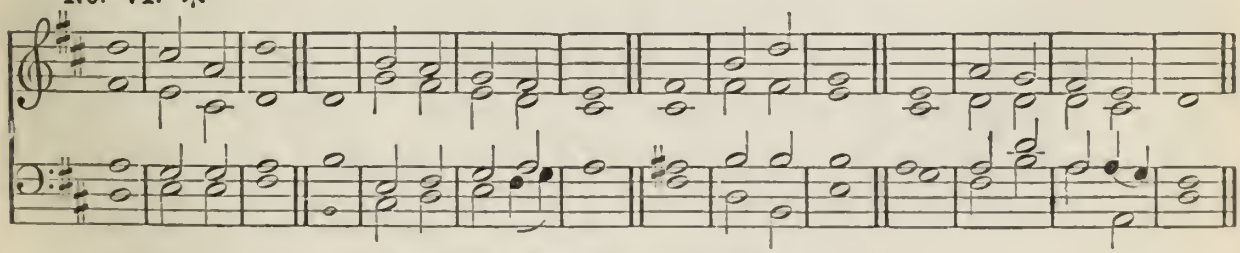


JUBILATE DEO. Psalm c.

1 O BE joyful in the Lôrd,′ all ye lands : serve the Lord with gladness, and côme before his′ presence′ with a song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lôrd′ he is God : it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his pêople,′ and the′ sheep-of his pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and înto his′ courts with praise : be thânkful unto′ him,-and speak′ good-of his Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, his mêrcy is′ everlasting : and his truth endûreth from genc′ration to′ generation.

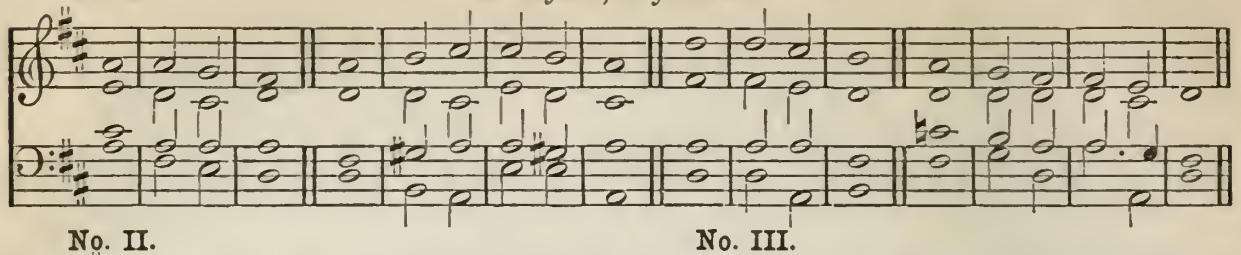
5 Glory be to the Fâther,′ and to-the Son : ând′ to the′ Holy Ghost;

6 As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and′ ever shall-be : wôrld′ without′ end. Amen.

N.B. The chants above and those on the preceding page may be interchanged.

¶ *Then shall be said or sung the Psalms in order as they are appointed. Then a Lesson of the Old Testament, as is appointed. And after that,* Magnificat (*or the song of the blessed Virgin* Mary) *in English, as followeth.*

No. I.



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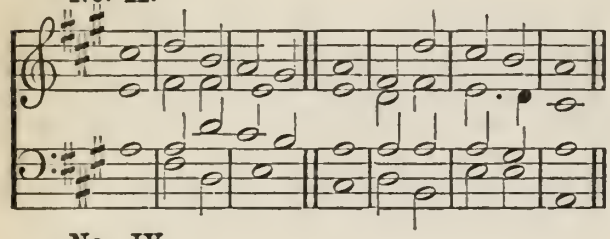

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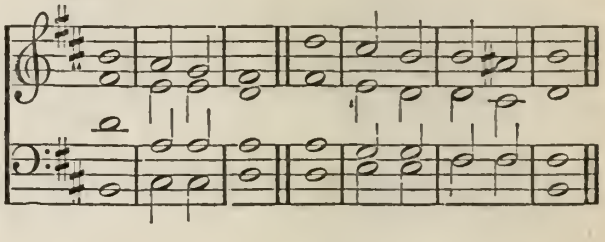

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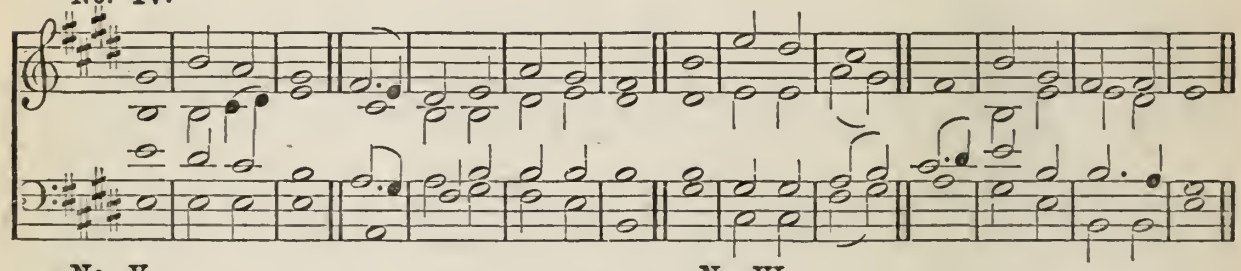

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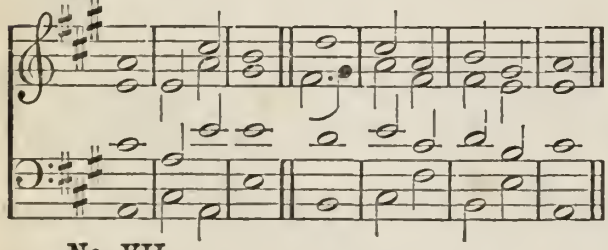

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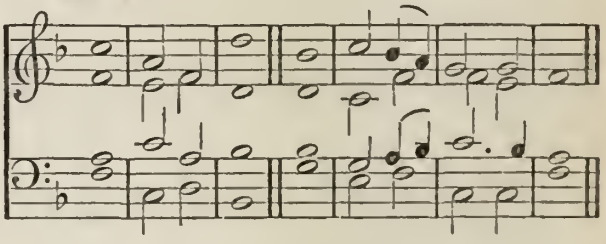

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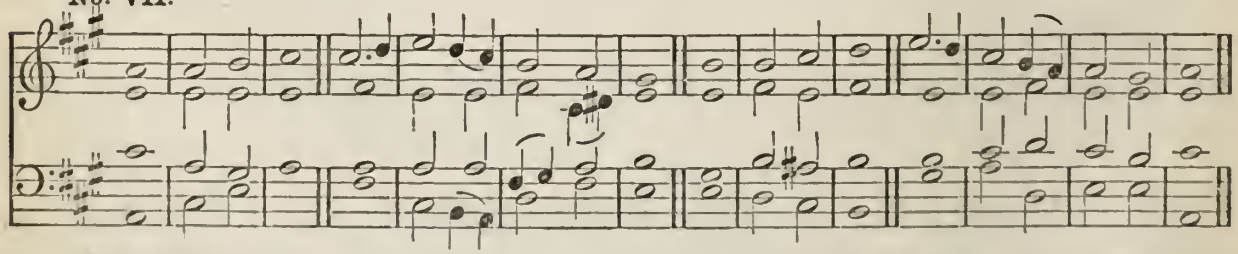

MAGNIFICAT. St. Luke i.

1 MY soul doth mâgni'fy the Lord : and my spirit hâth re'joiced in' God my Saviour.

2 Fôr he' hath regarded : the lôwli'-ness of' his hand-maiden.

3 Fôr be'hold, from henceforth : âll gene'rations shall' call me blessed.

4 For he that is mighty hath mâgni'-fied me : ând' holy' is his Name.

5 And his mêrcy is on' them that fear-him : throûgh'out all' generations.

6 He hath shêwed' strength-with his arm : he hath scattered the proud in the imâgi'nation' of their hearts.

7 He hath put down the mîghty' from their seat : ând hath ex'alted the' humble and meek.

8 He hath filled the hûngry' with good things : and the rîch' he-hath sent' empty away.

9 He remembering his mercy hath hôlpen his' servant Israel : as he pro-mised to our forefathers, Âbraham' and his' seed, for ever.

10 Glory be to the Fâther,' &c.

N.B. The chants for the *Magnificat* and *Cantate Domino* may be interchanged.

¶ *Or else this Psalm; except it be on the Nineteenth day of the Month, when it is read in the ordinary course of the Psalms.*

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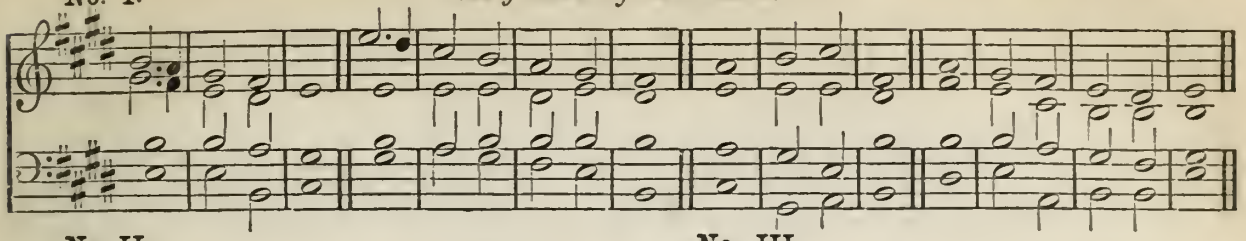

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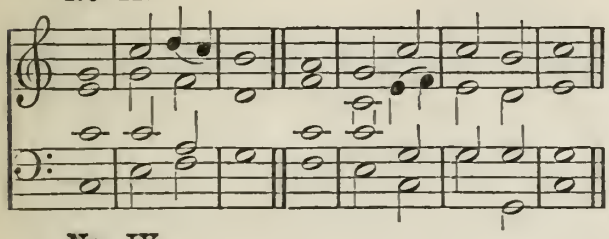

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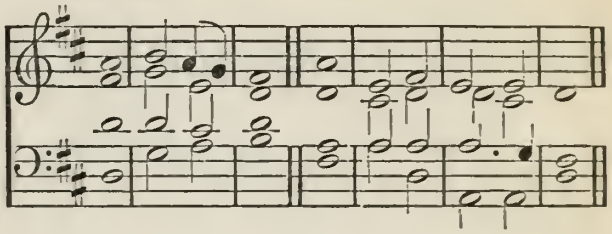

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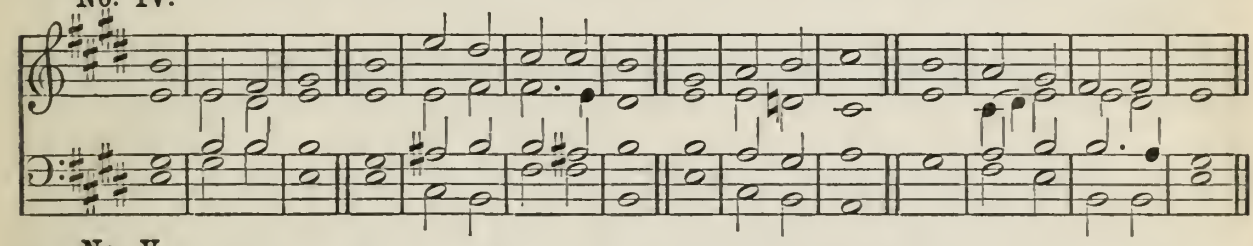

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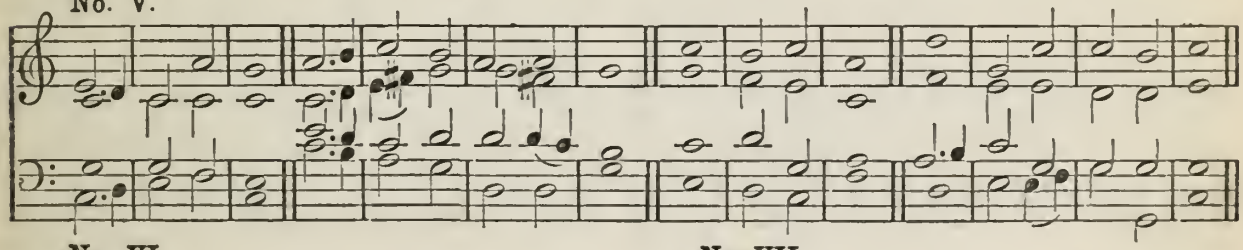

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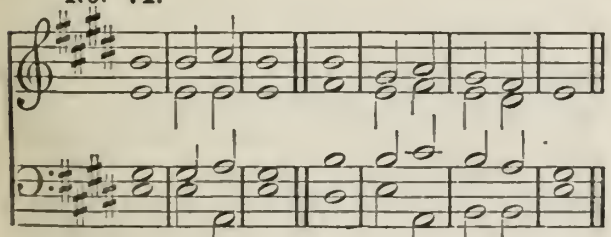

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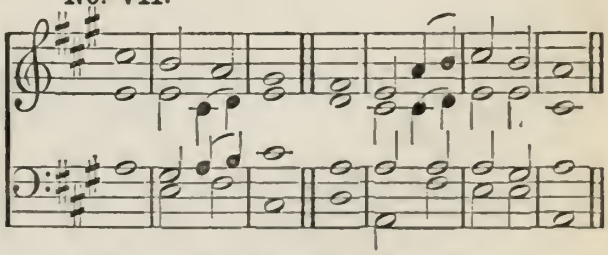

CANTATE DOMINO. Psalm xcviii.

1 O SÌNG unto the' Lord-a new song: fôr' he-hath done' marvellous things.

2 With his own right hând, and with his' holy arm : hâth he' gotten him'self the victory.

3 The Lord declâred' his salvation : his righteousness hath he ôpenly' shewed in-the' sight of the heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth tôward the' house of Israel : and all the ends of the world have sêen the sal'vation' of our God.

5 Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lôrd,' all ye lands : sîng, re'joice, and' gïve thanks.

6 Praise the Lôrd up'on the harp : sîng to the' harp with-a' psalm-of thanksgiving.

7 With trûmpets' also, and shawms : O shew yourselves jôyful be'fore the' Lord the King.

8 Let the sea make a noise, and âll that' therein is : the round wôrld, and' they that' dwell therein.

9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful togêther be'fore the Lord : fôr he' cometh to' judge the earth.

10 With rîghteousness shall he' judge the world : ând the' people with' equity.

11 Glory be to the Fâther,' &c.

¶ *Then a Lesson of the New Testament, as it is appointed. And after that,* Nunc dimittis (*or the Song of* Symeon) *in English, as followeth.*

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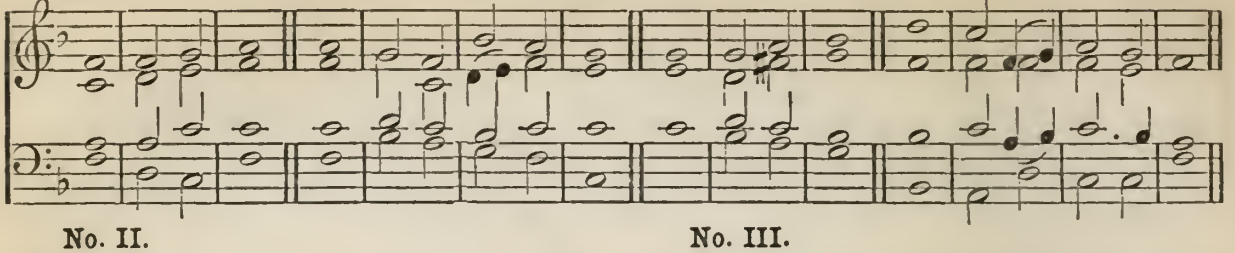

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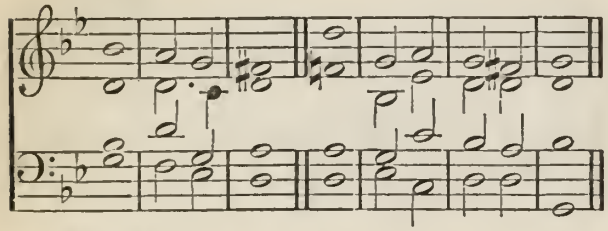

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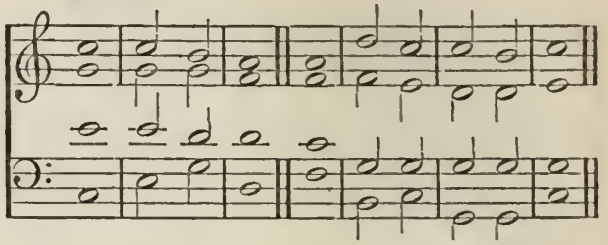

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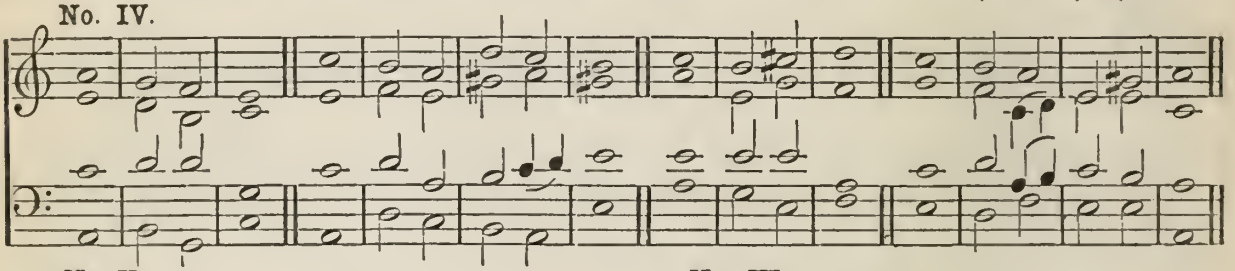

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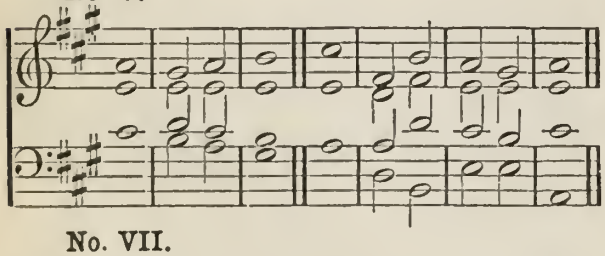

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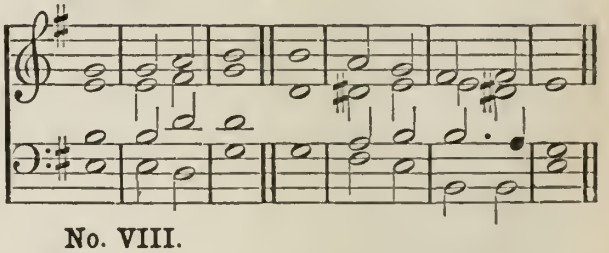

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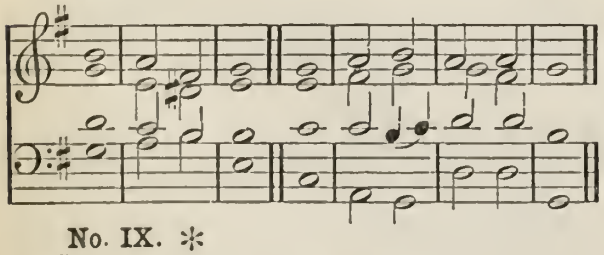

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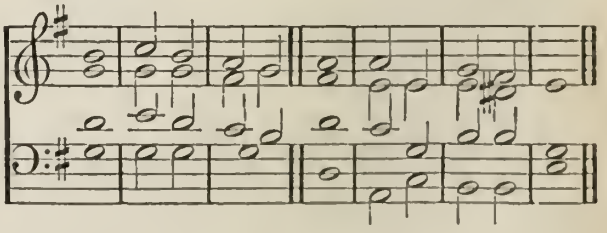

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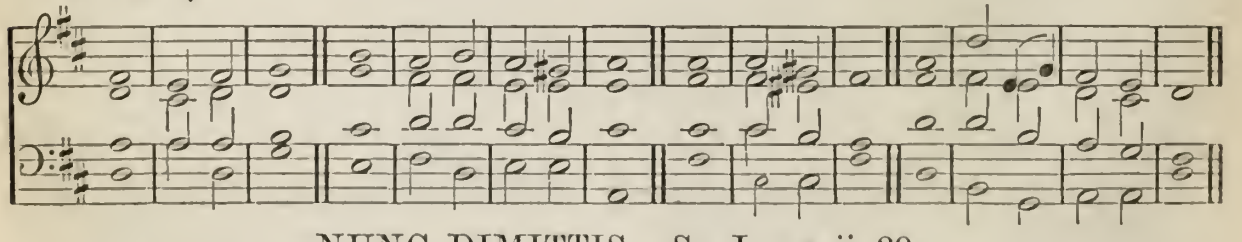


NUNC DIMITTIS. St. Luke ii. 29.

1 LORD, now lettest thou thy sêrvant de'part in peace : âc'cording' to thy word.

2 Fôr mine' eyes have seen : thŷ'· sal'-vätion,

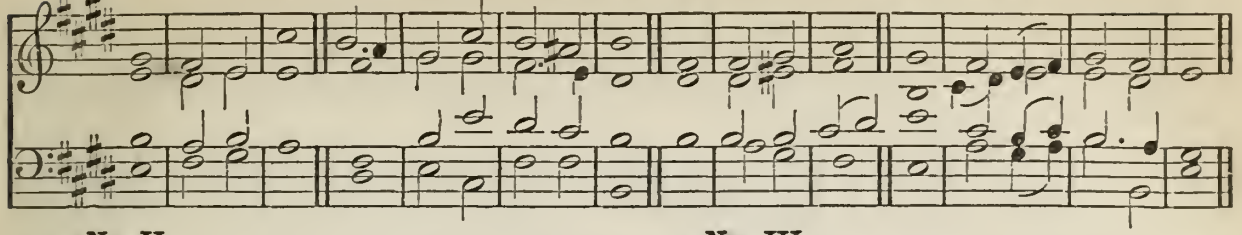
3 Whîch thou' hast prepared : befôre the' face of' äll people ;

4 To be a lîght to' lighten the Gentiles : and to be the glôry' of thy' people Israel.

5 Glory be to the Fâther,' and to the Son : ând' to the' Holy Ghost ;

6 As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and' ever shall-be : wôrld' without' end. Amen.

No. I. ¶ *Or else this Psalm; except it be on the Twelfth Day of the Month.*



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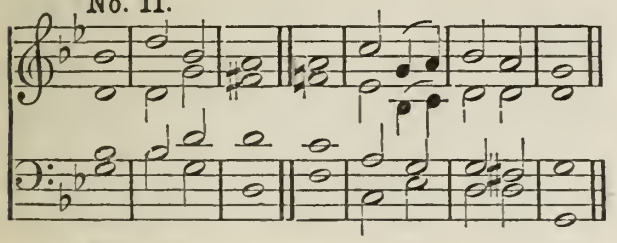

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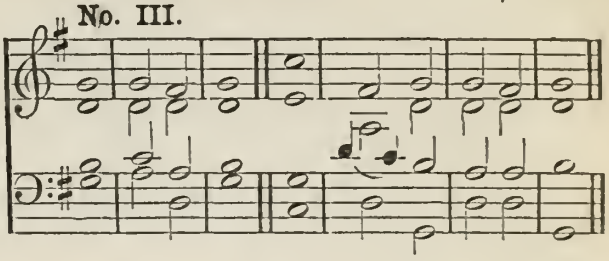

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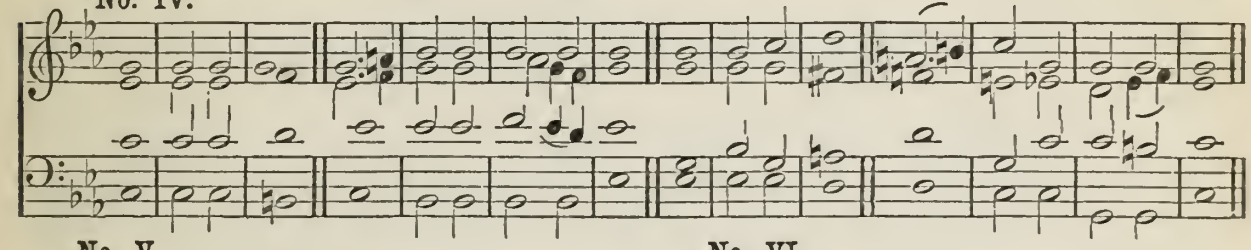

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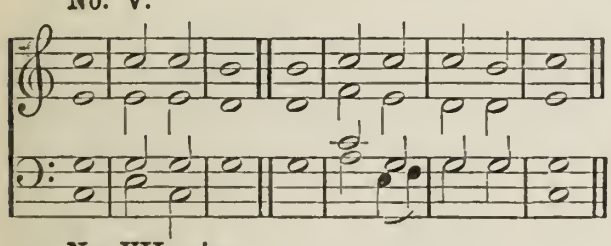

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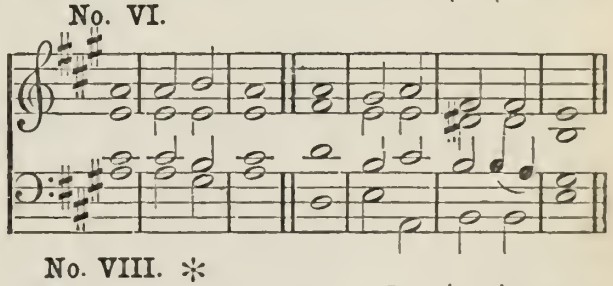

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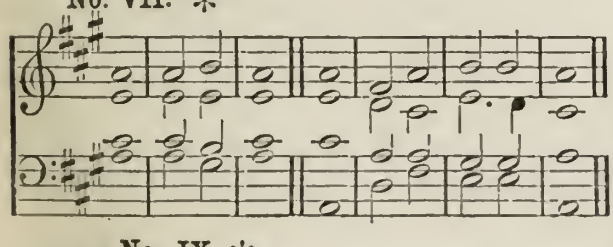

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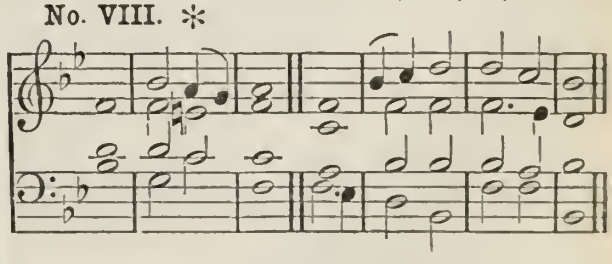

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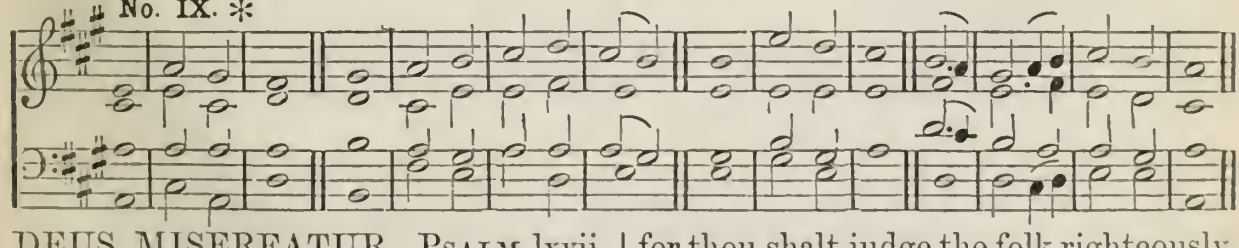


DEUS MISEREATUR. Psalm lxvii.

1 GOD be mêrciful unto′ us, and bless-us : and shew us the light of his coûntenance, and be′ merciful′ unto us :

2 That thy wây may be′ known-upon earth : thy sâving′ health a′mong all nations.

3 Let the people praîse′ thee, O God : yeâ, let′ all the′ people praise-thee.

4 O let the nâtions re′joice-and be glad : for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and gôvern the′ nations′ upon earth.

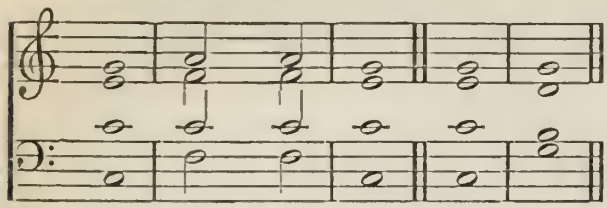
5 Let the people prâise′ thee, O God : yêa, let′ all the′ people praise-thee.

6 Then shall the êarth bring′ forth her increase : and God, even our ôwn′ God, shall′ give-us his blessing.

7 Gôd′ · shall bless-us : and âll the′ ends of the′ world shall fear-him.

8 Glory be to the Fâther,′ &c.

¶ *Upon these Feasts;* Christmas-day, *the* Epiphany, *Saint* Matthias, Easter-day, Ascension-day, Whitsunday, *Saint* John Baptist, *Saint* James, *Saint* Bartholomew, *Saint* Matthew, *Saint* Simon *and Saint* Jude, *Saint* Andrew, *and upon* Trinity Sunday, *shall be sung or said at Morning Prayer, instead of the Apostles' Creed, this Confession of our Christian Faith, commonly called The Creed of Saint* Athanasius, *by the Minister and people standing.*



QUICUNQUE VULT.

WHOSOÊVER′ will be saved : before all things it is necessary that he hold the Câtholick′ Faith.

Which Faith except every one do keep whôle and′ undefiled : without doubt he shall perish êver′lastingly.

And the Câtholick′ Faith is this : That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trînity in′ Unity ;

Neîther con′founding the Persons : nor divîding the′ Substance.

For there is one Person of the Father, anôther′ of the Son : and another of the Hôly′ Ghost.

But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghôst, is′ all one : the Glory equal, the Majesty cô-e′ternal.

Such as the Fâther is,′ such is the Son : and such is the Hôly′ Ghost.

The Father uncreâte, the′ Son uncreate : and the Holy Ghôst uncre′ate.

The Father incomprehensible, the Sôn in′comprehensible : and the Holy Ghost incômpre′hensible.

The Father etêrnal, the′ Son eternal : and the Holy Ghôst e′ternal.

And yet they are nôt′ three eternals : but ône e′ternal.

As also there are not three incomprehensibles, nor thrêe′ uncreated : but one uncreated, and ône incompre′hensible.

So likewise the Father is Almîghty, the′ Son Almighty : and the Holy Ghôst Al′mighty.

And yet they are nôt′ three Almighties : but ône Al′mighty.

So the Father is Gôd, the′ Son is God : and the Holy Ghôst is′ God.

And yet they are nôt′ three Gods : but ône′ God.

So likewise the Father is Lôrd, the′ Son Lord : and the Holy Ghôst′ Lord.

And yet nôt′ three Lords : but ône′ Lord.

For like as we are compêlled by the′ Christian verity : to acknowledge every Person by himself to be Gôd and′ Lord ;

So are we forbîdden by the′ Catholick Religion : to say, There be three Gods, or thrêe′ Lords.

The Fâther is′ made of none : neither created, nôr be′gotten.

The Son is ôf the′ Father alone : not made, nor created, bût be′gotten.

The Holy Ghost is of the Fâther and′ of the Son : neither made, nor created, nor begotten, bût pro′ceeding.

So there is one Father, not three Fathers ; ône Son, not′ three Sons : one Holy Ghost, not thrêe Holy′ Ghosts.

And in this Trinity none is afôre, or′ after other : none is greater, or lêss than an′other ;

But the whole three Persons are cô-e′ternal together : and cô′-equal.

So that in âll things, as′ is aforesaid : the Unity in Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity îs to be′ worshipped.

He thêrefore that′ will be saved : must thus thînk of the′ Trinity.

Furthermore, it is necessary to êver′lasting salvation : that he also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jêsus′ Christ.

For the right Faith is, that we beliêve′ and confess : that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is Gôd and′ Man ;

God, of the Substance of the Father, begôtten be′fore the worlds : and Man, of the Substance of his Mother, bôrn in the′ world ;

Perfect Gôd, and′ perfect Man : of a reasonable soul and human flêsh sub′sisting ;

Equal to the Fâther, as′ touching his Godhead : and inferior to the Father, as toûching his′ Manhood.

Who althôugh he be′ God and Man: yet he is not two, but ône′ Christ;

One; not by conversion of the Gôdhead′ into flesh: but by taking of the Mânhood into′ God;

One altogether; nôt by con′fusion of Substance: but by ûnity of′ Person.

For as the reasonable soul and flêsh is′ one man: so God and Man is ône′Christ;

Who sûffered for′ our salvation: descended into hell, rose again the third dây from the′ dead.

He ascended into heaven, he sitteth on the right hand of the Fâther,′ God Almighty: from whence he shall come to judge the quîck and the′ dead.

At whose coming all men shall rîse a′gain with their bodies: and shall give account for their ôwn′ works.

And they that have done good shall go into lîfe′ everlasting: and they that have done evil into everlâsting′ fire.

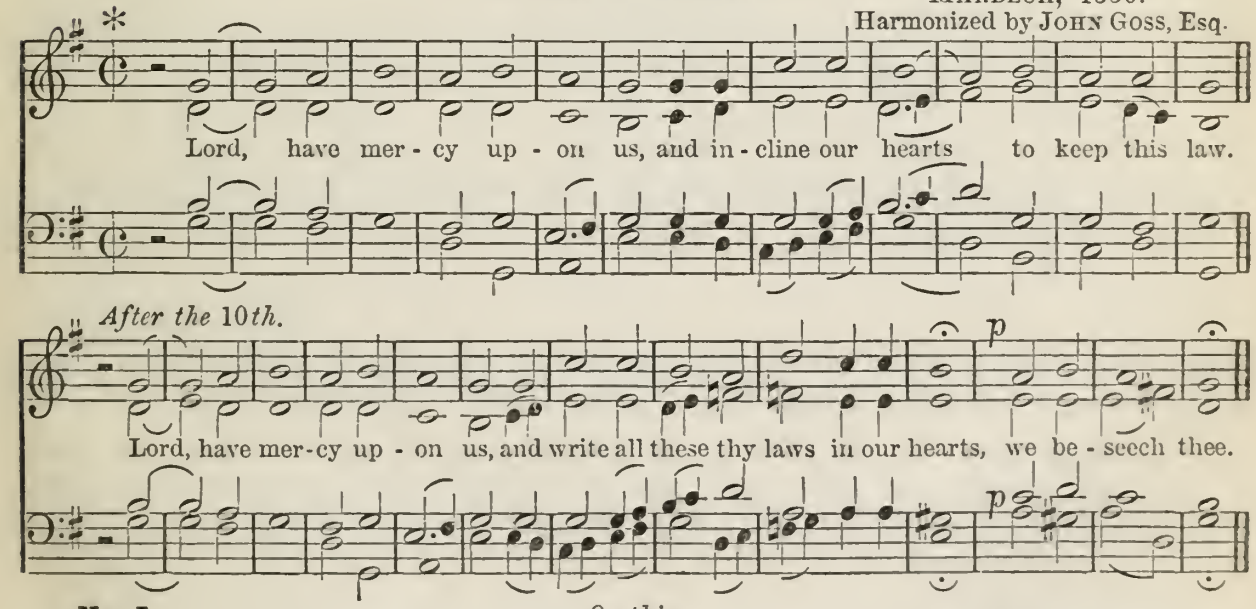
Thîs is the′ Catholick Faith: which except a man believe faithfully, he cânnot be′ saved.

Glory be to the Fâther,′ &c.

Responses to the Commandments.

DURING ADVENT.

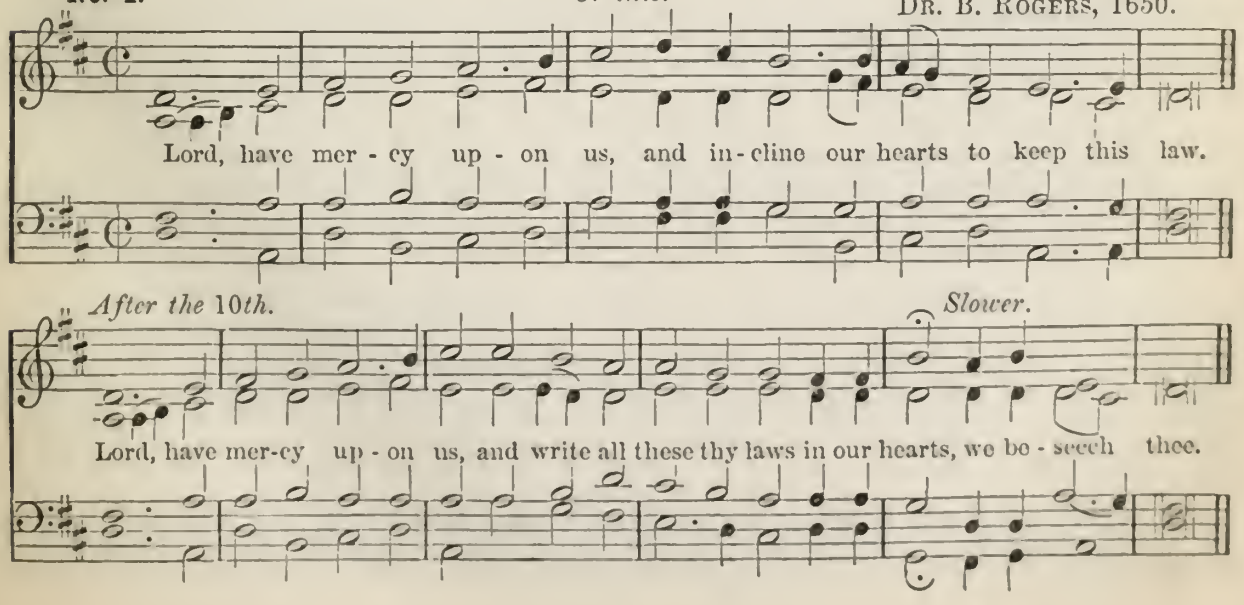
MARBECK, 1550.
Harmonized by JOHN GOSS, Esq.


Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
p
Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

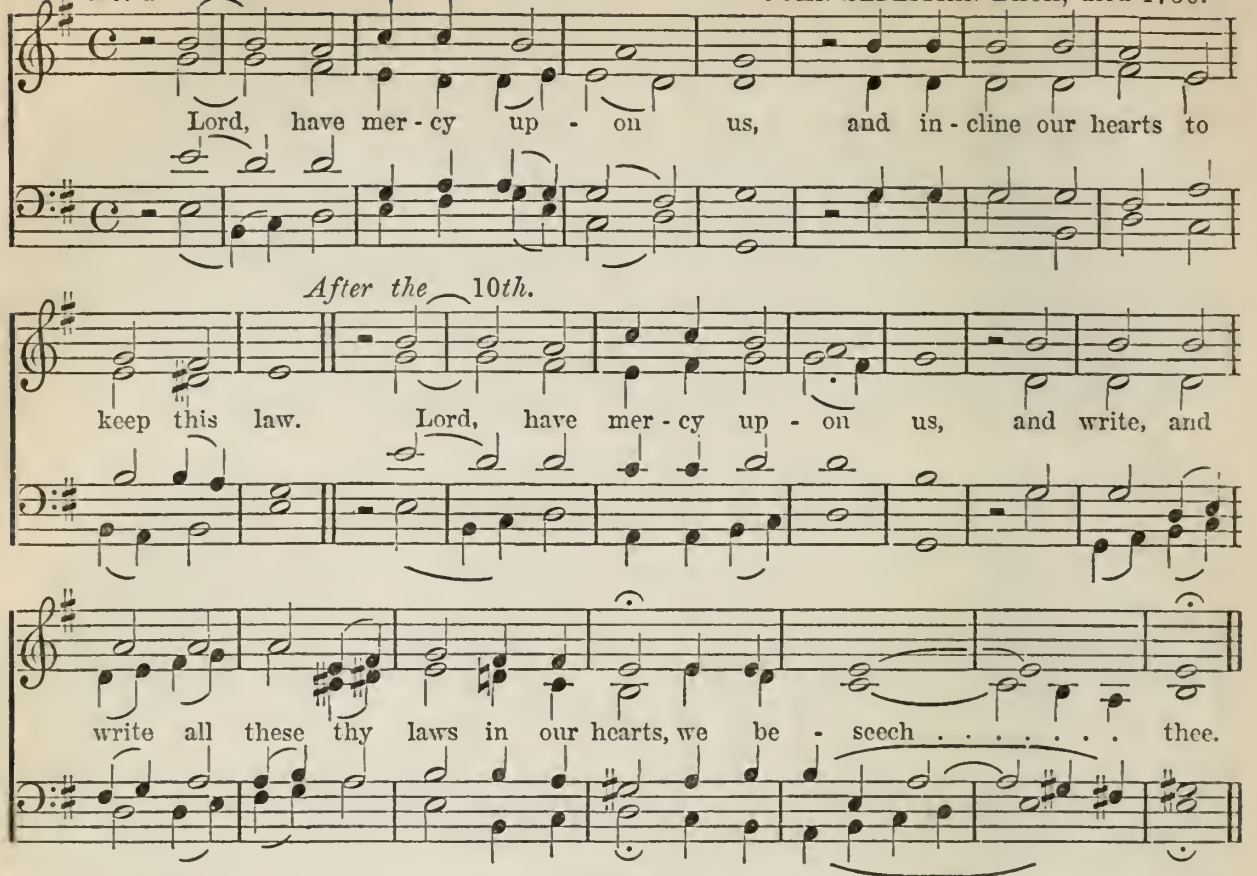
No. I.

Or this.

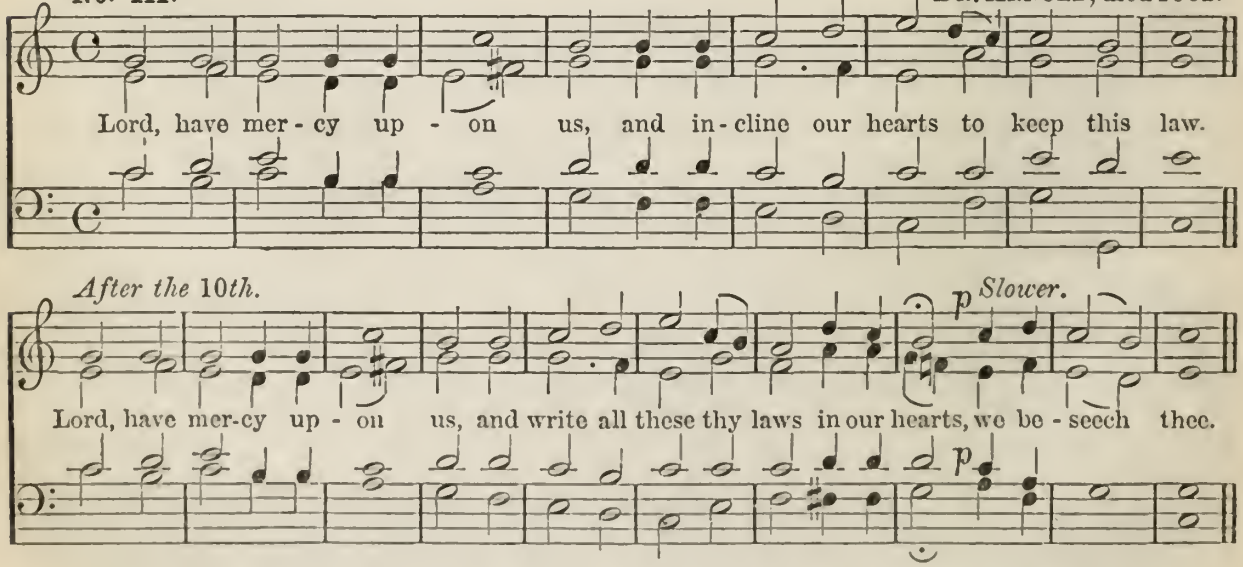
DR. B. ROGERS, 1650.


Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
Slower.
Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

DURING LENT.

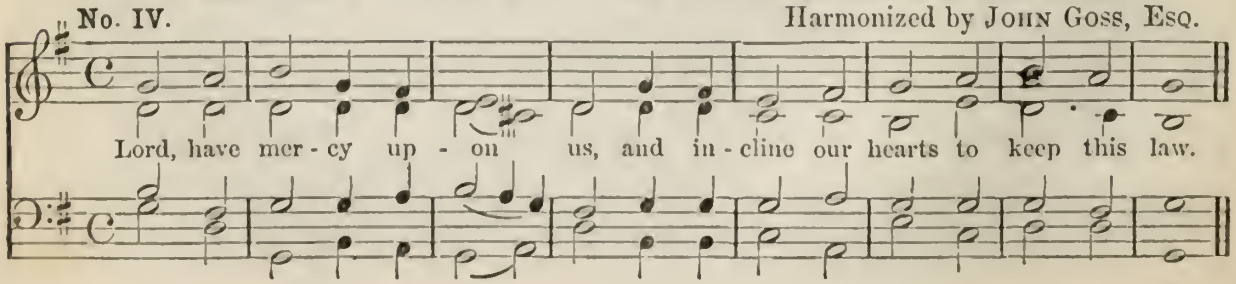
No. II. JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, died 1750.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to
After the 10th.
keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write, and
write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech . . . . . thee.

No. III. *Or this.* DR. ARNOLD, died 1802.

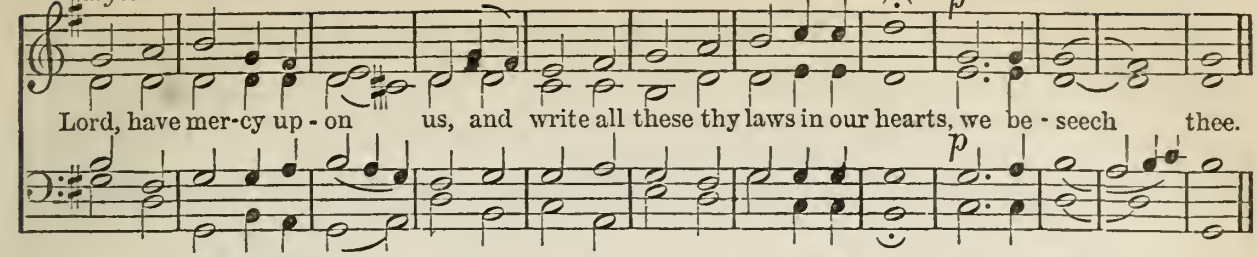

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
p Slower.
Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.
p

FOR EASTER SUNDAY AND THE SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER.

No. IV. Harmonized by JOHN GOSS, ESQ.

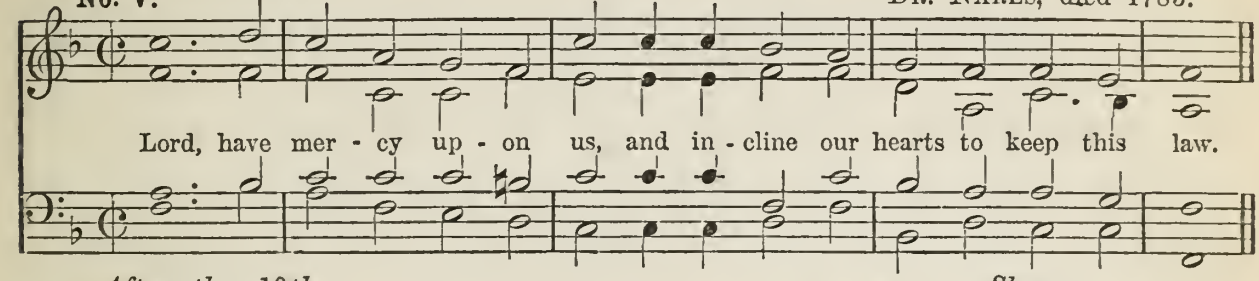


After the 10*th.* *Slower.*

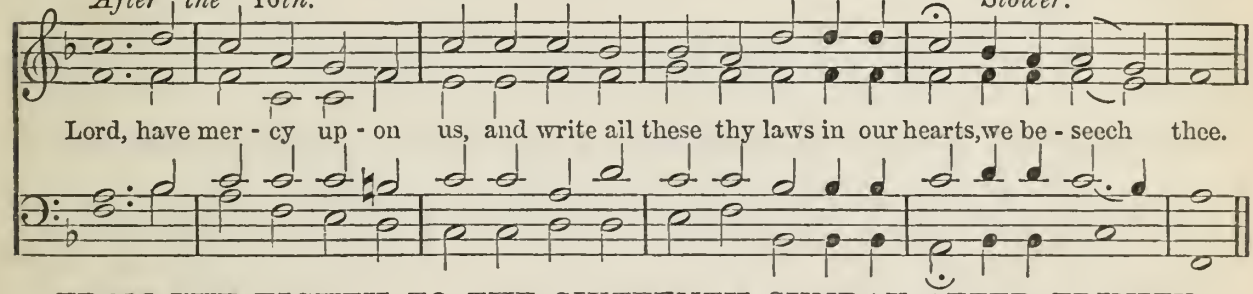


FOR TRINITY SUNDAY TO THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER.

No. V. DR. NARES, died 1783.

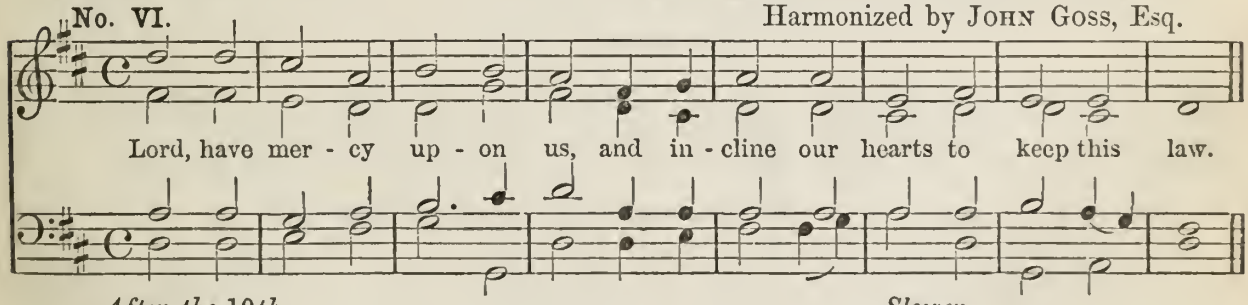


After the 10*th.* *Slower.*

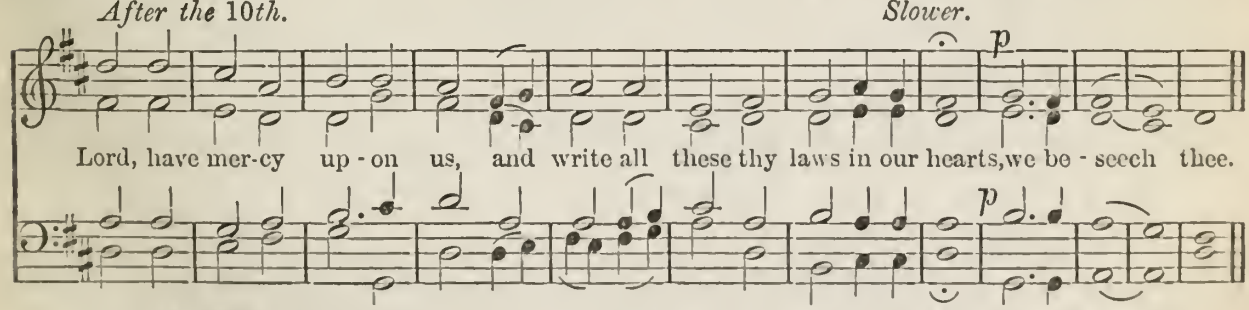


FROM THE EIGHTH TO THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

No. VI. Harmonized by JOHN GOSS, Esq.

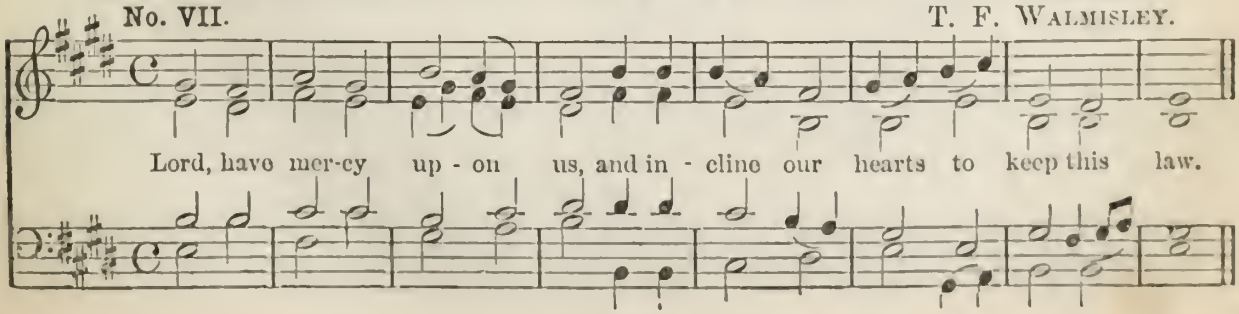


After the 10*th.* *Slower.*

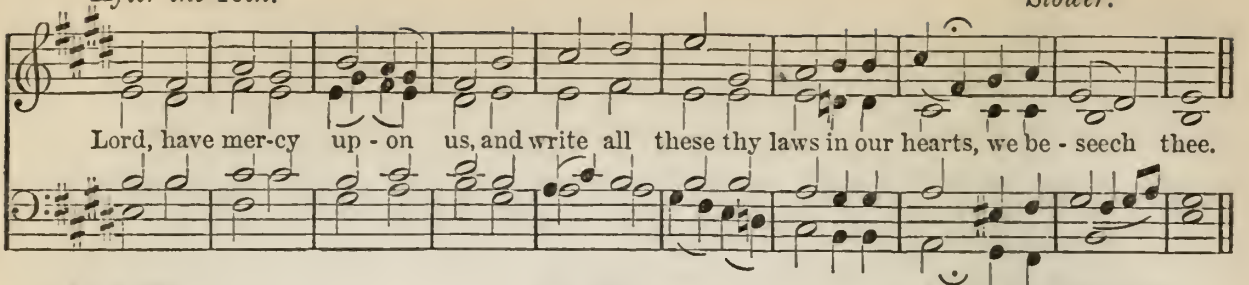


FROM THE SIXTEENTH TO THE LAST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

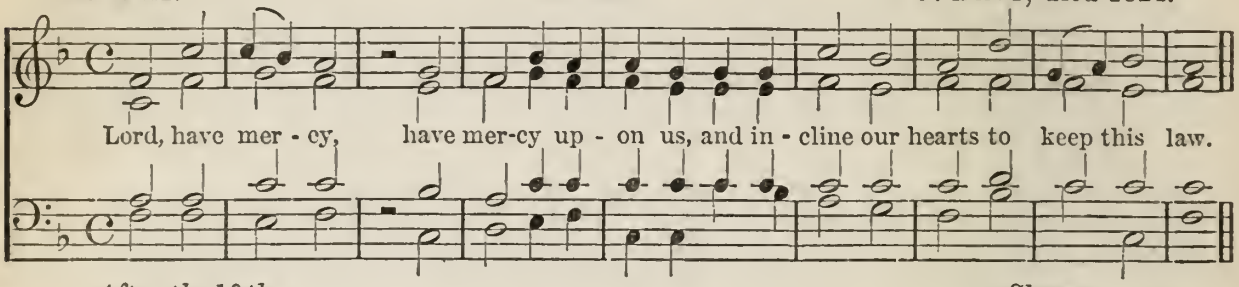
No. VII. T. F. WALMISLEY.



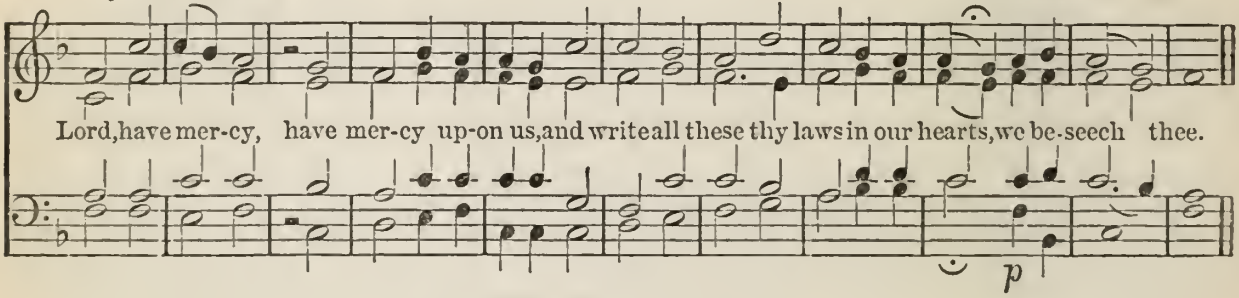
After the 10*th.* *Slower.*



No. VIII. *Or this.* J. Davy, died 1824.

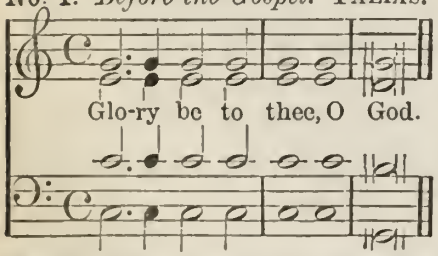


After the 10*th.* *Slower.*

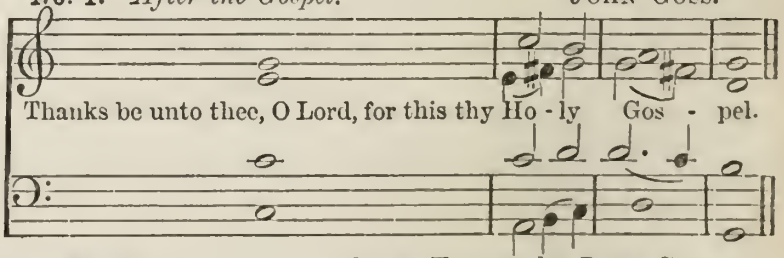


Doxologies.

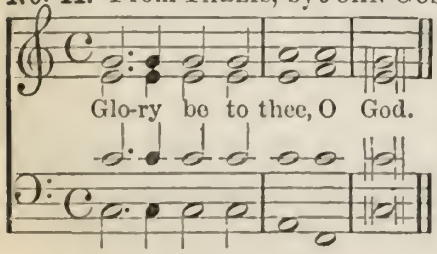
No. I. *Before the Gospel.* Tallis.



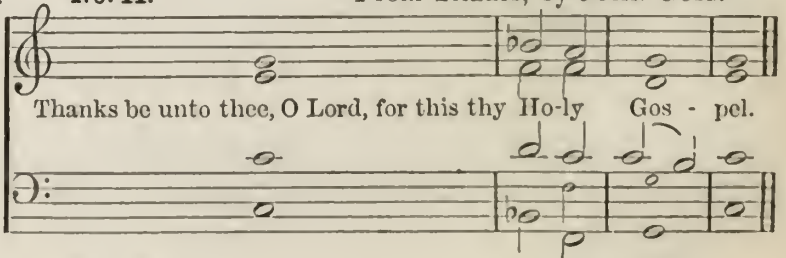
No. I. *After the Gospel.* John Goss.



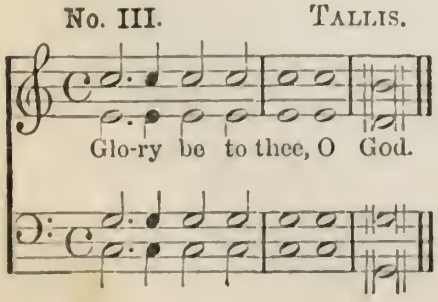
No. II. From Tallis, by John Goss.



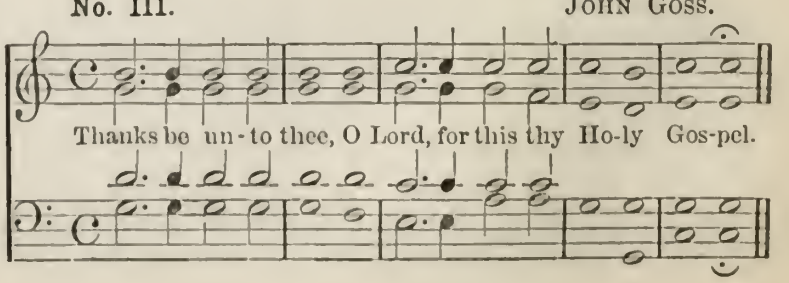
No. II. From Tallis, by John Goss.



No. III. Tallis.

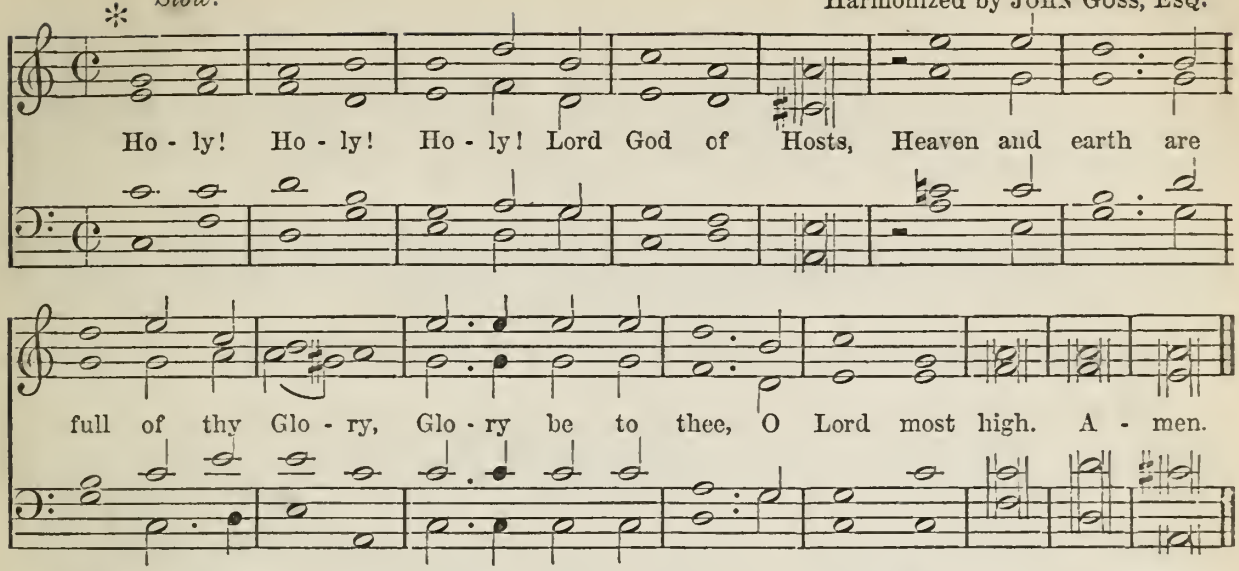


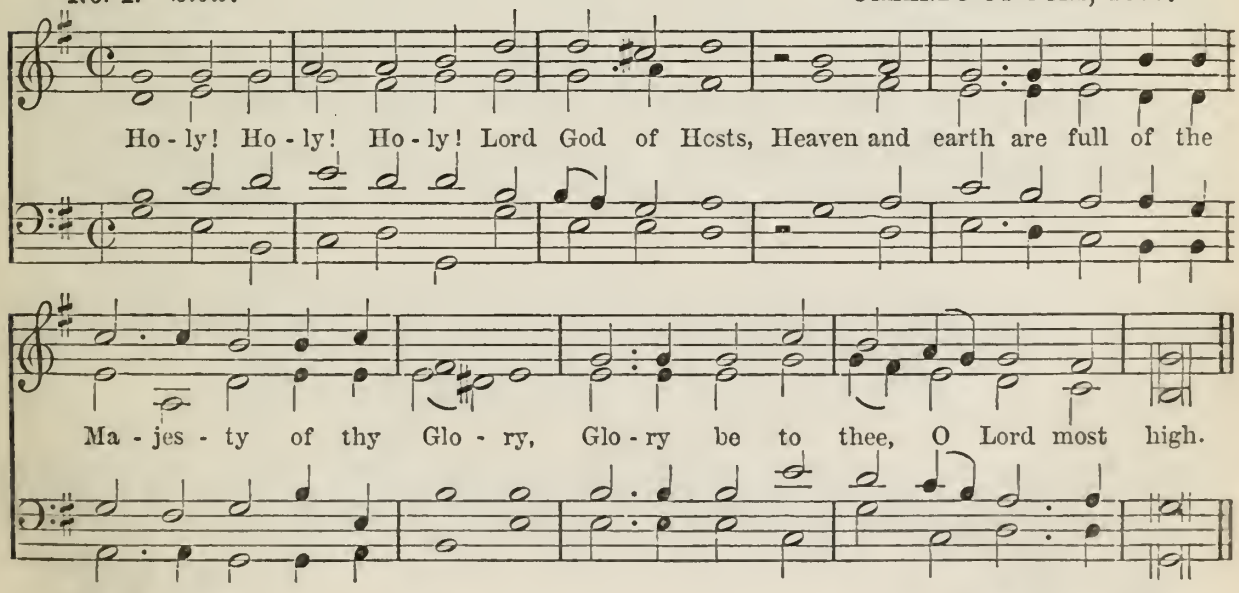
No. III. John Goss.

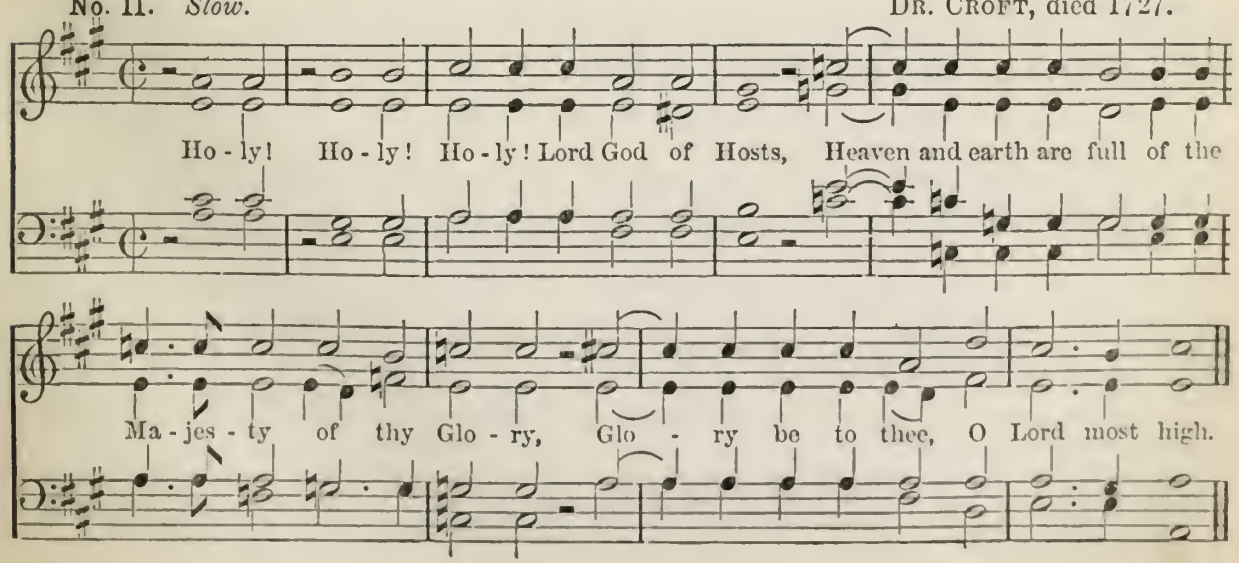


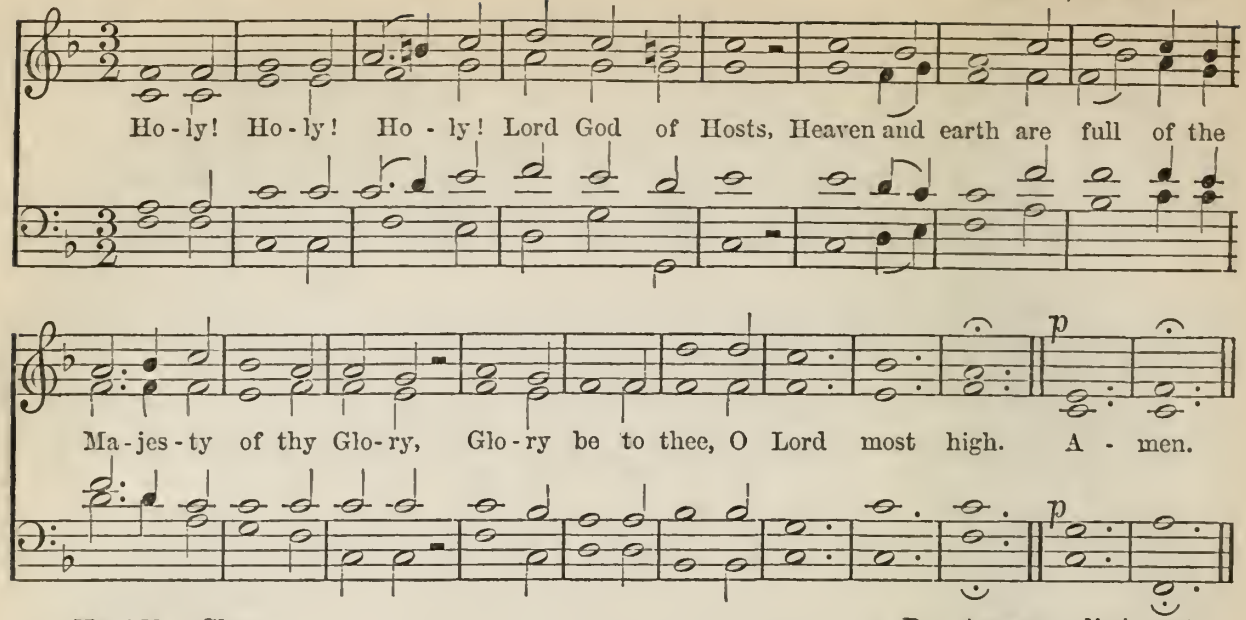
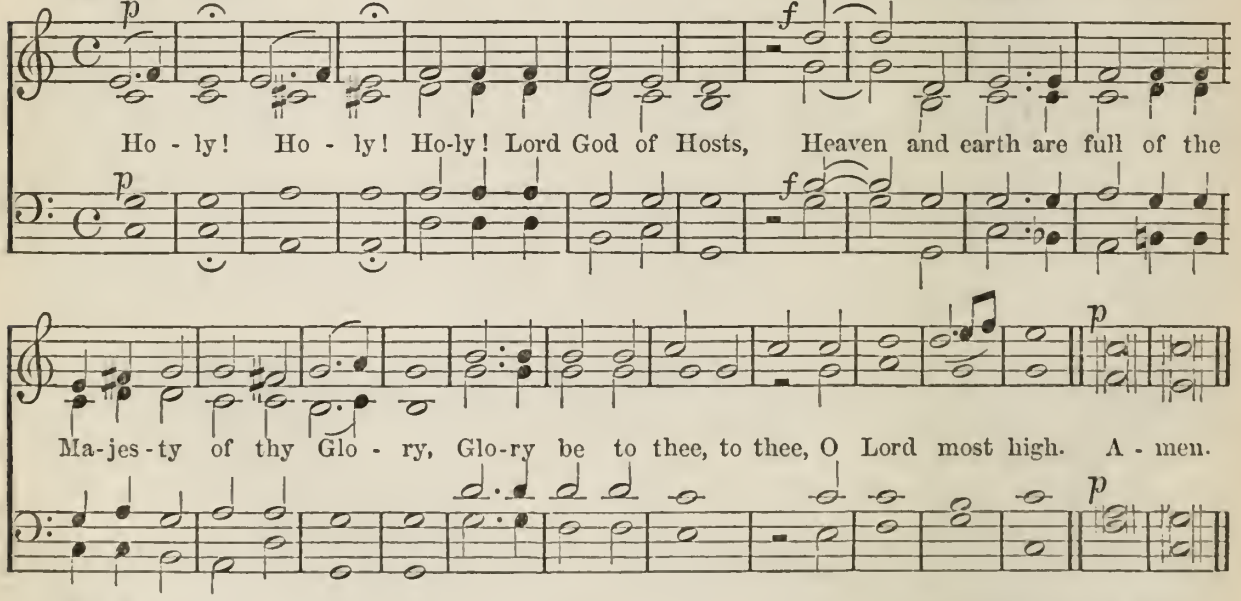
Sanctus.

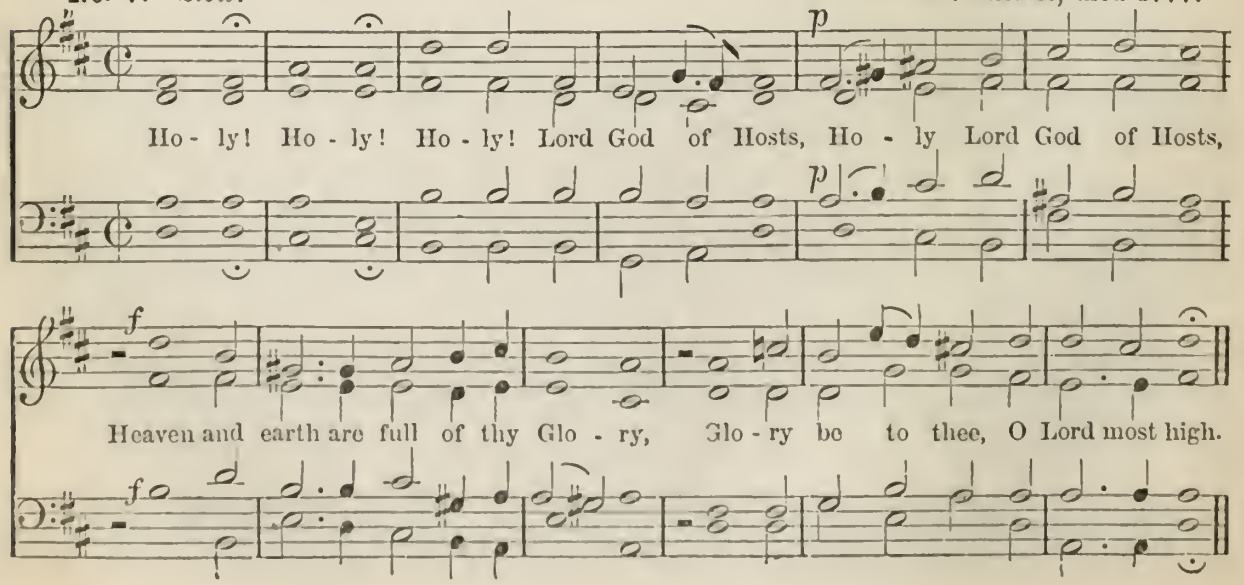
MARBECK, 1550.
Harmonized by JOHN GOSS, ESQ.



No. I. *Slow.* ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1600.

No. II. *Slow.* DR. CROFT, died 1727.



No. III. *Slow.* J. Davy, died 1824.

No. IV. *Slow.* Dr. Arnold, died 1802.

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of the
Ma-jes-ty of thy Glo-ry, Glo-ry be to thee, to thee, O Lord most high. A-men.

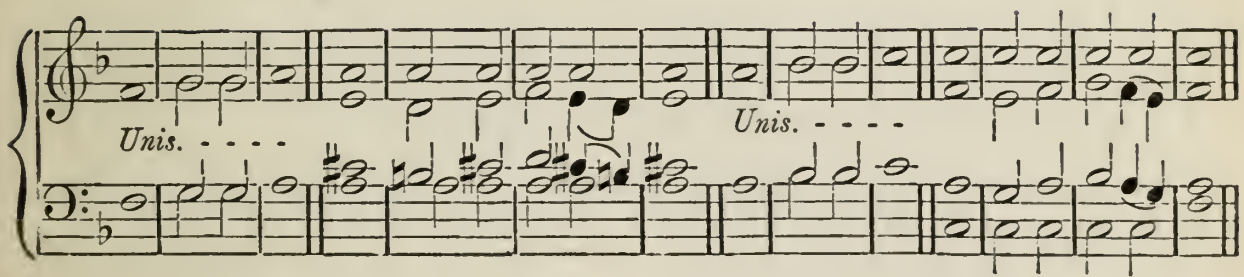
No. V. *Slow.* W. Hayes, died 1777.

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Lord God of Hosts, Ho-ly Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of thy Glo-ry, Glo-ry be to thee, O Lord most high.

THE

PSALMS OF DAVID.

THE FIRST DAY.

Morning Prayer.



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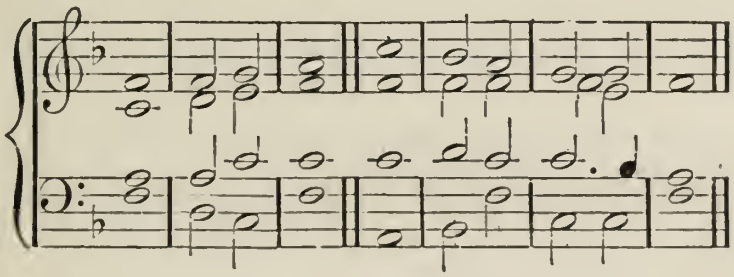


PSALM 1. *Beatus vir, qui non abiit, &c.*

BLESSED is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stôod in the′ way of sinners : and hâth not′ sat in-the′ seat of the scornful.

2 But his delîght is in the′ law of the Lord : and in his law will he êxercise him′self′ day and night.

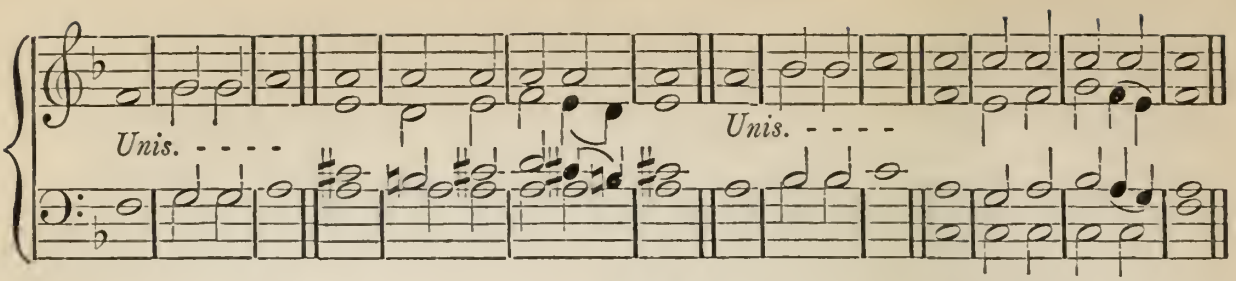
3 And he shall be like a tree plânted by the′ water-side : that will brîng forth his′ fruit in′ düe season.

4 His lêaf also′ shall not wither : and look, whatsoêver he′ doeth,′ it shall prosper.

5 As for the ungôdly, it is not′ so with them : but they are like the chaff, which the wind scâttereth a′way from-the′ face of the earth.

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not be âble to′ stand in-the judgement : neither the sînners in the congre′gation′ of the righteous.

7 But the Lord knôweth the′ way of the righteous : and the wây′ of the un′godly shall perish.



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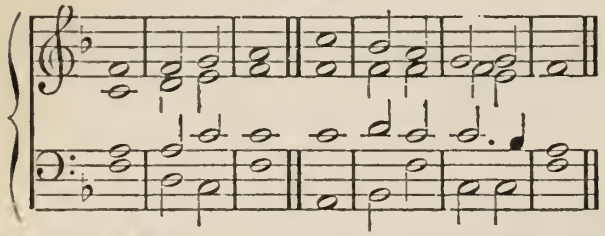


† PSALM 2. *Quare fremuerunt gentes?*

WHY do the heathen so fûriously′ rage together : and why do the pêople i′magine a′ väin thing?

2 The kings of the earth stand up, and the rûlers take′ counsel together : agâinst the′ Lord, and-a′gainst his Anointed.

3 Let us brêak their′ bonds asunder : and câst a′way their′ cörds from-us.

4 He that dwelleth in hêaven shall′ laugh-them to scorn : the Lôrd shall′ have them′ in derision.

5 Then shall he spêak unto them′ in his wrath : and vêx them′ in his′ sore displeasure.

6 Yêt have I′ set my King : upôn my′ holy′ hill of Sion.

7 I will preach the law, whereof the Lôrd hath′ said unto-me : Thou art my Son, this dây have′ I be′gotten thee.

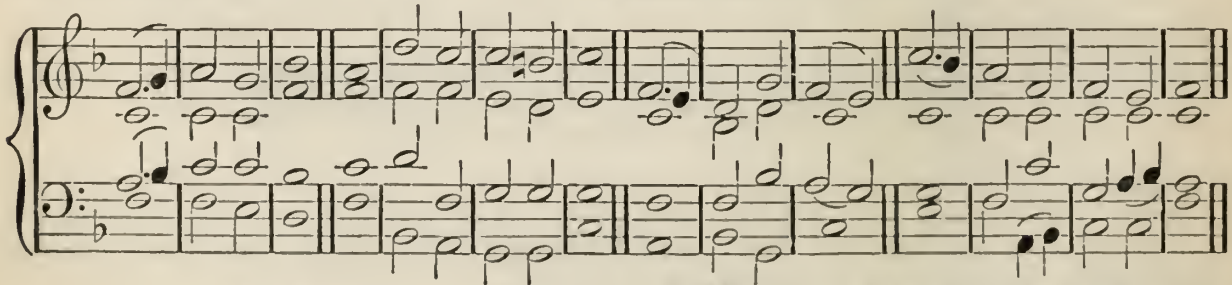
8 Desire of me, and I shall give thee the hêathen for′ thine inheritance : and the utmost pârts of the′ earth for′ thy possession.

9 Thou shalt brûise them with a′ rod of iron : and break them in piêces′ like a′ potter's vessel.

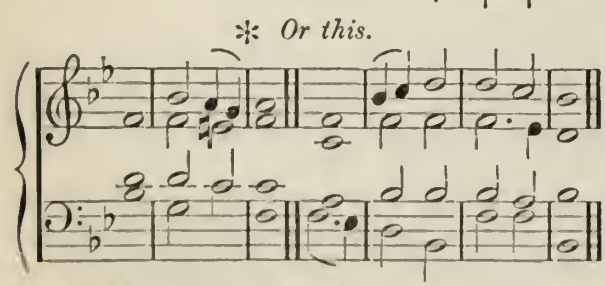
10 Be wîse now therefore,′ O ye kings : be learned, yê that are′ judges′ of the earth.

11 Sêrve the′ Lord in fear : ând re′joice unto′ him with reverence.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and so ye pêrish′ from-the right way : if his wrath be kindled, (yea, but a little,) blessed are âll they that′ put their′ trust in him.



✻ *Or this.*



PSALM 3. *Domine, quid multiplicati?*

LORD, how are they increâsed that′ trouble me : mâny are′ they that′ rise against-me.

2 Many one there bê that′ say-of my soul : There is nô′ help for him′ in his God.

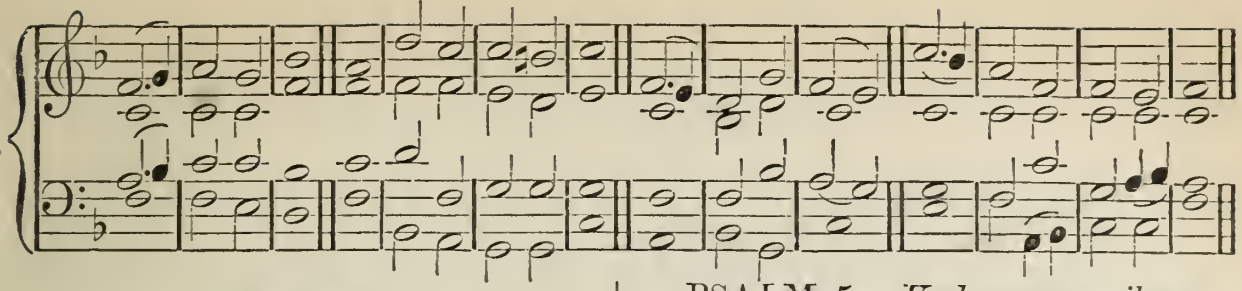
3 But thou, O Lôrd, art′ my defender : thou art my worship, ând the′ lifter′ up-of my head.

4 I did câll upon the′ Lord-with my voice : and he hêard me′ out-of his′ holy hill.

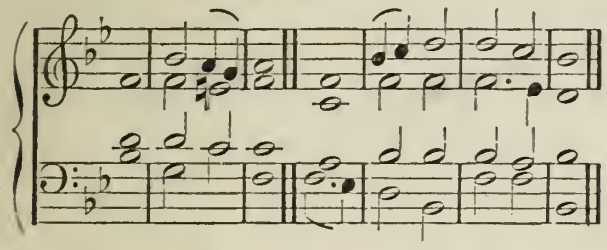
5 I laid me down and slêpt, and′ rose up again : fôr the′ Lord sus′tained me.

6 I will not be afraid for ten thôu-

† Easter Day. Morning. Proper Psalms, 2, 57, 111.



* *Or this.*



sands′ of the people : that have sêt themselves a′gainst me′ round about.

7 Up, Lord, and hêlp me,′ O my God : for thou smitest all mine enemies upon the cheek-bone ; thou hast brôken the′ teeth′ of the ungodly.

8 Salvation belôngeth′ unto the Lord : and thy blêssing′ is up′on thy people.

PSALM 4. *Cum invocarem.*

HEAR me when I câll, O′ God-of my righteousness : thou hast set me at liberty when I was in trouble ; have mercy upôn me, and′ hearken′ unto my prayer.

2 O ye sons of men, how lông will ye blas′pheme mine honour : and have such pleasure in vânity,′ and seek′ after leasing ?

3 Know this also, that the Lord hath chosen to himsêlf the′ man-that is godly : when I câll upon the′ Lord,′ he will hear-me.

4 Stând in′ awe, and sin-not : commune with your own heart, ând in your′ chamber,′ and be still.

5 Offer the sâcri′fice of righteousness : ând′ put your′ trust in-the Lord.

6 Thêre be′ many that say : Whô will′ shew us′ any good ?

7 Lôrd,′ lift thou up : the lîght of thy′ counte′nance upon-us.

8 Thou hast put glâdness′ in my heart : since the time that their côrn, and′ wine, and′ oil, increased.

9 I will lay me down in pêace, and′ take my rest : for it is thou, Lord, ônly, that′ makest me′ dwell in safety.

PSALM 5. *Verba mea auribus.*

PONDER my′ words, O Lord : côn′sider my′ meditation.

2 O hearken thou unto the voice of my câlling, my′ King,-and my God : fôr unto′ thee will I′ make my prayer.

3 My voice shalt thou hêar be′times, O Lord : early in the morning will I direct my prâyer unto′ thee, and′ will look up.

4 For thou art the Gôd that hast no′ pleasure in wickedness : nêither shall any′ evil′ dwell with thee.

5 Such as be foolish shâll not′ stand-in thy sight : fôr thou′ hatest all′ them-that work vanity.

6 Thou shalt destrôy′ them-that speak leasing : the Lord will abhor both the blôod-thirsty′ and de′ceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thine house, even upon the mûltitude′ of thy mercy : and in thy fear will I wôrship′ toward thy′ holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy rîghteousness, be′cause-of mine enemies : mâke thy way′ plain be′fore my face.

9 For there is no fâithfulness′ in his mouth : their înward′ parts are′ very wickedness.

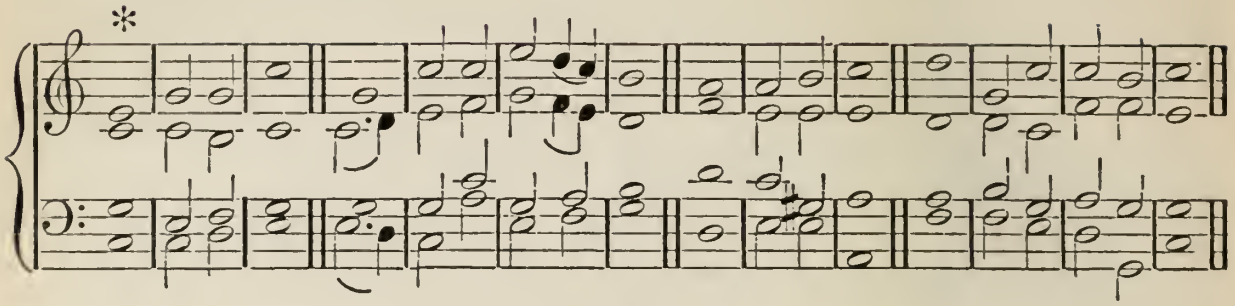
10 Their thrôat is an′ open sepulchre : thêy′ flatter′ with their tongue.

11 Destroy thou them, O God ; let them perish through their ôwn im′aginations : cast them out in the multitude of their ungodliness ; fôr′ they-have re′belled against-thee.

12 And let all them that put their trûst in′ thee rejoice : they shall ever be giving of thanks, because thou defendest them ; they that lôve thy′ Name shall-be′ joyful in-thee ;

13 For thou, Lord, wilt give thy blêssing′ unto the righteous : and with thy favourable kindness wilt thou de′fend-him as′ with a shield.

Evening Prayer.



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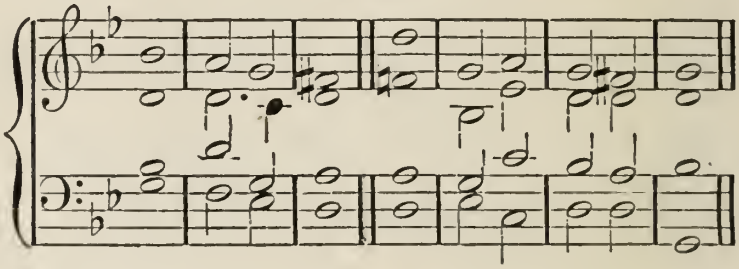


† PSALM 6. *Domine, ne in furore.*

O LORD, rebuke me nôt in thine′ indignation : nêither′ chasten me in′ thy displeasure.

2 Have mercy upon me, O Lôrd, for′ I am weak : O Lord, hêal me,′ for my′ bones are vexed.

3 My soul âlso is′ söre troubled : but, Lord, how lông′ wilt thou′ punish me?

4 Turn thee, O Lôrd, and de′liver my soul : O sâve me′ for thy′ mercy's sake.

5 For in death nô man re′membereth thee : and whô will′ give thee′ thanks in the pit?

6 I am weary of my groaning; every night wâsh′ I my bed : ând′ water my′ couch-with my tears.

7 My beauty is gône for′ very trouble : and wôrn away be′cause of′ all mine enemies.

8 Away frôm me, all′ ye-that work vanity : for the Lôrd hath′ heard the′ voice-of my weeping.

9 The Lôrd hath′ heard my petition : the Lôrd′ will re′ceive my prayer.

10 All mine enemies shall be confôunded and′ söre vexed : they shall be turned bâck, and′ put to′ shäme suddenly.

PSALM 7. *Domine, Deus meus.*

O LORD my God, in thêe have I′ put my trust : save me from all them that pêrsecute me,′ and de′liver me;

2 Lest he devour my soul, like a lîon, and′ tear-it in pieces : whîle′ there is′ none to help.

3 O Lord my God, if Î have done′ any such thing : or îf there be any′ wickedness′ in my hands;

4 If I have rewarded evil unto hîm that dealt′ friendly with-me : yea, I have delivered him that withôut any′ cause′ is mine enemy;

† Ash Wednesday. Morning. Proper Psalms 6, 32, 38.

5 Then let mine enemy pêrsecute my′ soul, and take-me : yea, let him tread my life down upon the earth, and lây mine′ honour′ in the dust.

6 Stand up, O Lord, in thy wrath, and lift up thyself, because of the indignâtion′ of mine enemies : arise up for me in the jûdgement′ that thou′ hast commanded.

7 And so shall the congregation of the pêople′ come about-thee : for their sakes therefore lîft′ up thy′self again.

8 The Lord shall judge the people; give sêntence with′ me, O Lord : according to my righteousness, and accôrding to the′ innocency′ that is in-me.

9 O let the wickedness of the ungôdly′ come-to an end : bût′ guide′ thou the just.

10 Fôr the′ righteous God : trîeth the′ very′ hearts and reins.

11 My hêlp′ cometh of God : who presêrveth′ them-that are′ true of heart.

12 God is a rîghteous Judge,′ strong, and patient : and Gôd is pro′voked′ every day.

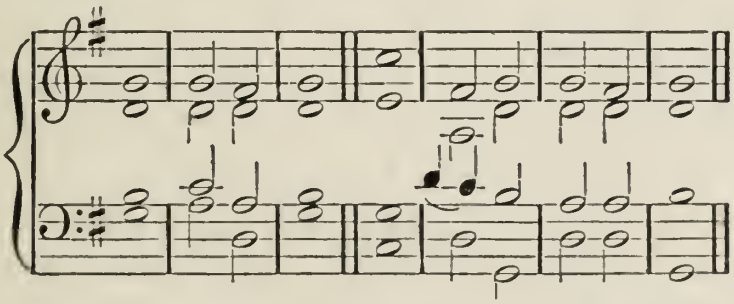
13 If a man will not tûrn, he will′ whet his sword : he hath bênt his′ bow, and′ made it ready.

14 He hath prepared for hîm the′ instruments of death : he ordâineth his′ arrows a′gainst the persecutors.

15 Behôld, he′ travaileth with mischief : he hath conceived sôrrow, and′ brought′ forth ungodliness.

16 He hath graven and dîgged′ up a pit : and is fallen himself into the destrûction′ that he′ made for other.

17 For his travail shall côme upon his′ öwn head : and his wîckedness shall′ fall on′ his own pate.

18 I will give thanks unto the Lord, accôrding′ to his righteousness : and I will prâise the′ Name of-the′ Lord most High.

† PSALM 8. *Domine, Dominus noster.*

O LORD our Governour, how excellent is thy Nâme in′ all the world : thôu that hast set thy′ glory a′bove the heavens!

2 Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strêngth, be′cause-of thine enemies : that thou mightest stîll the′ enemy,′ and the avenger.

3 For I will consider thy heavens, êven the′ works-of thy fingers : the moon and the stârs,′ which thou′ hast ordained.

4 What is mân, that thou art′ mindful of-him : and the sôn of man,′ that thou′ visitest him?

5 Thou madest him lôwer′ than the angels : tô′ crown-him with′ glory and worship.

6 Thou makest him to have domînion of the′ works-of thy hands : and thou hast put âll things in sub′jection′ under his feet;

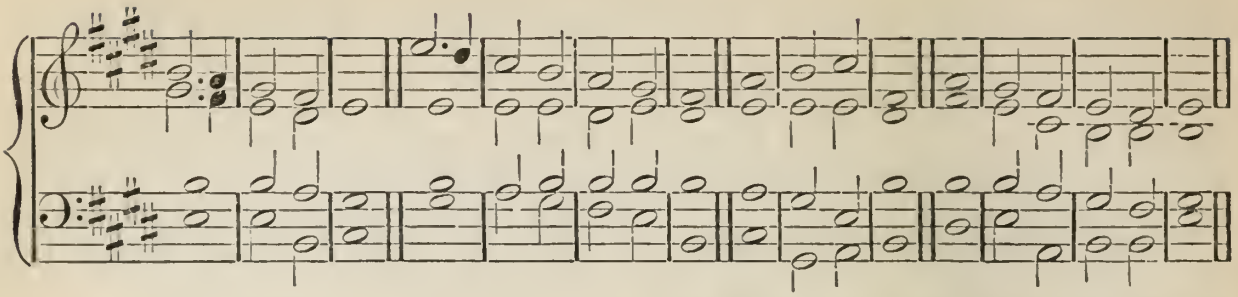
7 Âll′ sheep and oxen : yeâ,′ and the′ beasts of-the field;

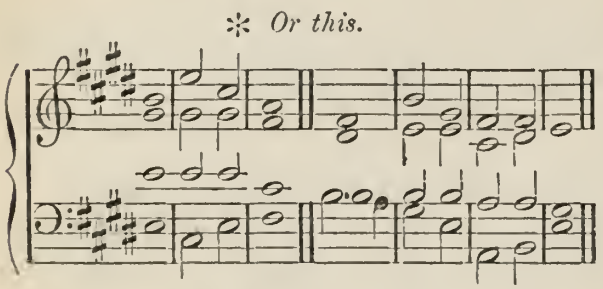
8 The fowls of the air, and the fîshes′ of the sea : and whatsoever wâlketh′ through the′ paths of the seas.

9 Ô′ Lord our Governour : how êxcellent is thy′ Name in′ all the world!

† Ascension Day. Morning. Proper Psalms, 8, 15, 21.

Morning Prayer.





PSALM 9. *Confitebor tibi.*

I WILL give thanks unto thee, O Lôrd, with′ my whole heart : I will spêak of′ all thy′ marvellous works.

2 I will be glâd and re′joice in thee : yea, my songs will I mâke of thy′ Name, O′ thou most Highest.

3 While mine ênemies are′ driven back : they shall fâll and′ perish′ at thy presence.

4 For thou hast maintâined my′ right-and my cause : thou art sêt in the′ throne that′ judgest right.

5 Thou hast rebuked the hêathen, and de′stroyed the ungodly : thou hast pût out their′ name for′ ever and ever.

6 O thou enemy, destructions are côme to a per′petual end : even as the cities which thou hast destrôyed ; their me′morial is′ perished with-them.

7 But the Lôrd shall en′dure for ever : he hath âlso pre′pared his′ seat for judgement.

8 For he shall jûdge the′ world in righteousness : and mînister true′ judgement′ unto the people.

9 The Lord also will be a defênce′ for the oppressed : even a rêfuge′ in due′ time of trouble.

10 And they that know thy Name will pût their′ trust in thee : for thou, Lord, hast nêver′ failed′ them that seek-thee.

11 O praise the Lôrd which′ dwelleth in Sion : shêw the′ people′ of his doings.

12 For, when he maketh inquisition for blôod, he re′membereth them : and forgêtteth′ not-the com′plaint of the poor.

13 Have mercy upon me, O Lord ; consider the trouble which I sûffer of′ them that hate-me : thou that lîftest me up from-the′ gates of death.

14 That I may shew all thy praises within the pôrts of the′ daughter of Sion : I will re′joice in′ thy salvation.

15 The heathen are sunk dôwn in the′ pit that-they made : in the same net which they hîd′ privily, is′ their foot taken.

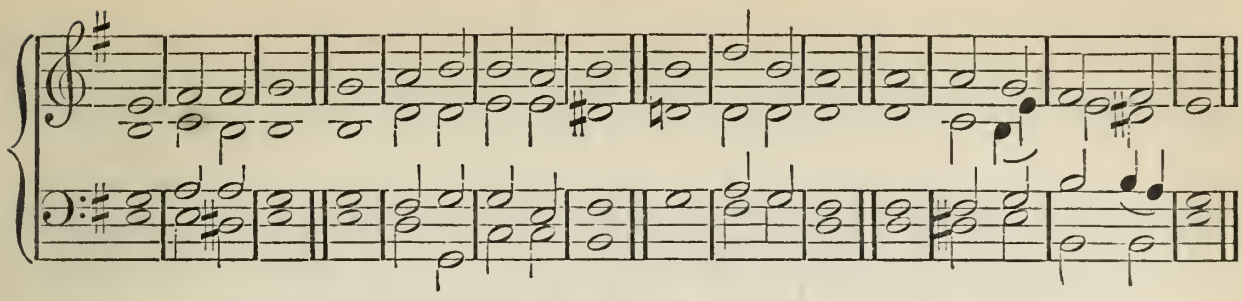
16 The Lord is knôwn to′ execute judgement : the ungodly is trâpped in the′ work of′ his own hands.

17 The wicked shall be tûrned′ into hell : and all the pêople′ that for′gët God.

18 For the poor shall not âlway′ be forgotten : the patient abiding of the mêek′ shall not′ perish for ever.

19 Up, Lord, and let not mân have the′ upper hand : let the hêathen be′ judged′ in thy sight.

20 Pût them in′ fear, O Lord : that the heathen may knôw them′selves to′ be but men.



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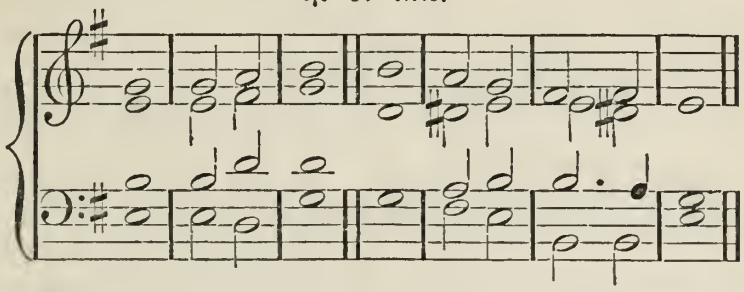


PSALM 10. *Ut quid, Domine?*

WHY standest thou so fâr′ off, O Lord : and hidest thy fâce in the′ need-ful′ time of trouble?

2 The ungodly for his own lûst doth′ persecute the poor : let them be taken in the crafty wîliness′ that they′ have imagined.

3 For the ungodly hath made boast of his ôwn′ heart's desire : and speak-eth gôod of the′ covetous, whom′ God abhorreth.

4 The ungodly is so proud, that he câreth′ not for God : nêither is′ God in′ all his thoughts.

5 His wâys are′ alway grievous : thy judgements are far above out of his sight, and thêrefore de′fieth he′ all his enemies.

6 For he hath said in his heart, Tush, I shall nêver be′ cäst down : thêre shall′ no harm′ happen unto-me.

7 His mouth is full of cûrsing, de′-ceit, and fraud : under his tôngue is un′godli′ness and vanity.

8 He sitteth lurking in the thievish côrners′ of the streets : and privily in his lurking dens doth he murder the in-nocent; his êyes are′ set a′gainst the poor.

9 For he lieth waiting secretly, even as a lion lûrketh he′ in his den : thât′ he may′ ravish the poor.

10 Hê doth′ ravish the poor : whên he′ getteth him′ into his net.

11 He falleth dôwn, and′ humbleth himself : that the congregation of the poor may fâll′ into the′ hands-of his captains.

12 He hath said in his heart, Tûsh,′ God hath forgotten : he hideth away his fâce, and′ he will′ never see-it.

13 Arise, O Lord God, and lîft′ up thine hand : fôr′get′ not the poor.

14 Wherefore should the wîcked blas′phëme God : while he doth say in his heart, Tûsh,′ thou God′ carest not for-it.

15 Sûrely′ thou hast seen-it : for thou behôldest un′godli′ness and wrong.

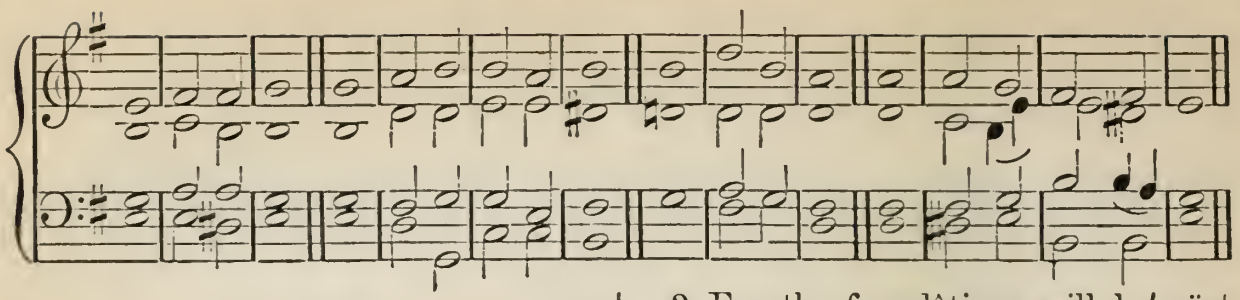
16 That thou mayest tâke the mat-ter′ into thine hand : the poor commit-eth himself unto thee; for thôu art the′ helper′ of the friendless.

17 Break thou the power of the un-gôdly′ and malicious : take away his un-gôdliness, and′ thou shalt′ find none.

18 The Lord is Kîng for′ ever and ever : and the hêathen are′ perished′ out of-the land.

19 Lord, thou hast hêard the de′sire of the poor : thou preparest their heârt; and thine′ ear′ hearkeneth thereto;

20 To help the fatherless and pôor un′to their right : that the man of the earth be nô′ more ex′alted against-them.



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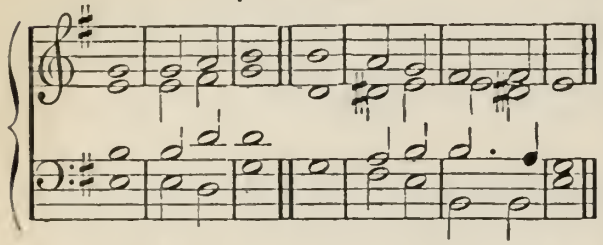


† PSALM 11. *In Domino confido.*

IN the Lôrd put′ I my trust : how say ye then to my soul, that she should flêe as a′ bird un′to the hill ?

2 For lo, the ungodly bend their bow, and make ready their ârrows with′in the quiver : that they may privily shôot at′ them-which are′ true of heart.

3 For the foundâtions will be′ cäst down : ând′ what hath-the′ righteous done ?

4 The Lôrd is in his ′holy temple : the Lôrd's′ seat′ is in heaven.

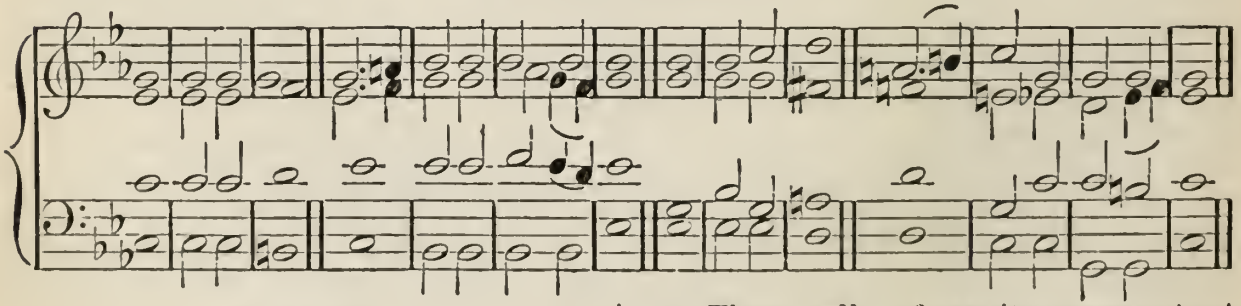
5 His êyes con′sider the poor : and his êye-lids′ try the′ children of men.

6 The Lôrd al′loweth the righteous : but the ungodly, and him that delighteth in wîckedness′ doth his′ soul abhor.

7 Upon the ungodly he shall rain snares, fire and brîmstone,′ storm and tempest : thîs shall′ be their′ portion to drink.

8 For the rîghteous Lord′ loveth righteousness : his côuntenance will be′hold the′ thing-that is just.

Evening Prayer.



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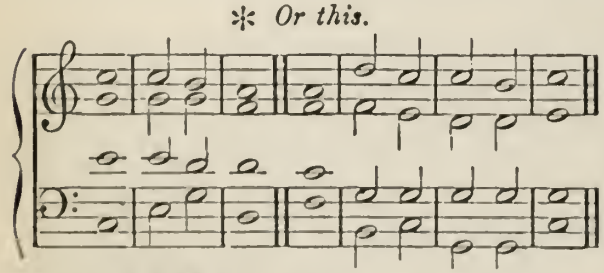


PSALM 12. *Salvum me fac.*

HELP me, Lord, for there îs not one′ godly man left : for the faithful are mînished from a′mong the′ children of men.

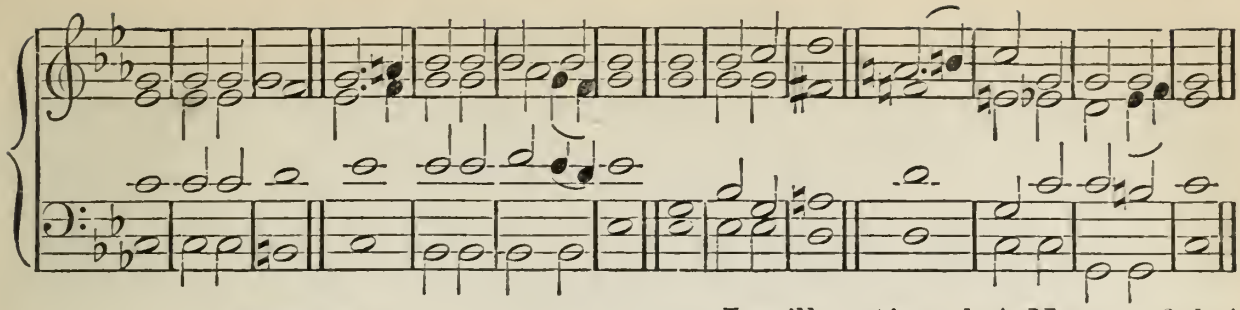
2 They talk of vanity every ône′ with his neighbour : they do but flatter with their lips, and dissêmble′ in their′ double heart.

3 The Lord shall rôot out all de′ceitful lips : ând the′ tongue that′ speaketh proud things ;

4 Which have said, With our tôngue will′ we prevail : we are they that ôught to speak,′ who is′ lord over us ?

5 Now for the comfortless trôubles″ sake of the needy : and becâuse of the deep′ sighing′ of the poor,

† Ps. 11 may be sung to the 4th Chant on this page.



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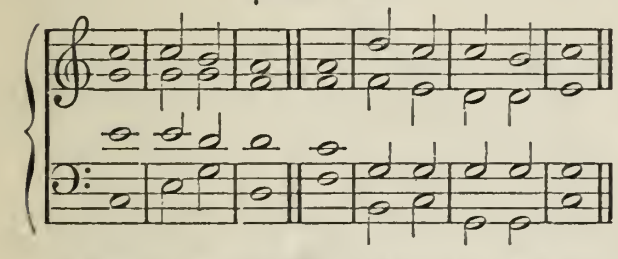


6 I will ûp,′ saith the Lord : and will help every one from him, that swelleth agâinst him,′ and will′ set him at rest.

7 The words of the Lôrd are′ püre words : even as the silver, which from the earth is tried, and pûrified′ seven times′ in the fire.

8 Thou shalt kêep′ them, O Lord : thou shalt presêrve him from′ this gene′ration for ever.

9 The ungôdly walk on′ every side : when they are exalted, the chîldren of′ men are′ put to rebuke.

PSALM 13. *Usque quo, Domine?*

HOW long wilt thou forgêt me, O′ Lord, for ever : how lông wilt thou′ hide thy′ fäce from-me?

2 How long shall I seek counsel in my soul, and be so vêxed′ in my heart : how long shall mine ênemies′ triumph′ over me?

3 Consider, and hêar me, O′ Lord my God : lîghten mine′ eyes, that-I′ sleep not-in death.

4 Lest mine enemy say, Î have pre′-vailed against-him : for if I be cast down, they that trôuble me′ will re′-jöice at-it.

5 But my trûst is′ in thy mercy : and my heârt is′ joyful in′ thy salvation.

6 I will sing of the Lord, because he hath dêalt so′ lovingly with-me : yea, I will prâise the′ Name of-the′ Lord most Highest.

PSALM 14. *Dixit insipiens.*

THE fôol hath′ said-in his heart : Thêre′ · is′ nö God.

2 They are corrupt, and become abôminable′ in their doings : there is nône that doeth′ good,′ no not one.

3 The Lord looked down from hêaven upon the′ children of men : to see if there were any that wôuld under′stand, and′ seek after God.

4 But they are all gone out of the way, they are altogêther be′come abominable : there is nône that doeth′ good,′ no, not one.

5 Their throat is an open sepulchre, with their tôngues have′ they deceived : the pôison of′ asps is′ under their lips.

6 Their mouth is fûll of′ cursing and bitterness : thêir′ feet are′ swift-to shed blood.

7 Destruction and unhappiness is in their ways, and the way of pêace have′ they not known : there is no fêar of′ God be′fore their eyes.

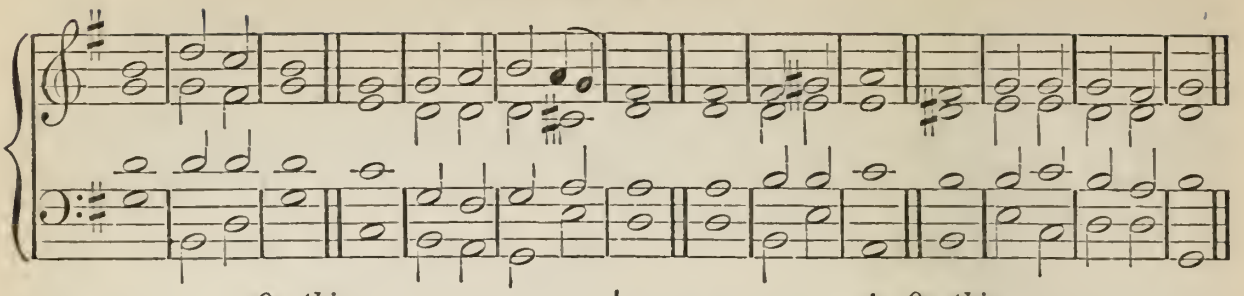
8 Have they no knowledge, that they are âll such′ workers of mischief : eating up my people as it were brêad, and′ call not-up′on the Lord?

9 There were they brought in great fear, êven where′ no fear was : for God is în the gene′ration′ of the righteous.

10 As for you, ye have made a mock at the côunsel′ of the poor : becâuse he′ putteth his′ trust in the Lord.

11 Who shall give salvation unto Israel out of Sion? When the Lord turneth the captîvity′ of his people : then shall Jacob rejôice, and′ Israel′ shall be glad.

Morning Prayer.



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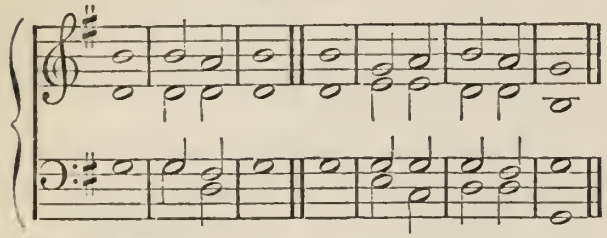


† PSALM 15. *Domine, quis habitabit?*

LORD, whô shall′ dwell-in thy tabernacle : or who shall rêst up′on thy′ holy hill?

2 Even he, that lêadeth an′uncorrupt life : and doeth the thing which is rîght, and′ speaketh the′ truth-from his heart.

3 He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done êvil′ to his neighbour : ând′ hath not′ slandered his neighbour.

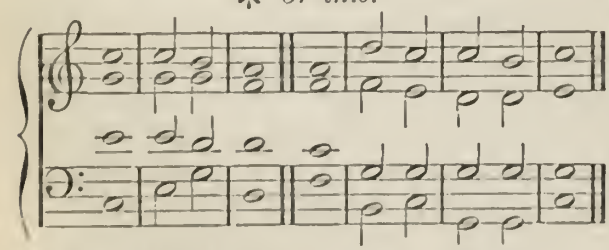
4 He that setteth not by himself, but is lôwly in his′ öwn eyes : and maketh mûch of′ them that′ fear the Lord.

5 He that sweareth unto his nêighbour, and disap′pointeth him not : thôugh it′ were-to his′ öwn hindrance.

6 He that hath not given his môney′ upon usury : nor tâken re′ward a′gainst the innocent.

7 Whôso′ doeth these things : shâll′ nev′ër fall.

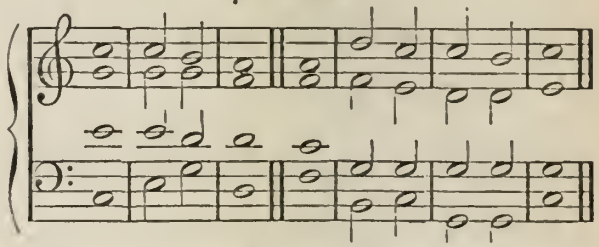
✻ *Or this.*



PSALM 16. *Conserva me, Domine.*

PRESERVE me,′ Ö God : fôr in′ thee have-I′ put my trust.

✻ *Or this.*



2 O my soul, thou hast sâid un′to the Lord : Thou art my God, my gôods are′ nothing′ unto thee.

3 All my delight is upon the sâints, that′ are in-the earth : and upon sûch′ as ex′cel in virtue.

4 But they that run âfter an′other god : shâll′ have′ greät trouble.

5 Their drink-offerings of blôod will′ I not offer : neither make mêntion of their′ names with′in my lips.

6 The Lord himself is the portion of mine inhêritance, and′ of my cup : thôu′ shalt main′tain my lot.

7 The lot is fallen unto mê in a′ faïr ground : yeâ, I′ have a′ goodly heritage.

8 I will thank the Lôrd for′ giving me warning : my rêins also′ chasten me′ in-the night-season.

9 I have set Gôd′ always before-me : for he is on my right hând,′ therefore I′ shall not fall.

10 Wherefore my heart was glâd, and my′ glory rejoiced : my flêsh′ also shall′ rest in hope.

11 For why? thou shalt not lêave my′ soul in hell : neither shalt thou suffer thy Hôly′ One to′ see corruption.

12 Thou shalt shew me the path of life; in thy prêsence is the′ fulness of joy : and at thy right hând there is′ pleasure for′ evermore.

† Ascension Day. Morning. Proper Psalms 8, 15, 21.

PSALM 17. *Exaudi, Domine.*

HEAR the right, O Lord, consîder' my complaint : and hearken unto my prayer, that gôeth not' out of' feigned lips.

2 Let my sêntence come' forth-from thy presence : and let thine eyes lôok up'on the' thing-that is equal.

3 Thou hast proved and visited mine heart in the night-season ; thou hast tried me, and shalt fînd no' wickedness in-me : for I am utterly pûrposed that my' mouth shall' not offend.

4 Because of men's works, that are done agâinst the' words-of thy lips : I have kêpt me from the' ways' of the destroyer.

5 O hold thou up my gôings' in thy paths : thât my' footsteps' slïp not.

6 I have called upon thee, O Gôd, for' thou shalt hear-me : incline thine êar to me, and' hearken' unto my words.

7 Shew thy marvellous loving-kindness, thou that art the Saviour of thêm which put their' trust in thee : from sûch as re'sist' thy right hand.

8 Keep me as the âpple' of an eye : hide me ûnder the' shadow' of thy wings,

9 From the ungôdly that' trouble me : mine enemies compass me rôund about to' take a'way my soul.

10 They are inclôsed in their' öwn fat : and their môuth' speaketh' pröud things.

11 They lie waiting in our wây on' every side : tûrning their' eyes' down to-the ground ;

12 Like as a lion that is grêedy' of his prey : and as it were a lion's whêlp,' lurking in' secret places.

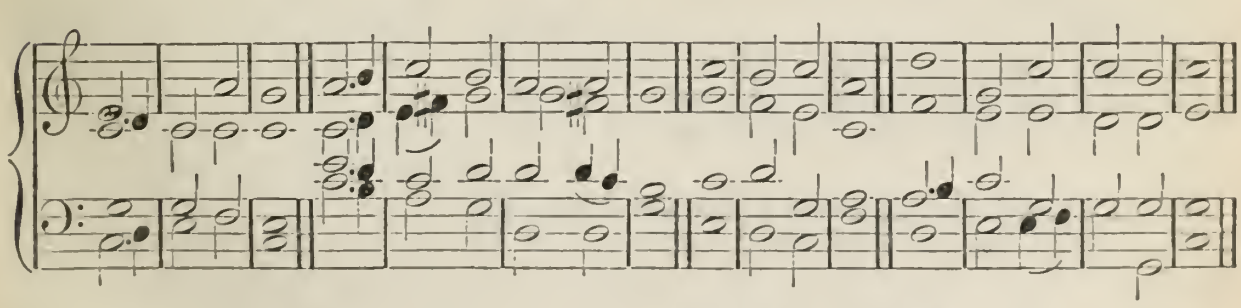
13 Up, Lord, disappoînt him, and' cast him down : deliver my soul from the ungodly, whîch' is a' sword of thine ;

14 From the men of thy hand, O Lord, from the men, I say, ând from the' evil world : which have their portion in this life, whose bêllies thou' fillest with' thy hid treasure.

15 They have chîldren at' their desire : and leave the rêst of their' substance' for their babes.

16 But as for me, I will behôld thy' presence in righteousness : and when I awake up after thy lîkeness, I' shall be' satisfied with it.

Evening Prayer.



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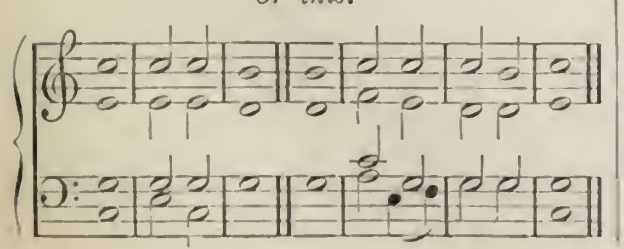
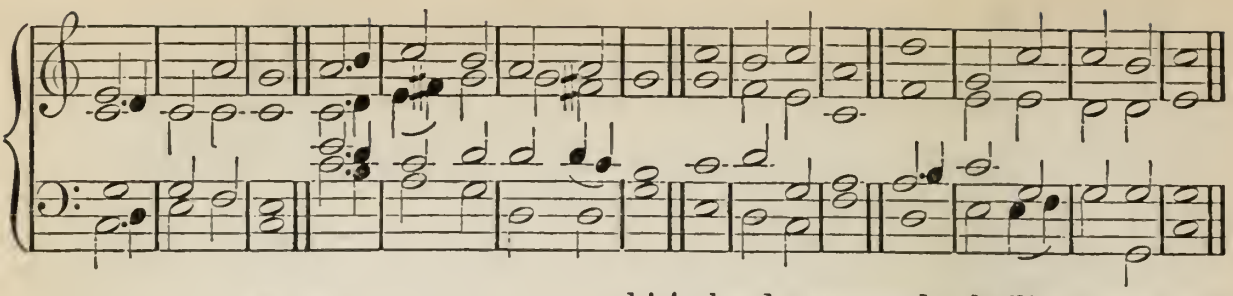


PSALM 18. *Diligam te, Domine.*

I WILL love thee, O Lord, my strength ; the Lord is my stony rôck, and' my defence : my Saviour, my God, and my might, in whom I will trust, my buckler, the horn âlso of my sal'vation,' and my refuge.



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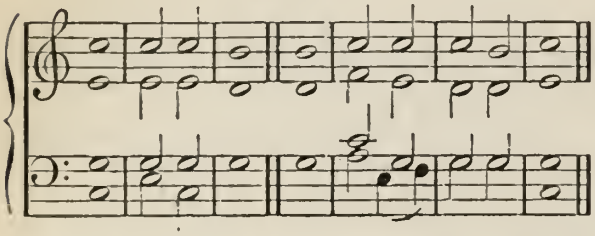


2 I will call upon the Lord, which is wôrthy′ to be praised : sô shall I be′ safe from′ mïne enemies.

3 The sorrows of dêath′ compassed me : and the overflôwings of un′godliness′ made-me afraid.

4 The pains of hêll′ came about-me : the snâres of′ death′ overtook-me.

5 In my trouble I will câll up′on the Lord : ând com′plain un′to my God.

6 So shall he hear my voice ôut of his′ holy temple : and my complaint shall come before him, it shall ênter′ even′ into his ears.

7 The êarth′ trembled and quaked : the very foundations also of the hills shook, and were remôved, be′cause′ he was wroth.

8 There went a smôke′ out-in his presence : and a consuming fire out of his mouth, sô that′ coals were′ kindled at-it.

9 He bowed the hêavens also,′ and came down : ând it was′ dark′ under his feet.

10 He rode upon the chêrubims,′ and did fly : he came flŷing up′on the′ wings of-the wind.

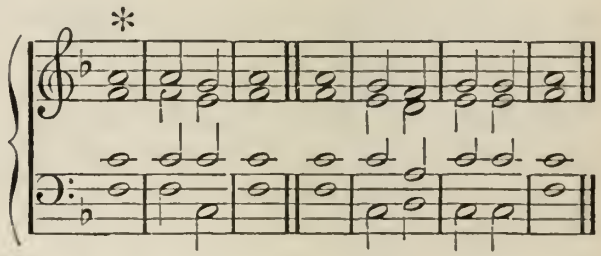
11 He made dârkness his′ secret place : his pavilion round about him with dark wâter, and thick′ clouds to′ cover him.

12 At the brightness of his prêsence his′ clouds removed : hâil′-stones, and′ coals of fire.

13 The Lord also thundered out of heaven, and the Hîghest′ gave his thunder : hâil′-stones, and′ coals of fire.

14 He sent out his ârrows, and′ scattered them : he câst forth′ lightnings,′ and destroyed them.

15 The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discôvered, at thy′ chiding, O Lord : at the blâsting of the′ breath of′ thy displeasure.



16 He shall send dôwn from on′ high to fetch-me : and shall tâke me′ out of′ many waters.

17 He shall deliver me from my strongest ênemy, and from′ them which hate-me : fôr they′ are too′ mighty for-me.

18 They prevênted me in the′ day-of my trouble : bût the′ Lord was′ my upholder.

19 He brought me forth also înto a′ place of liberty : he brought me forth, even becâuse he′ had a′ favour unto-me.

20 The Lord shall reward me âfter my′ righteous dealing : according to the clêanness of my′ hands shall-he′ recompense-me.

21 Because I have kêpt the′ ways of the Lord : and have not forsaken my Gôd,′ as the′ wicked doth.

22 For I have an êye unto' all his laws : and will not cast ôut' his com'-mandments from-me.

23 I was âlso uncor'rupt before-him : ând es'chewed mine' öwn wickedness.

24 Therefore shall the Lord reward me âfter my' righteous dealing : and according unto the clêanness of my' hands in' his eyesight.

25 With the hôly thou' shalt be holy : and with a pêrfect' man thou' shalt be perfect.

26 With the clêan thou' shalt be clean : ând with the' froward thou' shalt learn frowardness.

27 For thou shalt save the pêople that' are-in adversity : and shalt bring dôwn the' high looks' of the proud.

28 Thou âlso shalt' light my candle : the Lord my God shall mâke my' darkness' to be light.

29 For in thee I shall discômfit an' host of men : and with the help of my Gôd I shall' leap' over the wall.

30 The way of Gôd is an unde'filed way : the word of the Lord also is tried in the fire; he is the defender of âll them that' put their' trust in him.

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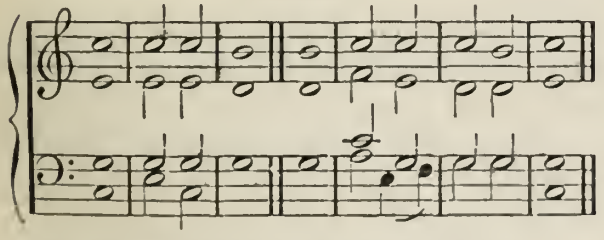


31 For whô is' God, but-the Lord : or whô hath any' strength, ex'cept our God?

32 It is God, that gîrdeth me with' strength of war : ând' maketh my' wäy perfect.

33 He mâketh my' feet like harts' feet : ând' setteth me' up on high.

34 He têacheth mine' hands to fight : and mine arms shall breâk' even a' bow of steel.

35 Thou hast given me the defênce of' thy salvation : thy right hand also shall hold me up, and thy lôving cor'-rection shall' make me great.

36 Thou shalt make room enough ûnder me' for to go : thât my' footsteps' shall not slide.

37 I will follow upon mine ênemies, and' overtake-them : neither will I tûrn a'gain till-I' have destroyed-them.

38 I will smite them, that they shâll not be' able to stand : bût' fall' under my feet.

39 Thou hast girded me with strêngth' unto the battle : thou shalt throw dôwn mine' enemies' under me.

40 Thou hast made mine enemies also to tûrn their' backs upon-me : and I shall destrôy' them that' häte me.

41 They shall cry, bût there shall be' none to help-them : yea, even unto the Lord shall they crŷ,' but he' shall not hear-them.

42 I will beat them as small as the dûst be'fore the wind : I will câst them' out as-the' clay in-the streets.

43 Thou shalt deliver me from the strîvings' of the people : ând thou shalt' make me the' head of the heathen.

44 A pêople whom I' have not known : shall' · · ' sërve me.

45 As soon as they hêar of me, they' shall obey-me : but the strange chîl-dren' shall dis'semble with-me.

46 The strânge' children shall fail : ând be a'fraid' out-of their prisons.

47 The Lord liveth, and blêssed be my' ströng helper : and prâised be the' God of' my salvation.

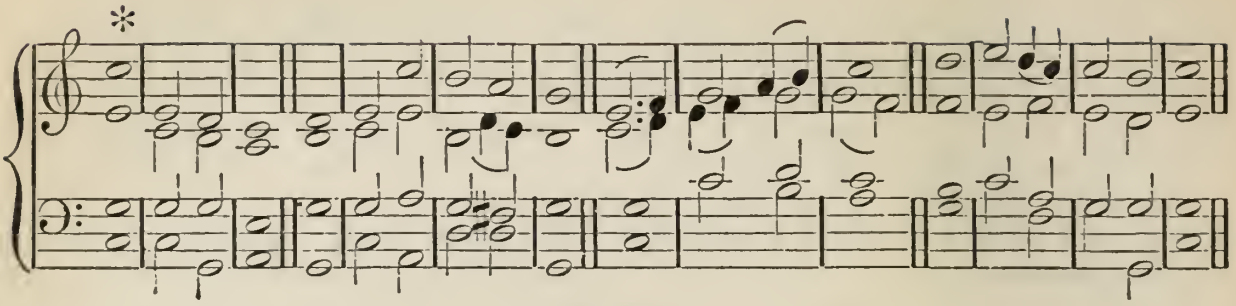
48 Even the God that sêeth that I' be avenged : and subdûeth the' people' unto me.

49 It is he that delivereth me from my cruel enemies, and setteth me ûp a'bove mine adversaries : thou shalt rîd me' from the' wicked man.

50 For this cause will I give thanks unto thee, O Lôrd, a'mong the Gentiles : ând sing' praises' unto thy Name.

51 Great prosperity gîveth he' unto his King : and sheweth loving-kindness unto David his Anointed, and ûnto his' seed for' evermore.

Morning Prayer.



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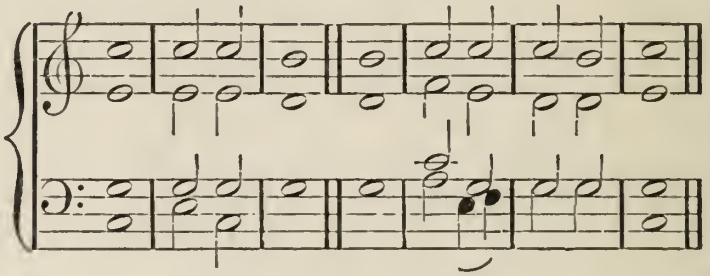


† PSALM 19. *Cœli enarrant.*

THE heavens declâre the′ glory of God : and the fîrmament′ sheweth his′ handy-work.

2 Ône day′ telleth another : and ône night′ certi′fieth another.

3 There is nêither′ speech nor language : bût their′ voices are′ heard among-them.

4 Their sound is gone ôut′ into all lands : and their wôrds in′to the′ ends of-the world.

5 In them hath he set a tâbernacle′ for the sun : which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoîceth as a′ giant to′ run his course.

6 It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the ênd of′ it again : and there is nôthing′ hid from-the′ heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord is an undefiled lâw, con′verting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sûre, and giveth′ wisdom′ unto the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are rîght, and re′joice the heart : the commandment of the Lord is pûre, and giveth′ light un′to the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clêan, and en′dureth for ever : the judgements of the Lord are trûe, and′ righteous′ altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yeâ, than′ much fine gold : sweeter also than hôney,′ and the′ honey-comb.

11 Moreover, by thêm is thy′ servant taught : and in kêeping of them′ there is′ great reward.

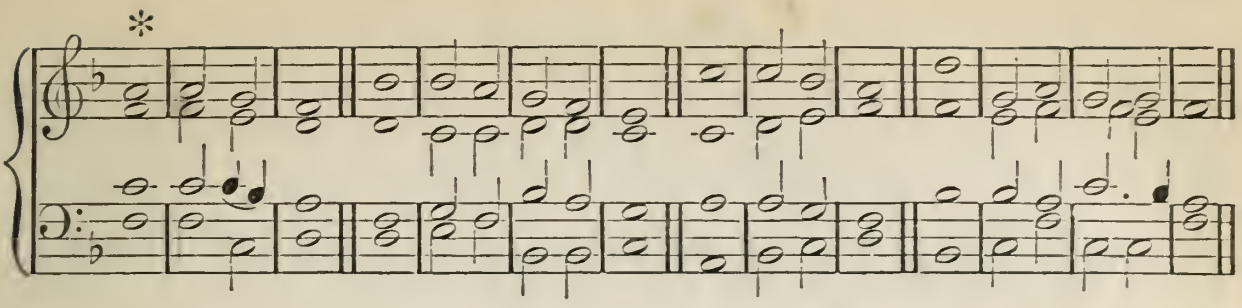
12 Who can têll how′ oft he-offendeth : O clêanse thou′ me-from my′ secret faults.

13 Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominîon′ over me : so shall I be undefiled, and înnocent′ from the′ great offence.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditâtion′ of my heart : be âlway ac′ceptable′ in thy sight.

15 Ô′ · · ′ Lord : my′ strength, and′ my redeemer.

† Christmas Day Morning. Proper Psalms, 19, 45, 85.



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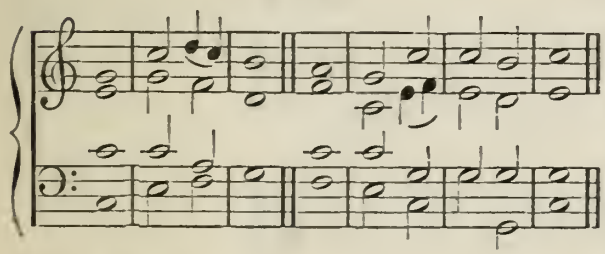


PSALM 20. *Exaudiat te Dominus.*

THE Lord hêar thee in the′ day of trouble : the Nâme of the′ God of′ Jacob defend-thee ;

2 Sênd thee′ help from-the sanctuary : ând′ strengthen thee′ out of Sion ;

3 Remêmber′ all thy offerings : ând ac′cept thy′ bürnt-sacrifice ;

4 Grânt thee thy′ heart's desire : ând ful′fil′ all thy mind.

5 We will rejoice in thy salvation, and triumph in the Nâme of the′ Lord our God : the Lôrd per′form all′ thy petitions.

6 Now know I, that the Lord helpeth his Anointed, and will hêar him from his′ holy heaven : even with the whôlesome′ strength of′ his right hand.

7 Some put their trust in châriots, and′ some in horses : but wê will remember the′ Name of the′ Lord our God.

8 Thêy are brought′ down, and fallen : but wê are′ risen, and′ stand upright.

9 Save, Lord, and hêar us, O′ King of heaven : whên we′ call up′ön thee.

PSALM 21. *Domine, in virtute tua.*

THE King shall rejoîce in thy′ strength, O Lord : exceeding glâd shall he′ be of′ thy salvation.

2 Thou hast gîven him his′ heart's desire : and hast not denîed him the re′quest of′ his lips.

3 For thou shalt prevênt him with the′ blessings of goodness : and shalt set a crôwn of pure′ gold up′on his head.

4 He asked life of thee, and thou gâvest him a′ löng life : êven for′ ever and′ ëver.

5 His honour is grêat in′ thy salvation : glory and great wôrship′ shalt thou′ lay upon-him.

6 For thou shalt gîve him ever′lasting felicity : and mâke him′ glad with-the′ joy-of thy countenance.

7 And why ? because the King pûtteth his′ trust in-the Lord : and in the mercy of the most Hîghest′ he shall′ not miscarry.

8 All thine ênemies shall′ feel thy hand : thy rîght hand shall′ find out′ them that hate-thee.

9 Thou shalt make them like a fiery ôven in′ time-of thy wrath : the Lord shall destroy them in his displêasure, and the′ fire′ shall consume-them.

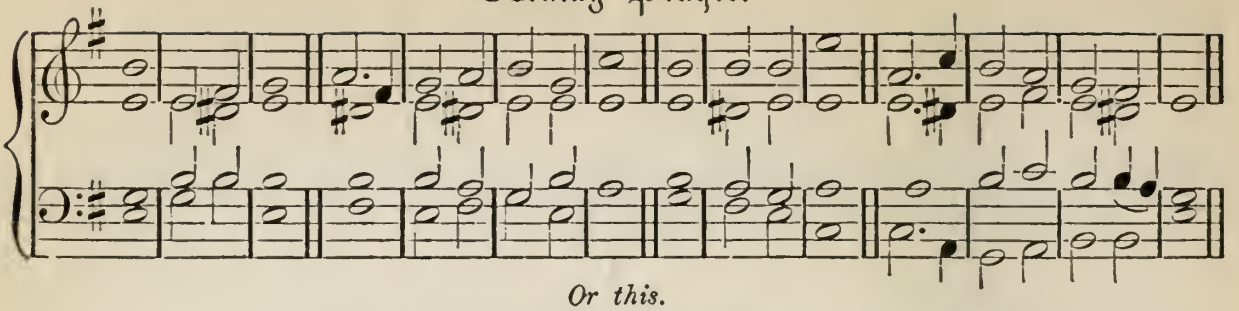
10 Their fruit shalt thou rôot′ out of the earth : and their sêed from a′mong the′ children of men.

11 For they intênded′ mischief against-thee : and imagined such a device as they âre not′ able′ to perform.

12 Therefore shâlt thou′ put them-to flight : and the strings of thy bow shalt thou make rêady a′gainst the′ face of them.

13 Be thou exalted, Lôrd, in′ thine own strength : sô will we′ sing, and′ praise thy power.

Evening Prayer.



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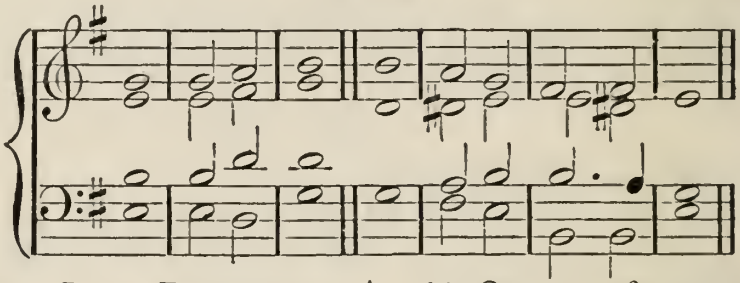


† PSALM 22. *Deus, Deus meus.*

MY God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou for'saken me : and art so far from my hêalth, and from the' words of' my complaint?

2 O my God, I cry in the day-time, bût thou' hearest not : and in the nîght-season' also I' take no rest.

3 And thôu con'tinuest holy : Ô thou' worship of' Isra-el.

4 Our fâthers' hoped in thee : they trusted in thee, and thôu' didst de'liver them.

5 They called upôn thee,' and were holpen : they put their trûst in' thee, and-were' not confounded.

6 But as for me, I am a wôrm, and' nö man : a very scôrn of men, and the' outcast' of the people.

7 All they that sêe me' laugh me to scorn : they shoot out their lîps, and' shake their' hëads, saying,

8 He trusted in God, that hê would de'liver him : let hîm de'liver him,' if-he will have-him.

9 But thou art he that took me ôut of my' mother's womb : thou wast my hope, when I hânged yet up'on my' mother's breasts.

10 I have been left unto thêe ever' since I-was born : thou art my Gôd, even' from my' mother's womb.

11 O go not from me, for trôuble is' hard at hand : ând' there is' none to help-me.

12 Many ôxen are' come about-me : fat bulls of Basan clôse me' in on' every side.

13 They gâpe upon me' with their mouths : as it were a râmping' and a' roaring lion.

14 I am poured out like water, and all my bônes are' out of joint : my heart also in the midst of my bôdy is' even like' melting wax.

15 My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue clêaveth' to my gums : and thou shalt brîng me' into the' dust of death.

16 For many dôgs are' come about-me : and the council of the wîcked' layeth' siege against-me.

17 They pierced my hands and my feet; I may têll' all my bones : they stând' staring and' looking upon-me.

18 They pârt my' garments among-them : and câst' lots up'on my vesture.

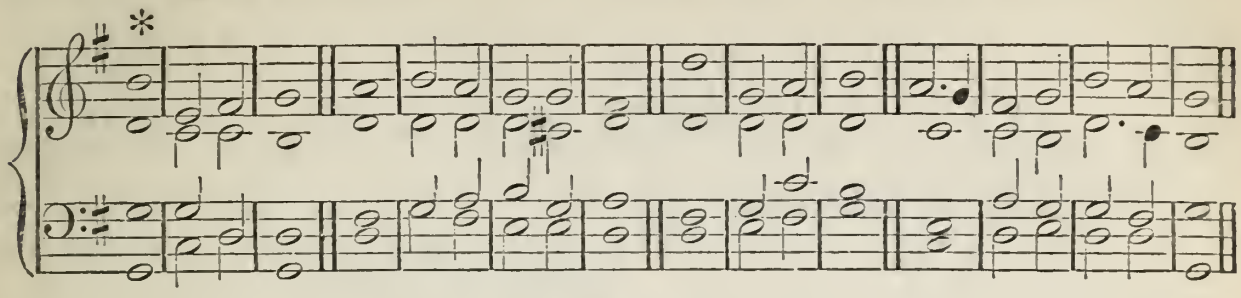
19 But be not thou fâr' from-me, O Lord : thou art my sûccour,' haste' thee to help-me.

20 Delîver my' soul from-the sword : my dârling from the' power' of the dog.

† Good Friday. Morning. Proper Psalms, 22, 40, 54.

21 Sâve me from the' lion's mouth : thou hast heard me âlso from a'mong the' horns of the unicorns.

22 I will declare thy Nâme' unto my brethren : in the mîdst of the con-gre'gation' will I praise thee.



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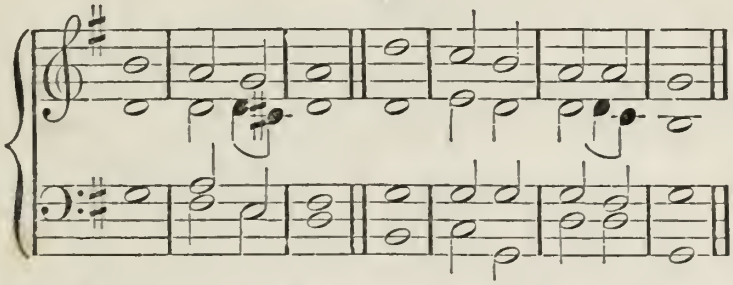


23 O praise the Lôrd,' ye that fear-him : magnify him, all ye of the seed of Jacob, and fêar him,' all ye' seed of Israel ;

24 For he hath not despised, nor abhorred, the lôw es'tate of the poor : he hath not hid his face from him, but when he câlled' unto' him he heard-him.

25 My praise is of thêe in the' great congregation : my vows will I perfòrm in the' sight of' them that fear-him.

26 The poor shall êat,' and be satis-fied : they that seek after the Lord shall prâise him ; your' heart shall' live for ever.

27 All the ends of the world shall remember themselves, and be tûrned' unto the Lord : and all the kîndreds of the' nations shall' worship before-him.

28 For the kîngdom' is the Lord's : and hê is the' Governour a'mong the people.

29 All sûch as be' fat-upon earth : hâve' eaten, and' worship-ped.

30 All they that go down into the dûst shall' kneel-before him : and nô man hath' quickened his' öwn soul.

31 Mŷ' seed shall serve-him : they shall be counted ûnto the' Lord for-a' generation.

32 They shall come, and the hêavens shall de'clare his righteousness : unto a people that shall be bôrn,' whom the' Lord hath made.

PSALM 23. *Dominus regit me.*

THE Lôrd' is my shepherd : thêre-fore' can I' läck nothing.

2 He shall fêed me in a' grëen pas-ture : and lêad me forth be'side the' waters of comfort.

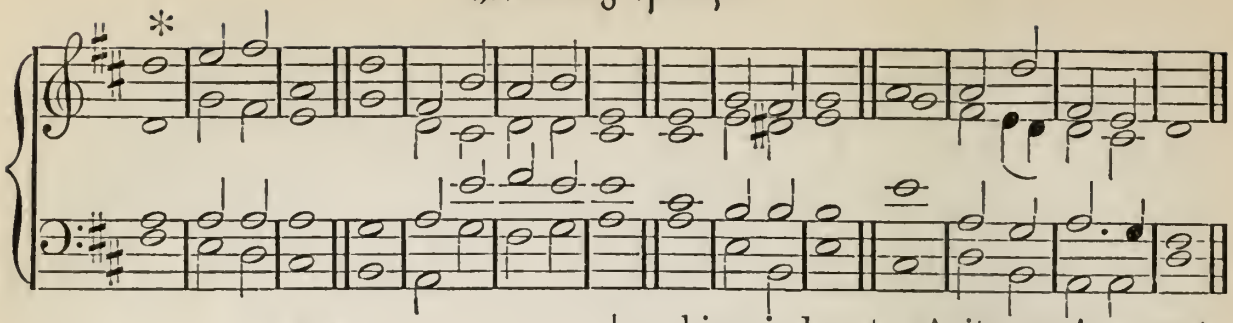
3 Hê shall con'vert my soul : and bring me forth in the pâths of' right-eousness,' for his Name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of dêath, I will' fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rôd and thy' staff' comfort me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against thêm that' trouble me : thou hast anointed my hêad with' oil, and-my' cup shall-be full.

6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me âll the' days-of my life : and I will dwêll in the' house of the' Lord for ever.

Morning Prayer.



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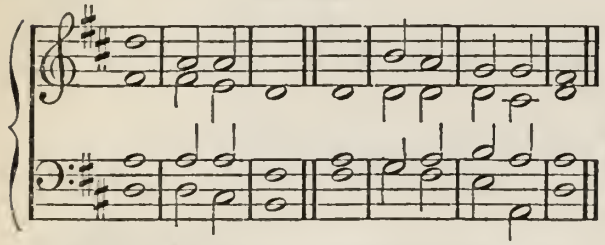


† PSALM 24. *Domini est terra.*

THE earth is the Lord's, and âll that′ therein is : the compass of the wôrld, and′ they that′ dwell therein.

2 For he hath fôunded it up′on the seas : ând pre′pared-it up′on the floods.

3 Who shall ascend înto the′ hill of the Lord : or who shall rîse′ up-in his′ holy place?

4 Even he that hath clean hânds, and a′ püre heart : and that hath not lift up his mind unto vânity, nor′ sworn to de′ceive his neighbour.

5 He shall receive the blêssing′ from the Lord : and rîghteousness from the′ God of′ his salvation.

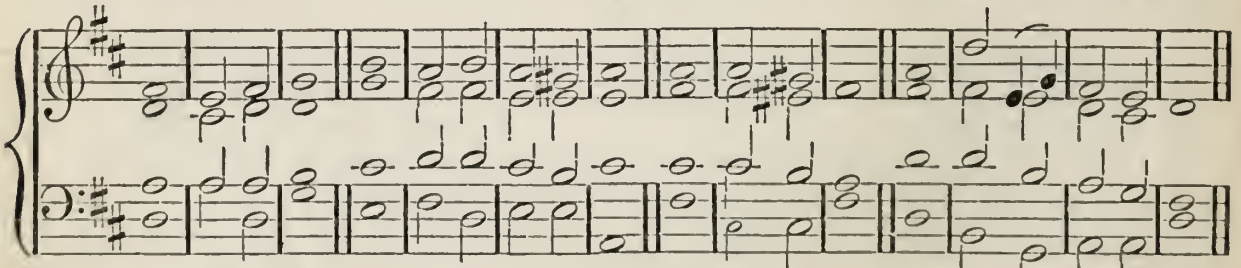
6 This is the generâtion of′ them that seek-him : even of thêm that′ seek thy′ face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift ûp, ye ever′lasting doors : and the Kîng of′ glory′ shall come in.

8 Whô is the′ King of glory : it is the Lord strong and mighty, êven the′ Lord′ mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift ûp, ye ever′lasting doors : and the Kîng of′ glory′ shall come in.

10 Whô is the′ King of glory : even the Lord of hôsts,′ he is-the′ King of glory.



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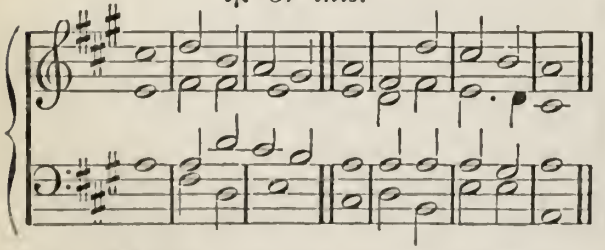


PSALM 25. *Ad te, Domine, levavi.*

UNTO thee, O Lord, will I lift up my soul; my God, I have pût my′ trust in thee : O let me not be confounded, neither let mine ênemies′ triumph′ over me.

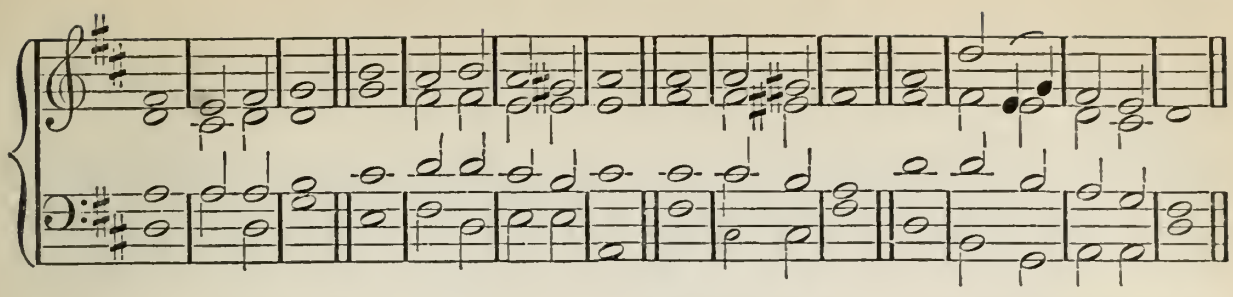
2 For all they that hope in thêe shall′ not be ashamed : but such as transgress withôut a′ cause shall-be′ put-to confusion.

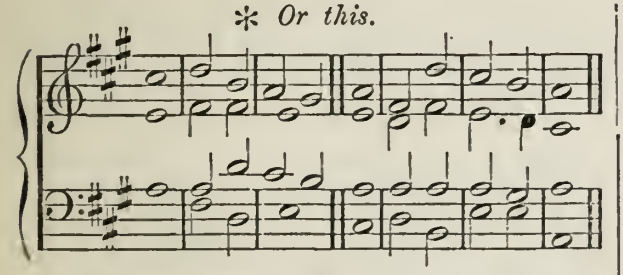
3 Shêw me thy′ ways, O Lord : ând′ teach me′ thÿ paths.

4 Lead me fôrth in thy′ truth, and learn-me : for thou art the God of my salvation; in thêe hath been my′ hope all-the′ dăy long.

5 Call to remembrance, O Lôrd, thy′ tender mercies : and thy loving-kindnesses, whîch′ have been′ ever of old

† Ascension Day. Evening. Proper Psalms, 24, 47, 108.





6 O remember not the sins and ofˈfênces of my youth : but according to thy mercy think thou upôn me, Oˈ Lord, forˈ thÿ goodness.

7 Gracious and rîghteousˈ is the Lord : therefore will he têachˈ sinnersˈ in the way.

8 Them that are mêek shall heˈ guide in judgement : and such as are gêntle,ˈ them shall-heˈ learn his way.

9 All the paths of the Lôrd areˈ mercy and truth : unto such as kêep hisˈ covenant,ˈ and his testimonies.

10 For thy Nâme'sˈ sake, O Lord : be merciful ûnto myˈ sin, forˈ it is great.

11 What man is hê, thatˈ feareth the Lord : him shall he têach in theˈ way thatˈ he shall choose.

12 His sôul shallˈ dwell at ease : ând hisˈ seed shall-inˈherit the land.

13 The secret of the Lôrd is amongˈ them that fear-him : ândˈ he willˈ shew them his covenant.

14 Mine eyes are ever lôokingˈ unto the Lord : for he shall plûck myˈ feetˈ out of the net.

15 Turn thee unto mê, and haveˈ mercy upon-me : fôr I amˈ desolate,ˈ and in misery.

16 The sorrows of my heârtˈ are enlarged : O brîng thouˈ me out-ofˈ mÿ troubles.

17 Look upôn my adˈversity and misery : ând forˈgive meˈ all my sin.

18 Consider mine ênemies, howˈ many they are : and they beâr aˈ tyrannousˈ hate against-me.

19 O keep my sôul, and deˈliver me : let me not be confounded, fôr I haveˈ put myˈ trust in thee.

20 Let perfectness and rîghteous dealingˈ wait upon-me : fôr myˈ hope hathˈ been in thee.

21 Deliver Israel,ˈ Ö God : ôut ofˈ all hisˈ trŏu-bles.

PSALM 26. *Judica me, Domine.*

BE thou my Judge, O Lord, fôr I haveˈ walked innocently : my trust hath been also in the Lôrd,ˈ therefore shallˈ I not fall.

2 Exâmine me, Oˈ Lord, and prove-me : trŷˈ out myˈ reins-and my heart.

3 For thy loving-kindness is êver beˈfore mine eyes : ând I willˈ walk inˈ thÿ truth.

4 I have not dwêlt withˈ văin persons : neither wîll I haveˈ fellowshipˈ with the deceitful.

5 I have hated the congregâtionˈ of the wicked : and wîll notˈ sit aˈmong the ungodly.

6 I will wash my hands in înnocency,ˈ Ö Lord : and sô will Iˈ go toˈ thïne altar;

7 That I may shêw theˈ voice-of thanksgiving : and têll ofˈ all thyˈ wondrous works.

8 Lord, I have loved the habitâtionˈ of thy house : ând theˈ place where-thineˈ honour dwelleth.

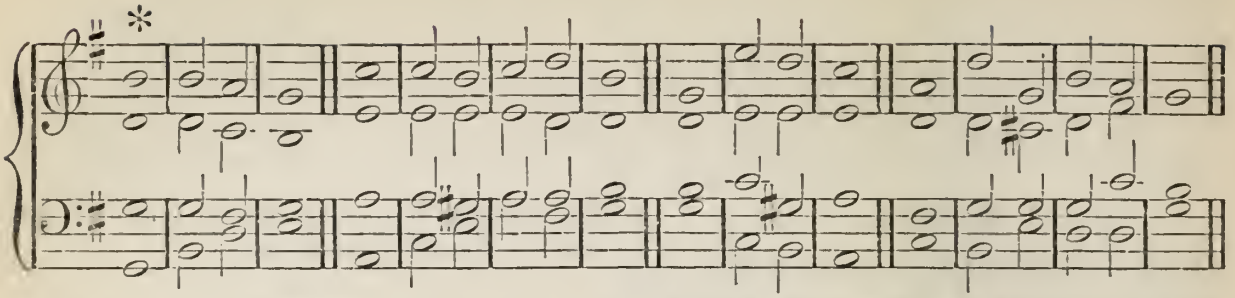
9 O shut not ûp myˈ soul with the sinners : nôr myˈ life with theˈ blöod-thirsty;

10 In whôseˈ hands is wickedness : ând their rightˈ hand isˈ full of gifts.

11 But as for mê,ˈ I-will walk innocently : O deliver me, ând beˈ mercifulˈ unto me.

12 My fôotˈ standeth right : I will prâise theˈ Lord in-theˈ congregations.

Evening Prayer.



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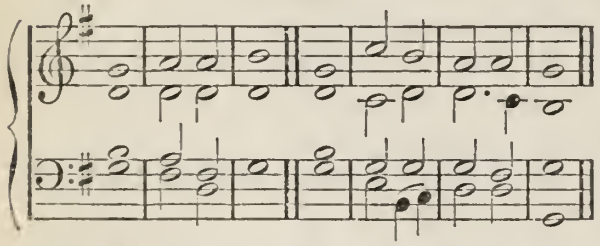


PSALM 27. *Dominus illuminatio.*

THE Lord is my light, and my salvation, whôm′ then shall-I fear : the Lord is the strength of my life; of whôm′ then shall-I′ be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies, and my foes, came upon me to êat′ up my flesh : thêy′ stumbled′ änd fell.

3 Though an host of men were laid against me, yet shall nôt my′ heart be-afraid : and though there rose up war against me, yêt will I′ put my′ trust in him.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, whîch I′ will require : even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lôrd,′ and to′ visit his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hîde me′ in his tabernacle : yea, in the secret place of his dwelling shall he hide me, and set me ûp up′on a′ rock of stone.

6 And now shall he lîft′ up mine head : abôve mine′ enemies′ round about-me.

7 Therefore will I offer in his dwelling an oblâtion with′ grëat gladness : I will sîng, and speak′ praises′ unto the Lord.

8 Hearken unto my voice, O Lôrd, when I′ cry unto thee : hâve′ mercy up′on-me, and hear-me.

9 My heart hath talked of thêe, Seek′ ye my face : Thŷ′ face, Lord,′ will I seek.

10 O hîde not thou thy′ fäce from-me : nor câst thy′ servant a′way in displeasure.

11 Thôu hast′ been my succour : leave me not, neither forsâke me, O′ God of′ my salvation.

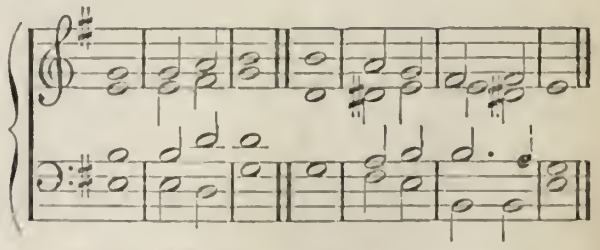
12 When my fâther and my′ mother forsake-me : thê′ Lord′ taketh me up.

13 Têach me thy′ way, O Lord : and lead me in the rîght′ way, be′cause-of mine enemies.

14 Deliver me not over înto the′ will-of mine adversaries : for there are false witnesses risen ûp a′gainst me, and′ such-as speak wrong.

15 I should′ utterly have fainted : but that I believe verily to see the gôodness of the′ Lord in the′ land of the living.

16 O tarry thôu the′ Lörd's leisure : be strong, and he shall comfort thine heart; and pût′ thou thy′ trust in the Lord.



PSALM 28. *Ad te, Domine.*

UNTO thee will I crŷ, O′ Lord my strength : think no scorn of me; lest,

if thou make as though thou hearest not, I become like thêm that go′ down in′to the pit.

2 Hear the voice of my humble petitions, whên I′ cry unto thee: when I hold up my hands towards the mêrcy-seat′ of thy′ holy temple.

3 O pluck me not away, neither destroy me with the ungôdly and′ wicked doers: which speak friendly to their neighbours, but imâgine′ mischief′ in their hearts.

4 Reward them accôrding′ to their deeds: and according to the wîckedness′ of their′ own inventions.

5 Recompense them âfter the′ work-of their hands: pây them′ that they′ have deserved.

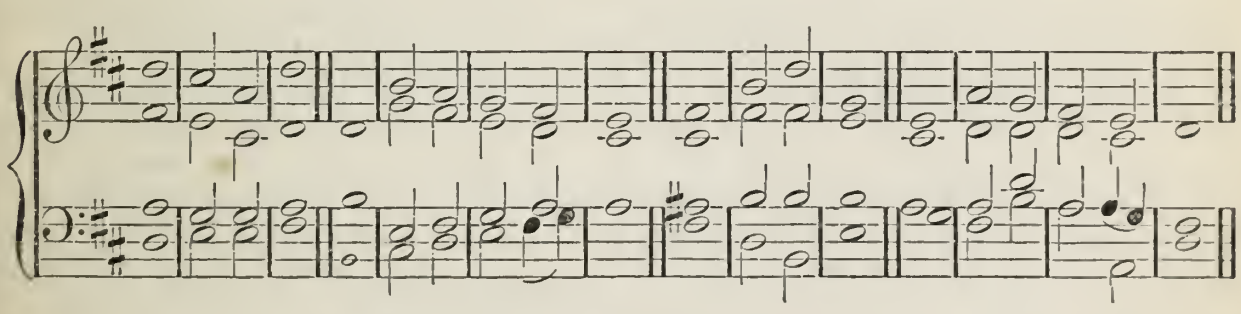
6 For they regard not in their mind the works of the Lord, nor the operâtion′ of his hands: therefore shall he break them dôwn,′ and not′ build them up.

7 Prâised′ be the Lord: for he hath hêard the′ voice-of my′ humble petitions.

8 The Lord is my strength, and my shield; my heart hath trusted in hîm, and′ I am helped: therefore my heart danceth for jôy, and′ in my′ song-will I praise-him.

9 The Lôrd′ is my strength: and he is the whôlesome de′fence of′ his Anointed.

10 O save thy people, and give thy blêssing unto′ thine inheritance: fêed them, and′ set them′ up for ever.



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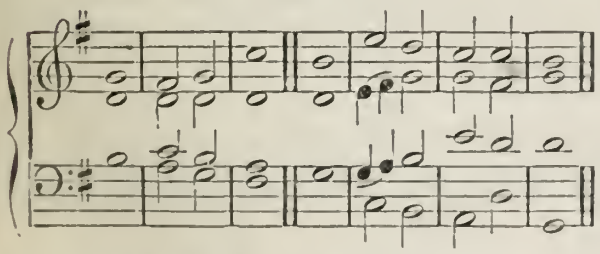


PSALM 29. *Afferte Domino.*

BRING unto the Lord, O ye mighty, bring young râms un′to the Lord: ascrîbe unto the′ Lord′ worship and strength.

2 Give the Lord the honour dûe un′-to his Name: wôrship the′ Lord with′ holy worship.

3 It is the Lôrd, that com′mandeth the waters: it is the glôrious′ God, that′ maketh the thunder.

4 It is the Lord, that ruleth the sea; the voice of the Lord is mîghty in′ operation: the voîce of the′ Lord is-a′ glorious voice.

5 The voice of the Lôrd′ breaketh the cedar-trees: yea, the Lôrd′ breaketh the′ cedars of Libanus.

6 He maketh them âlso to′ skip like-a calf: Libanus also, and Sîrion,′ like a′ yoüng unicorn.

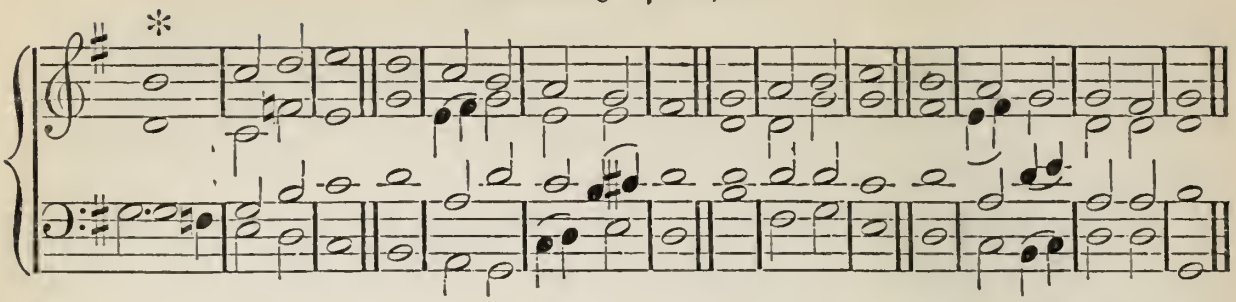
7 The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire; the voice of the Lôrd′ shaketh the wilderness: yea, the Lôrd′ shaketh the′ wilderness of Cades.

8 The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to bring forth young, and discôvereth the′ thïck bushes: in his temple doth êvery man′ speak of′ hïs honour.

9 The Lord sîtteth a′bove the water-flood: and the Lôrd re′maineth a′ King for ever.

10 The Lord shall give strèngth′ unto his people: The Lord shall gîve his′ people the′ blessing of peace.

Morning Prayer.



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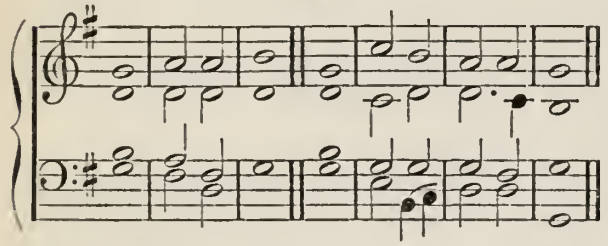


PSALM 30. *Exaltabo te, Domine.*

I WILL magnify thee, O Lord, for thôu hast′ set me up : and not made my fòes to′ triumph′ over me.

2 O Lord my Gôd, I′ cried unto thee : ând′ thou hast′ healed me.

3 Thou, Lord, hast brôught my′ soul out-of hell : thou hast kept my life from′ them-that go′ down to the pit.

4 Sing praises unto the Lôrd, O ye′ saints of his : and give thanks unto him fôr a re′membrance′ of his holiness.

5 For his wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, ând in his′ pleasure is life : heaviness may endure for a nîght, but′ joy cometh′ in the morning.

6 And in my prosperity I said, I shall nêver′ be removed : thou, Lord, of thy gôodness hast′ made my′ hill so strong.

7 Thou didst tûrn thy′ fäce from-me : ând′ I was′ tröu-bled.

8 Then cried I unto′ thee, O Lord : and gât me′ to my′ Lord right humbly.

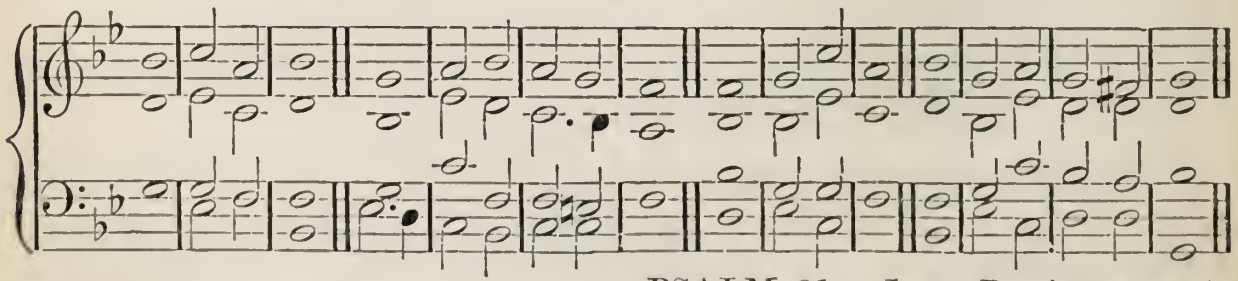
9 What prôfit is there′ in my blood : whên I′ go down′ to the pit?

10 Shall the dûst give′ thanks unto thee : ôr′ shall-it de′clare thy truth?

11 Hear, O Lôrd, and have′ mercy upon-me : Lôrd, be′ thou my′ hëlp-er.

12 Thou hast turned my hêaviness′ into joy : thou hast put off my sâck-cloth, and′ girded′ me with gladness.

13 Therefore shall every good man sîng of thy′ praise-without ceasing : O my God, I will give′ thanks unto′ thee for ever.



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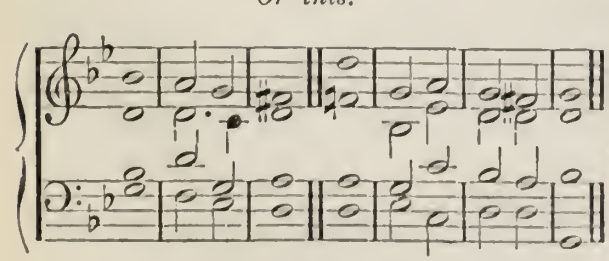


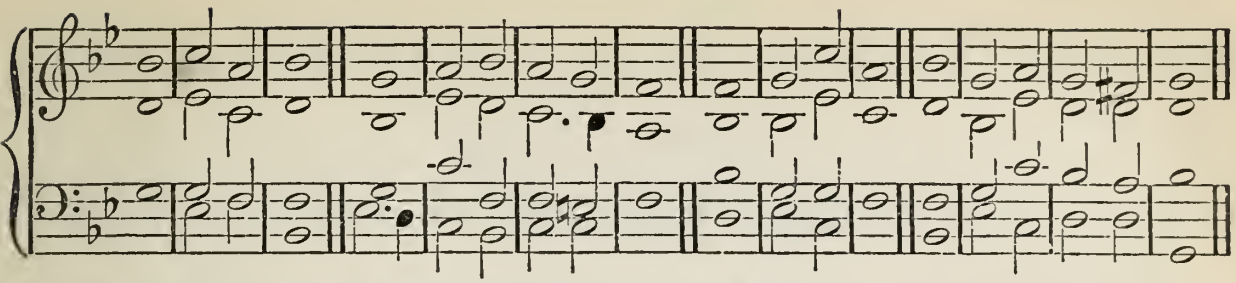
PSALM 31. *In te, Domine, speravi.*

IN thee, O Lôrd, have I′ put my trust : let me never be put to confûsion, de′liver me′ in thy righteousness.

2 Bôw down thine′ eär to-me : mâke′ haste to-de′liver me.

3 And be thou my strong rôck, and′ house-of defence : thât′ thou mayest′ säve me.

N.B.—The first Chant may be sung to both Psalms.



4 For thou art my strong rôck,′ and my castle : be thou also my guîde, and′ lead me′ for thy Name's-sake.

5 Draw me out of the net, that thêy have laid′ privily for-me : fôr′ thou art′ mÿ strength.

6 Into thy hânds I com′mend my spirit : for thou hast redêemed me, O′ Lord, thou′ God of truth.

7 I have hated them that hôld of super′stitious vanities : ând my′ trust hath′ been in-the Lord.

8 I will be glâd, and re′joice-in thy mercy : for thou hast considered my trouble, ând hast′ known my′ soul in adversities.

9 Thou hast not shut me up înto the′ hand of the enemy : but hast sêt my′ feet in-a′ lärge room.

10 Have mercy upon me, O Lôrd, for I′ am in trouble : and mine eye is consumed for very heaviness ; yeâ, my′ soul′ and my body.

11 For my life is wâxen′ old with heavinoss : ând my′ years with′ möur-ning.

12 My strength faileth me, becâuse of′ mine iniquity : ând my′ bones′ are consumed.

13 I became a reproof among all mine enemies, but espêcially a′mong my neighbours : and they of mine acquaintance were afraid of me ; and they that did see me withôut con′veyed them′sëlves from-me.

14 I am clean forgotten, as a dêad man′ out of mind : I am becôme′ like a′ broken vessel.

15 For I have heard the blâsphemy′ of the multitude : and fear is on every side, while they conspire together against me, and take their coûnsel to′ take a′way my life.

16 But my hope hath bêen in′ thee, O Lord : I have sâid,′ Thou art′ mÿ God.

17 My time is in thy hand ; deliver me frôm the′ hand-of mine enemies : ând from′ them that′ persecute-me.

18 Shew thy sêrvant the′ light-of thy countenance : and sâve me′ for thy′ mercy's sake.

19 Let me not be confounded, O Lord, fôr I have′ called upon-thee : let the ungodly be put to confusion, and be pût to′ silence′ in the grave.

20 Let the lying lîps be′ put to silence : which cruelly, disdainfully, and despîtefully,′ speak a′gainst the righteous.

21 O how plentiful is thy goodness, which thou hast laid ûp for′ them that fear-thee : and that thou hast prepared for them that put their trust in thee, êven be′fore the′ sons of men !

22 Thou shalt hide them privily by thine own presence frôm the pro′voking of all-men : thou shalt keep them secretly in thy tâbernacle′ from the′ strife of tongues.

23 Thânks′ be to-the Lord : for he hath shewed me mârvellous great′ kindness′ in-a strong city.

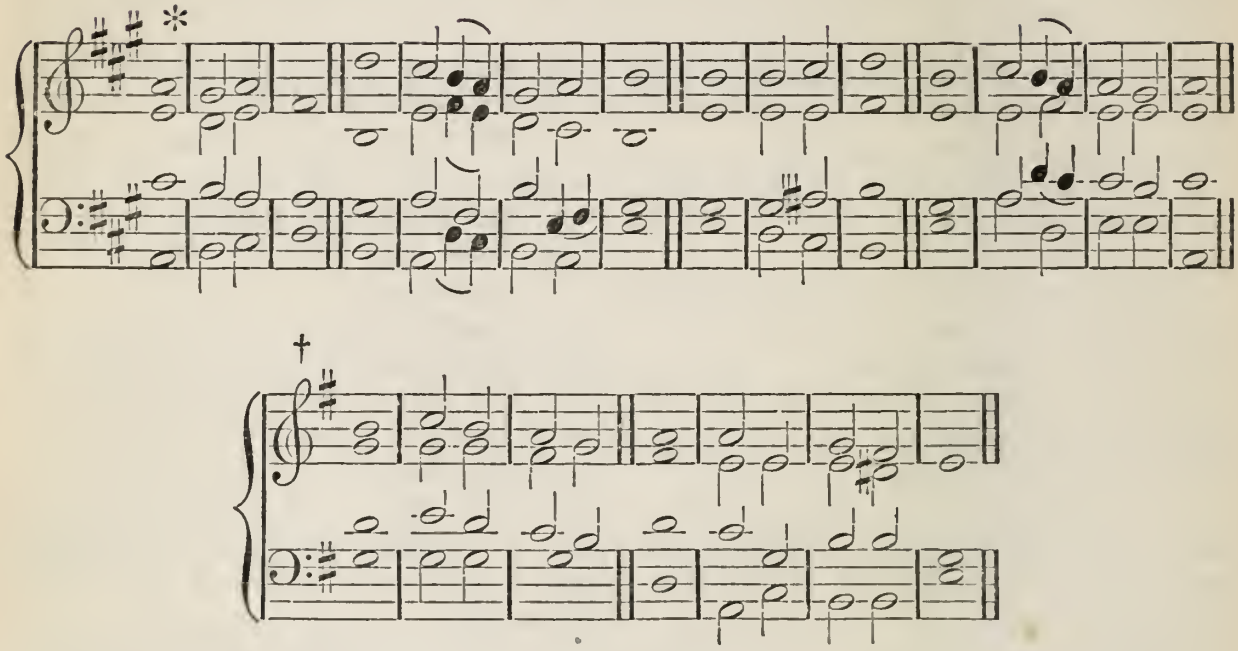
24 And whên I made′ haste, I said : I am câst′ out of-the′ sight-of thine eyes.

25 Nevertheless, thou hêardest the′ voice-of my prayer : whên I′ cried′ unto thee.

26 O love the Lôrd, all′ ye his saints : for the Lord preserveth them that are faithful, and plênteously re′wardeth the′ pröud doer.

27 Be strong, and hê shall e′stablish your heart : all yê that′ put your′ trust in-the Lord.

Evening Prayer.



† PSALM 32. *Beati, quorum.*

BLESSED is he whose unrîghteousness′ is forgiven : ând′ whose′ sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lôrd im′puteth no sin : ând in whose′ spirit there′ is no guile.

3 For whîle I′ held my tongue : my bones consûmed a′way through-my′ daily complaining.

4 For thy hand is heâvy upon me′ day and night : and my moîsture is′ like the′ drought in summer.

5 I will acknôwledge my′ sin unto thee : ând mine un′righteousness′ have-I not hid.

6 I said, I will confess my sîns un′to the Lord : and so thou forgâvest the′ wickedness′ of my sin.

7 For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, in a tîme when thou′ mayest be found : but in the great wâter-floods′ they shall′ not come nigh-him.

8 Thou art a place to hide me in, thôu shalt pre′serve-me from trouble : thou shalt cômpass me a′bout with′ songs of deliverance.

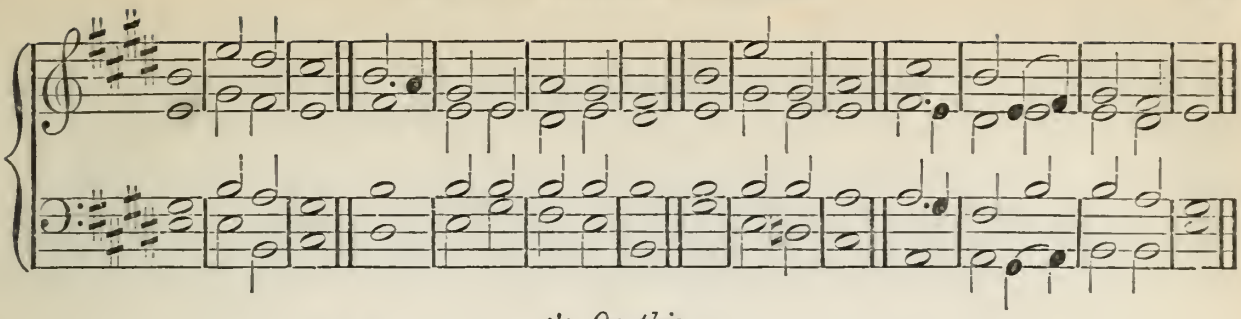
9 I will inform thee, and teach thee in the wây where′in thou-shalt go : ând I will′ guide thee′ with mine eye.

10 Be ye not like to horse and mule, whîch have′ no understanding : whose mouths must be held with bit and brîdle,′ lest they′ fall upon-thee.

11 Great plagues remaîn′ for the ungodly : but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy embrâceth′ him on′ every side.

12 Be glad, O ye righteous, ând re′joice in-the Lord : and be jôyful, all′ ye-that are′ true of heart.

† Ash Wednesday. Morning. Proper Psalms, 6, 32, 38.



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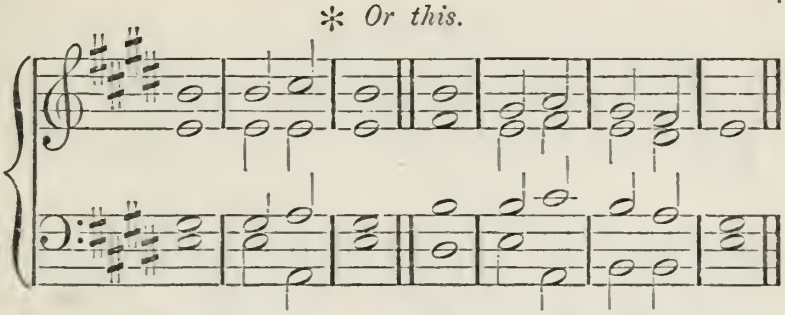


PSALM 33. *Exultate, justi.*

REJOICE in the Lôrd,′ O ye righteous : for it becômeth′ well the′ just-to be thankful.

2 Prâise the′ Lord with harp : sing praises unto him with the lûte, and′ instrument′ of ten strings.

3 Sing ûnto the′ Lord-a new song : sing praises lustily ûnto′ him with-a′ göod courage.

4 For the wôrd of the′ Lord is true : ând′ all his′ works are faithful.

5 He loveth rîghteous′ness and judgement : the earth is fûll of the′ goodness′ of the Lord.

6 By the word of the Lôrd were the′ heavens made : and all the hôsts of them′ by the′ breath of his mouth.

7 He gathereth the waters of the sea together, as it wêre up′on an heap : and layeth up the dêep, as′ in a′ treasure-house.

8 Let all the êarth′ fear the Lord : stand in awe of hîm, all′ ye that′ dwell in-the world.

9 For he spâke, and′ it was done : hê com′manded, and′ it stood fast.

10 The Lord bringeth the côunsel of the′ heathen to nought : and maketh the devices of the people to be of none effect, and câsteth′ out the′ counsels of princes.

11 The counsel of the Lôrd shall en′-dure for ever : and the thoughts of his heârt from gene′ration to′ generation.

12 Blessed are the people, whose Gôd is the′ Lord Jehovah : and blessed are the folk, that he hath chôsen to′ him to′ be his inheritance.

13 The Lord looked down from heaven, and behêld all the′ children of men : from the habitation of his dwelling he considereth âll′ them that′ dwell on-the earth.

14 He fashioneth âll the′ hearts of them : ând under′standeth′ all their works.

15 There is no king that can be saved by the mûltitude′ of an host : neither is any mîghty man de′livered′ by much strength.

16 A horse is counted but a vâin thing to′ save a man : neither shall he delîver′ any man′ by-his great strength.

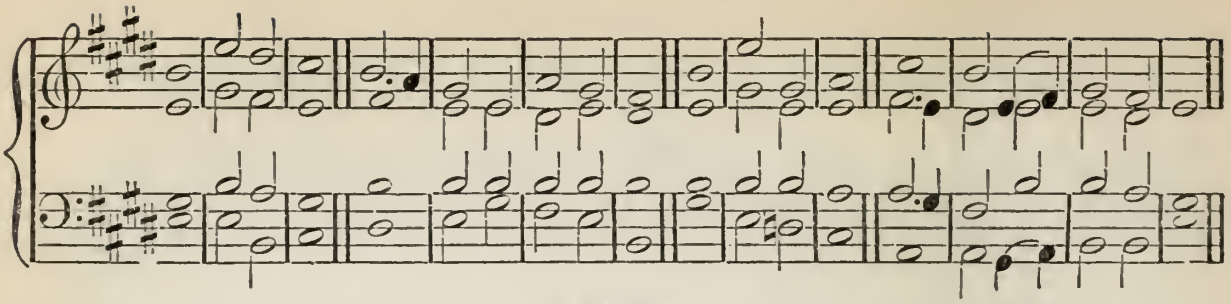
17 Behold, the eye of the Lôrd is upon′ them that fear-him : and upon thêm that′ put their′ trust-in his mercy ;

18 To delîver their′ soul from death : and to fêed them′ in the′ time of dearth.

19 Our soul hath patiently târried′ for the Lord : for hê is our′ help, and′ oür shield.

20 For our heârt shall re′joice in him : because we have hôped′ in his′ holy Name.

21 Let thy merciful kindness, O Lôrd,′ be upon-us : like as we do′ put our′ trust in thee.



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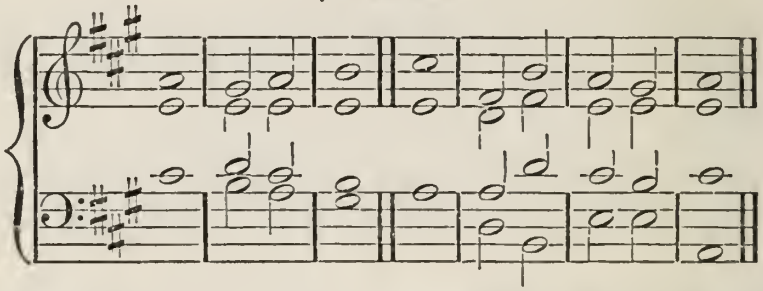


PSALM 34. *Benedicam Domino.*

I WILL alway give thânks un'to the Lord : his prâise shall' ever be' in my mouth.

2 My soul shall mâke her' boast in-the Lord : the hûmble shall' hear there'-of, and-be glad.

3 O prâise the' Lord with me : and let us mâgni'fy his' Name together.

4 I sôught the' Lord,-and he heard-me : yea, he delîvered me' out of' all my fear.

5 They had an êye unto' him,-and were lightened : ând their' faces were' not ashamed.

6 Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lôrd' heareth him : yea, and sâveth him' out of' all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord tarrieth rôund about' them that fear-him : ând' de'livereth them.

8 O taste, and sêe, how' gracious the Lord-is : blêssed is the' man that' trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, yê that' are his saints : for thêy that' fear him' läck nothing.

10 The lions do lâck, and' suffer hunger : but they who seek the Lord shall wânt no' manner of' thing-that is good.

11 Come, ye children, and heârken' unto me : Î will' teach-you the' fear of the Lord.

12 What man is hê that' lusteth to live : ând would' fain see' göod days?

13 Kêep thy' tongue from evil : and thy lîps,' that they' speak no guile.

14 Eschew êvil,' and do good : sêek' peace,' and ensue-it.

15 The eyes of the Lôrd are' over the righteous : and his êars are' open' unto their prayers.

16 The countenance of the Lôrd is against' them-that do evil : to root out the remêmbrance' of them' from the earth.

17 The righteous cry, and the Lôrd' heareth them : and delîvereth them' out of' all their troubles.

18 The Lord is nigh unto them that âre of a' contrite heart : and will save sûch as' be-of an' humble spirit.

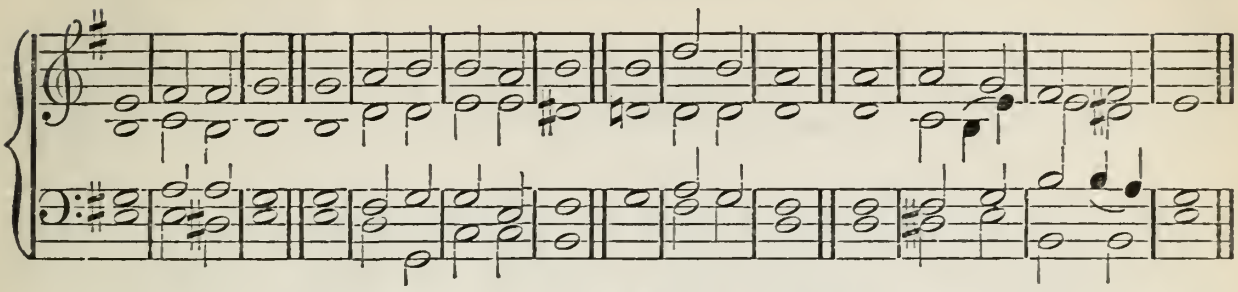
19 Great are the trôubles' of the righteous : but the Lôrd de'livereth him' out of all.

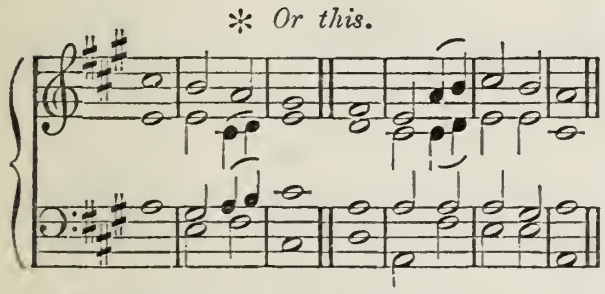
20 He kêepeth' all his bones : sô that not' one of' them is broken.

21 But misfôrtune shall' slay the ungodly : and they that hâte the' righteous' shall be desolate.

22 The Lord delîvereth the' souls-of his servants : and all they that put their trûst in' him shall' not be destitute.

Morning Prayer.





PSALM 35. *Judica, Domine.*

PLEAD thou my cause, O Lord, with thêm that′ strive with me : and fight thôu against′ them that′ fight against me.

2 Lay hând upon the′ shield and buckler : ând′ stand′ up to help-me.

3 Bring forth the spear, and stop the way against thêm that′ persecute me : say unto my sôul,′ I am′ thy salvation.

4 Let them be confounded, and put to shame, that sêek′ after my soul : let them be turned back, and brought to confûsion, that i′magine′ mischief for-me.

5 Let them be as the dûst be′fore the wind : and the ângel of the′ Lord′ scattering them.

6 Let their wây be′ dark and slippery : and let the ângel of the′ Lord′ persecute-them.

7 For they have privily laid their net to destrôy me with′out a cause : yea, even without a câuse have they′ made a′ pit-for my soul.

8 Let a sudden destruction come upon him unawares, and his net, that he hath laid prîvily,′ catch himself : thât he may′ fall into′ his own mischief.

9 And, my soul, be jôyful′ in the Lord : ît shall re′joice in′ his salvation.

10 All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee, who deliverest the poor from hîm that is′ too strong for-him : yea, the poor, and him that is in mîsery, from′ him that′ spoileth him?

11 False wîtnesses′ did rise up : they laid to my chârge′ things that-I′ knew not.

12 They rewârded me′ evil for good : to the greât dis′comfort′ of my soul.

13 Nevertheless, when they were sick, I put on sackcloth, and hûmbled my′ soul with fasting : and my prâyer shall′ turn into′ mine own bosom.

14 I behaved myself as though it had bêen my′ friend,-or my brother : I went heavily, as ône that′ mourneth′ for his mother.

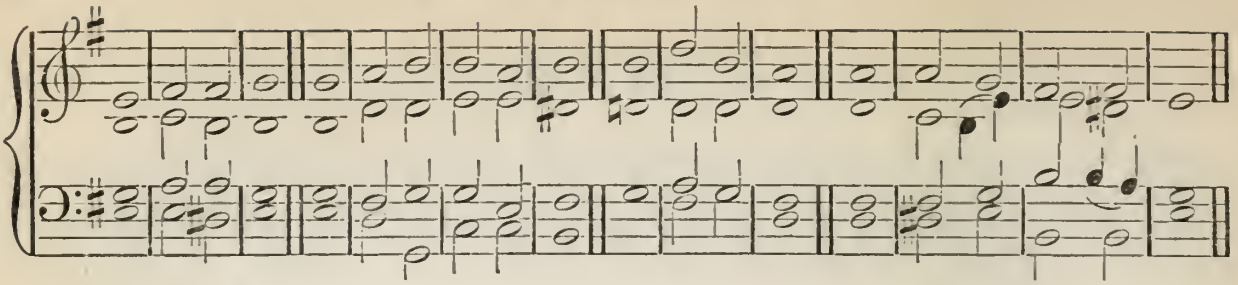
15 But in mine adversity they rejoiced, and gâthered them′selves together : yea, the very abjects came together against me unawares, making moûths′ at-me, and′ ceased not.

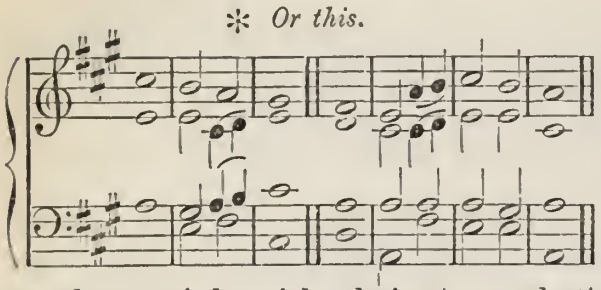
16 With the flâtterers were′ busy mockers : who gnâshed up′on me′ with their teeth.

17 Lord, how lông wilt thou′ look-upon this : O deliver my soul from the calamities which they bring on me, ând my′ darling′ from the lions.

18 So will I give thee thanks in the greât′ congregation : I will′ praise-thee a′mong much people.

19 O let not them that are mine enemies trîumph over′ me ungodly : neither





let them wink with their êyes that' hate-me with'out a cause.

20 And why? their cômmuning is' not for peace : but they imagine deceitful words against thêm that are' quiet' in the land.

21 They gaped upôn me with their' mouths, and said : Fie on thee, fîe on thee, we' saw it' with our eyes.

22 Thîs thou hast' seen, O Lord : hold not thy tongue then, gô not' far from' me, O Lord.

23 Awake, and stând up to' judge my quarrel : avenge thôu my' cause, my' God, and-my Lord.

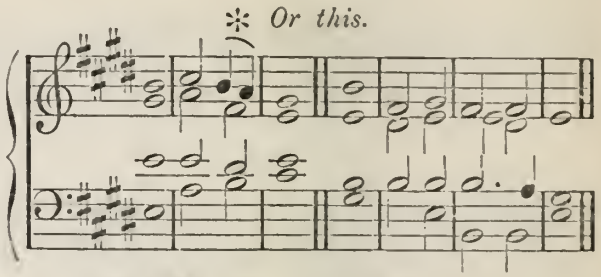
24 Judge me, O Lord my God, accôrding' to thy righteousness : and lêt them not' triumph' over me.

25 Let them not say in their hearts, There, there, sô' would we have-it : neither let them sây, We' have de'voured him.

26 Let them be put to confusion and shame togêther, that re'joice-at my trouble : let them be clothed with rebuke and dishônour, that' boast them'selves against-me.

27 Let them be glad and rejoice, that fâvour my' righteous dealing : yea, let them say alway, Blessed be the Lord, who hath pleâsure in the pros'perity' of his servant.

28 And as for my tongue, it shall be tâlking' of thy righteousness : ând of thy' praise all the' dăy long.



PSALM 36. *Dixit injustus.*

MY heart sheweth me the wîckedness' of the ungodly : that there is no fêar of' God be'fore his eyes.

2 For he flattereth himsêlf in his' öwn sight : until his abôminable' sin be' foünd out.

3 The words of his mouth are unrîghteous, and' full of deceit : he hath left off to behâve himself' wisely,' and-to do good.

4 He imagineth mischief upon his bed, and hath set himsêlf in' no good way : neither doth he abhôr' anything' that is evil.

5 Thy mercy, O Lord, rêacheth' unto the heavens : ând thy' faithfulness' unto the clouds.

6 Thy righteousness stândeth like the' strông mountains : thy jûdgements are' like the' greät deep.

7 Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast; How êxcellent is thy' mercy, O God : and the children of men shall put their trust ûnder the' shadow' of thy wings.

8 They shall be satisfied with the plênteousness' of thy house : and thou shalt give them drînk of thy' pleasures, as' out of the river.

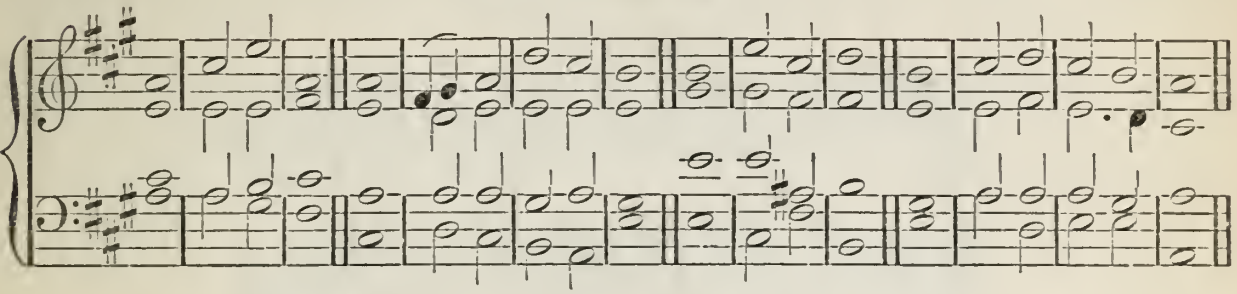
9 For with thêe is the' well of life : and in thŷ' light shall' we see light.

10 O continue forth thy loving-kîndness unto' them that know-thee : and thy rîghteousness unto' them-that are' true of heart.

11 O let not the foot of prîde' come against-me : and let not the hând of the un'godly' cast me down.

12 There are they fâllen,' all-that work wickedness : they are cast dôwn, and' shall not be' able to stand.

Evening Prayer.



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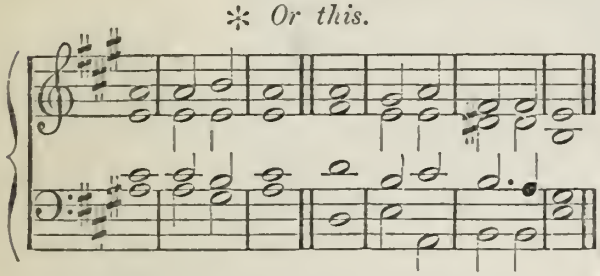


PSALM 37. *Noli æmulari.*

FRET not thyself becâuse' of the ungodly : neither be thou ênvious a'gainst the' evil doers.

2 For they shall sôon be cut' down like-the grass : and be wîthered' even as-the' grëen herb.

3 Put thou thy trust in the Lôrd, and be' doing good : dwell in the lând, and' verily thou' shalt be fed.

4 Delîght' thou in the Lord : ând he shall' give-thee thy' heart's desire.

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord, and pût thy' trust in him : ând' he shall' bring-it to pass.

6 He shall make thy rîghteousness as' clear as-the light : ând thy just' dealing' as the noon-day.

7 Hold thee still in the Lord, and abide pâtiently' upon him : but grieve not thyself at him, whose way doth prosper, against the man that dôeth' after' evil counsels.

8 Leave off from wrath, and lêt' go displeasure : fret not thyself, êlse shalt thou be' moved to' dö evil.

9 Wicked dôers shall be' rooted out : and they that patiently abide the Lôrd,' those-shall in'herit the land.

10 Yet a little while, and the ungôdly shall be' clëan gone : thou shalt look after his plâce, and' he shall' be away.

11 But the meek-spîrited shall pos'sess the earth : and shall be refrêshed in the' multi'tude of peace.

12 The ungodly seeketh côunsel a'gainst the just : and gnâsheth up'on him' with his teeth.

13 The Lôrd shall' laugh-him to scorn : fôr he hath' seen-that his' day is coming.

14 The ungodly have drawn out the swôrd, and have' bent their bow : to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay sûch as are' of-a right' conversation.

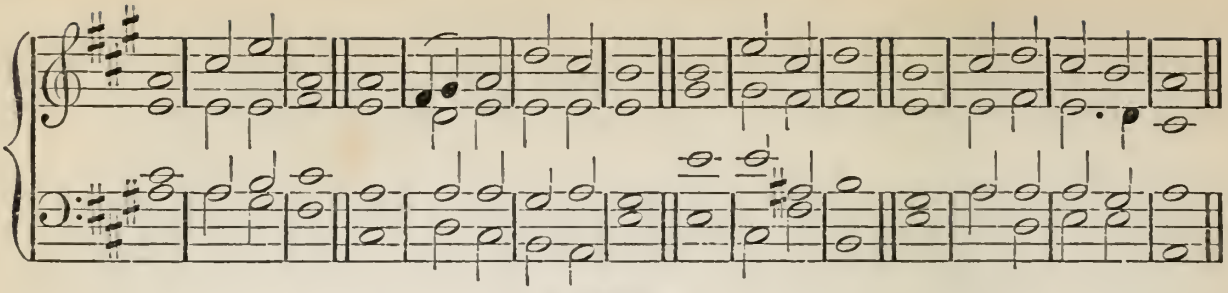
15 Their sword shall gô through their' ôwn heart : ând their' bow' shall be broken.

16 A smâll thing that the' righteous hath : is better than greât' riches' of the ungodly.

17 For the arms of the ungôdly' shall be broken : ând the' Lord up'holdeth the righteous.

18 The Lord knôweth the' days of the godly : and their inhêritance' shall en'dure for ever.

19 They shall not be confôunded in the' perilous time : and in the dâys of' dearth they shall' have enough.



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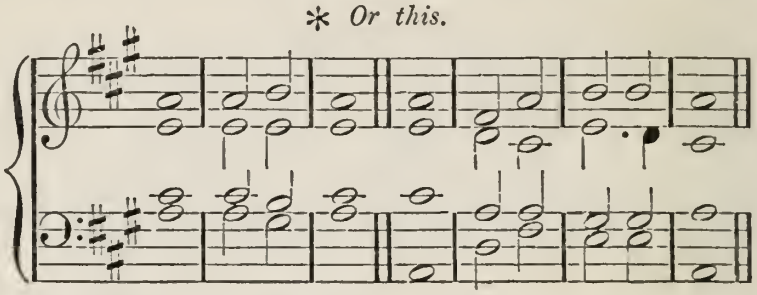


20 As for the ungodly, they shall perish; and the enemies of the Lord shall consûme as the' fat of lambs : yea, even as the smôke, shall' they con'sume away.

21 The ungodly borroweth, and pây-eth' not again : bût the' righteous is' merciful, and liberal.

22 Such as are blessed of Gôd shall pos'sess the land : and they that are cûrsed of' him shall-be' rooted out.

23 The Lord ôrdereth a' good man's going : and maketh his wây ac'ceptable' to himself.

24 Though he fall, he shall nôt be' cast away : for the Lôrd up'holdeth him' with his hand.

25 I have been yoûng, and' now am old : and yet saw I never the righteous forsâken, nor his' seed' begging their bread.

26 The righteous is ever mêrci'ful, and lendeth : ând his' seed is' blëss-ed.

27 Flee from evil, and dô the' thing-that is good : ând' dwell for' evermore.

28 For the Lord lôveth the' thing-that is right : he forsaketh not his that be gôdly, but they' are pre'served for ever.

29 The unrîghteous' shall be punish-ed : as for the seed of the ungôdly,' it shall-be' rooted out.

30 The rîghteous shall in'herit the land : ând' dwell there'in for ever.

31 The mouth of the righteous is êxer'cised in wisdom : ând his' tongue-will be' talking of judgement.

32 The law of his Gôd is' in his heart : ând his' goings' shall not slide.

33 The ungôdly' seeth the righteous: ând' seeketh oc'casion to slay-him.

34 The Lord will not lêave him' in his hand : nôr con'demn-him when' he is judged.

35 Hope thou in the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall promote thee, that thôu shalt pos'sess the land : when the ungôdly shall' perish,' thou shalt see-it.

36 I myself have seen the ungôdly in' greät power : and flôurishing' like a' grëen bay-tree.

37 I went bŷ, and' lo, he-was gone: I sought him, bût his' place could' no where be found.

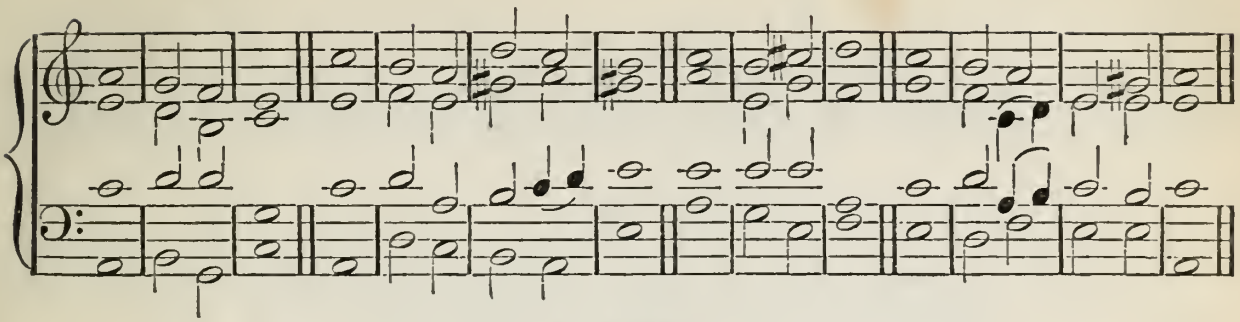
38 Keep innocency, and take heed ûnto the' thing-that is right : for thât shall' bring a man' peace at-the last.

39 As for the transgressors, thêy shall' perish together : and the end of the ungodly is, thêy shall be' rooted' out at-the last.

40 But the salvation of the right-eous cômeth' of the Lord : who is âlso their' strength in-the' time of trouble.

41 And the Lord shall stând' by-them, and save-them : he shall deliver them from the ungodly, and shall save them, becâuse they' put their' trust in him.

Morning Prayer.



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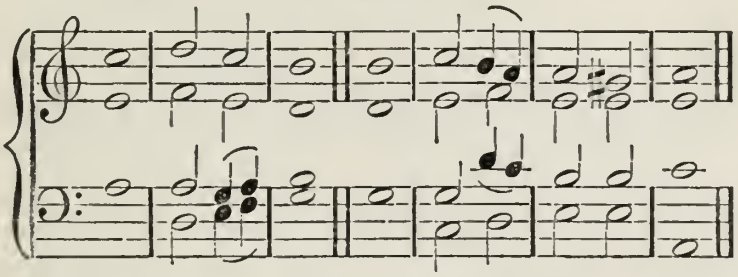

† PSALM 38. *Domine, ne in furore.*

PUT me not to rebûke, O′ Lord-in thine anger : neither châsten me′ in thy′ heavy displeasure.

2 For thine ârrows′ stick fast in-me : ând thy′ hand′ presseth me sore.

3 There is no health in my flesh, becaûse of′ thy displeasure : neither is there any rest in my bônes, by′ reason′ of my sin.

4 For my wickednesses are gône′ over my head : and are like a sore bûrden, too′ heavy for′ me to bear.

5 My wounds stînk, and′ are corrupt : throûgh′ · my′ foolishness.

6 I am brought into sô great′ trouble and misery : that I gô′ mourning′ all-the day long.

7 For my loins are filled with a′ sore disease : and there is nô′ whole part′ in my body.

8 I am fêeble, and′ sôre smitten : I have roared for the vêry dis′quietness′ of my heart.

9 Lord, thou knôwest′ all my desire : and my grôaning′ is not′ hid from thee.

10 My heart panteth, my strêngth hath′ failed me : and the sîght of mine′ eyes is′ gône from-me.

11 My lovers and my neighbours did stand lôoking up′on my trouble : ând my′ kinsmen′ stood afar off.

12 They also that sought after my life laid′ snâres for-me : and they that went about to do me evil talked of wickedness, and imâgined de′ceit′ all-the day long.

13 As for me, I was like a dêaf man, and′ heärd not : and as one that is dûmb, who′ doth not′ open his mouth.

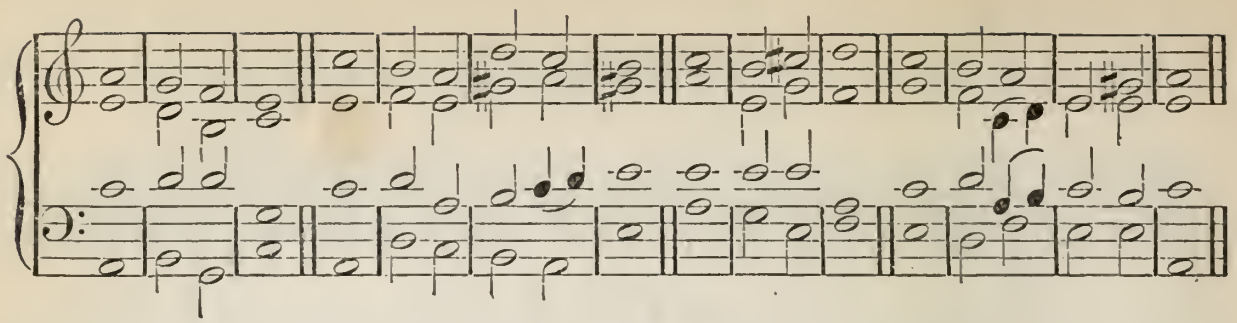
14 I became even as a mân that′ heareth not : ând in whose′ mouth are′ no reproofs.

15 For in thee, O Lôrd, have I′ put my trust : thou shalt ânswer for′ me, O′ Lord my God.

16 I have required that they, even mine enemies, should not trîumph′ over me : for when my foot slîpped, they re′joiced′ greatly against-me.

17 And I, trûly, am′ set in-tho plague : and my hêaviness is′ ever′ in my sight.

† Ash Wednesday. Morning. Proper Psalms, 6, 32, 38.



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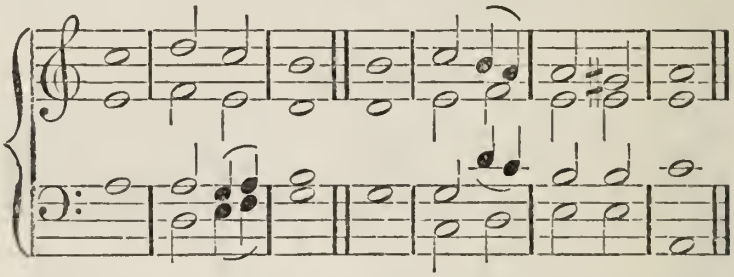


18 Fôr I will con'fess my wickedness : ând be' sorry' for my sin.

19 But mine ênemies' live,-and are mighty : and they that hâte me' wrongfully are' many in number.

20 They also that reward evil for gôod' are against-me : because I fôllow the' thing that' göod is.

21 Forsake me nôt, O' Lord my God : bê not' thou' fär from-me.

22 Hâste' thee to help-me : O Lôrd' God of' my salvation.

PSALM 39. *Dixi, custodiam.*

I SAID, I will tâke' heed-to my ways : thât I of'fend not' in my tongue.

2 I will keep my môuth as it' were with-a bridle : whîle the un'godly is' in my sight.

3 I held my tôngue, and' späke nothing : I kept silence, yea, even from good words ; bût it was' pain and' griëf to-me.

4 My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus mûsing the' fire kindled : ând at the' last I' spake-with my tongue ;

5 Lord, let me know mine end, and the nûmber' of my days : that I may be cêrtified how' long I' have to live.

6 Behold, thou hast made my days as it wêre a' spän long : and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee ; and verily every man lîving is' altogether vanity.

7 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disqûieteth him'self in vain : he heapeth up riches, and cânnot tell' who shall' gather them.

8 And nôw, Lord,' what-is my hope : trûly my' hope is' even in thee.

9 Delîver me from' all mine offences : and make me nôt a re'buke un'to the foolish.

10 I became dumb, and ôpened' not my mouth : fôr' it was' thy doing.

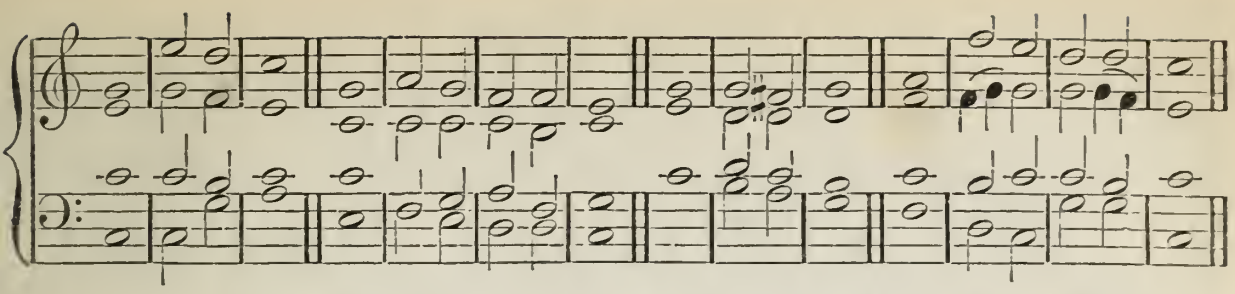
11 Take thy plâgue a'wäy from-me : I am even consumed by the mêans' of thy' heavy hand.

12 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a môth' fretting a garment : êvery man' therefore' is but vanity.

13 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine êars con'sider my calling : hôld' not thy' peace-at my tears.

14 For I am a' stranger with-thee : and a sôjourner, as' all my' fathers were.

15 O spare me a little, that I may re'cover my strength : befôre I go' hence, and-be' no more seen.



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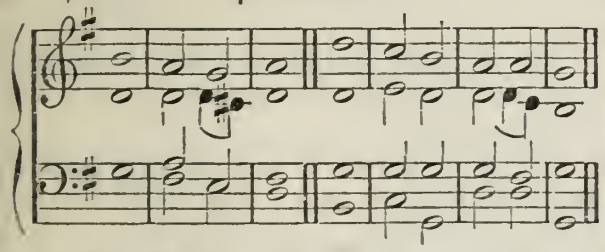


† PSALM 40. *Expectans, expectavi.*

I WAITED pâtiently′ for the Lord: and he inclîned unto′ me, and′ heard my calling.

2 He brought me also out of the horrible pit, ôut of the′ mire and clay: and set my feet upôn the′ rock, and′ ordered my goings.

3 And he hath put a nêw′ song-in my mouth: êven a′ thanksgiving′ unto our God.

4 Mâny shall′ see-it, and fear: ând shall′ put their′ trust in-the Lord.

5 Blessed is the man that hath sêt his′ hope in-the Lord: and turned not unto the proud, and to sûch as′ go a′bout with lies.

6 O Lord my God, great are the wondrous works which thou hast done, like as be also thy thôughts which′ are to us-ward: and yet there is nô man that′ ordereth them′ unto thee.

7 If I should declâre them, and′ speak of them: they should be môre than I am′ able′ to express.

8 Sacrifice, and mêat-offering, thou′ wouldest not: bût mine′ ears′ hast thou opened.

9 Burnt-offerings, and sacrifice for sîn, hast thou′ not required: thên said′ I, Lo,′ I come,

10 In the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfil thy wîll,′ O my God: I am content to do it; yeâ, thy′ law is-with′in my heart.

11 I have declared thy rîghteousness in the′ great congregation: lo, I will not refrain my lîps, O′ Lord, and′ that thou knowest.

12 I have not hid thy rîghteousness with′in my heart: my talk hath bêen of thy′ truth, and-of′ thy salvation.

13 I have not kept back thy lôving′ mercy and truth: frôm the′ great′ congregation.

14 Withdraw not thou thy mêrcy′ from-me, O Lord: let thy loving-kîndness and thy′ truth′ alway preserve-me.

15 For innumerable troubles are come about me; my sins have taken such hold upon me that I am not âble to′ lôok up: yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my hêad, and my′ heart hath′ failed me.

16 O Lord, let it be thy pleâsure to de′liver me: màke′ haste, O′ Lord, to help-me.

17 Let them be ashamed, and confounded together, that seek âfter my′ soul-to destroy-it: let them be driven backward, and pût to re′buke, that′ wish me evil.

18 Let them be dêsolate, and re′warded with shame: that say unto me, Fîe up′on thee,′ fie upon-thee.

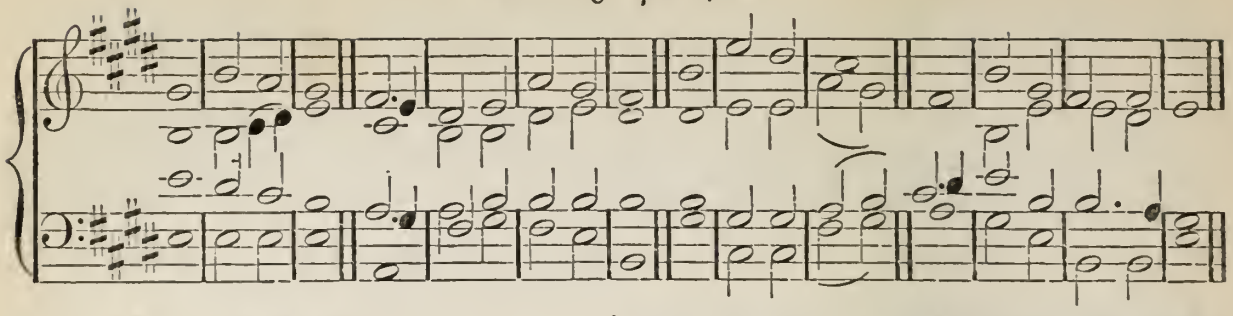
19 Let all those that seek thee be jôyful and′ glad in thee: and let such as love thy salvâtion say′ alway, The′ Lord be praised.

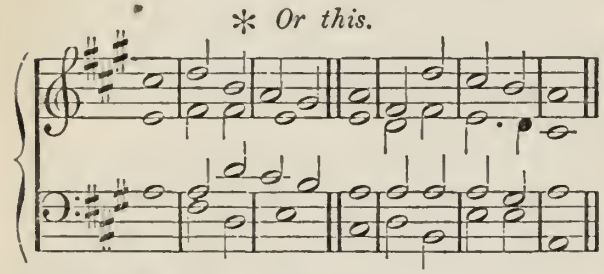
20 As for mê, I am′ poor and needy: bût the′ Lord′ careth for-me.

21 Thou art my hêlper′ and redeemer: make nô long′ tarrying,′ O my God.

† Good Friday. Morning. Proper Psalms, 22, 40, 54.

Evening Prayer.





PSALM 41. *Beatus qui intelligit.*

BLESSED is he that consîdereth the' poor and needy : the Lord shall delîver' him in-the' time of trouble.

2 The Lord preserve him, and keep him alive, that he may be blêssed' upon earth : and deliver not thou hîm' into the' will-of his enemies.

3 The Lord comfort him, when he lieth sîck up'on his bed : mâke thou' all his' bed-in his sickness.

4 I said, Lord, be mêrciful' unto me : heal my sôul, for' I have' sinned against-thee.

5 Mine ênemies speak' evil of-me : Whên shall he' die, and-his' näme perish?

6 And if he come to sêe me, he' speaketh vanity : and his heart conceiveth falsehood within himself, and whên he cometh' forth he' telleth it.

7 All mine enemies whîsper to'gether against-me : even against mê do' they i'magine this evil.

8 Let the sentence of guîltiness pro'ceed against-him : and now that he lîeth,' let-him rise' up no more.

9 Yea, even mine own familiar friênd,' whom I trusted : who did also eat of my brêad,' hath laid' great wait for-me.

10 But be thou mêrciful unto' me, O Lord : raise thou me ûp a'gain, and-I' shall reward-them.

11 By this I knôw thou' favourest me : that mine ênemy' doth not' triumph against-me.

12 And when I am in my health, thôu up'holdest me : and shalt sêt me be'fore thy' face for ever.

13 Blessed be the Lôrd' God of Israel : wôrld' without' end. Amen.

PSALM 42. *Quemadmodum.*

LIKE as the hârt de'sireth the water-brooks : so lôngeth my' soul after' thee, O God.

2 My soul is athirst for God, yea, êven for the' living God : when shall I come to appêar be'fore the' presence of God?

3 My tears have been my mêat' day and night : while they daily sây unto me,' Where is' now thy God?

4 Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heârt' by myself : for I went with the multitude, and brought them fôrth in'to the' house of God;

5 In the voîce of' praise and thanksgiving : among sûch as' keep' holy-day.

6 Why art thou so full of hêaviness,' O my soul : and whŷ art thou' so dis'quieted within-me?

7 Pût thy' trust in God : for I will yêt give him' thanks for the' help-of his countenance.

8 My God, my sôul is' vexed within-me : therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jôrdan, and the' little' hill of Hermon.

9 One deep calleth another, becâuse of the' noise of the water-pipes : all thy wâves and' storms-are gone' over me.

10 The Lord hath granted his loving-kîndness' in the day-time : and in the

night-season did I sing of him, and made my prâyer' unto the' God-of my life.

11 I will say unto the God of my strength, Whŷ hast thou for'gotten me : why go I thus heavily, whîle the' enemy op'presseth me ?

12 My bones are smitten asûnder as' with a sword : while mine enemies that trôuble me' cast me' in the teeth ;

13 Namely, while they sây' daily unto-me : Whêre' · is' now thy God ?

14 Why art thou so vêxed,' O my soul : and whŷ art thou' so dis'quieted within-me ?

15 O pût thy' trust in God : for I will yet thank him, which is the hêlp of my' countenance,' and my God.

PSALM 43. *Judica me, Deus.*

GIVE sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause agâinst the un'godly people : O deliver me frôm the de'ceitful and' wicked man.

2 For thou art the God of my strength, whŷ hast thou' put me from-thee : and why go I so heavily, whîle the' enemy op'presseth me ?

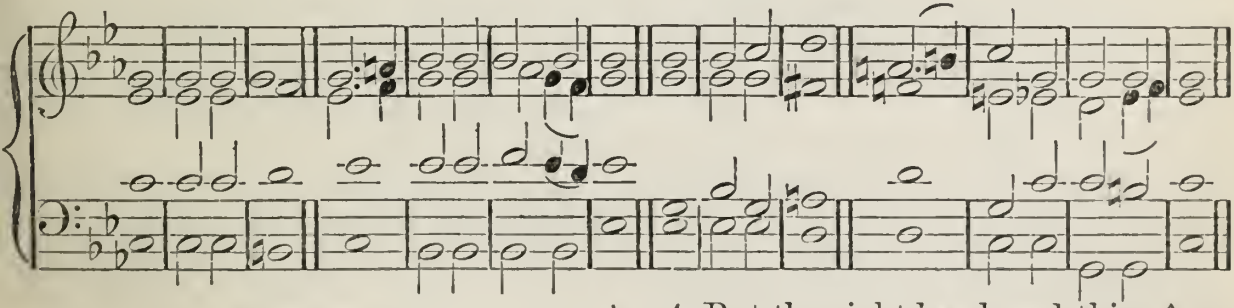
3 O send out thy light and thy trûth, that' they may lead-me : and bring me unto thy hôly' hill, and' to thy dwelling.

4 And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the Gôd of my' joy and gladness : and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thêe,' O God,' mŷ God.

5 Why art thou so hêavy,' O my soul : and whŷ art thou' so dis'quieted within-me ?

6 O pût thy' trust in God : for I will yet give him thanks, which is the hêlp of my' countenance,' and my God.

Morning Prayer.



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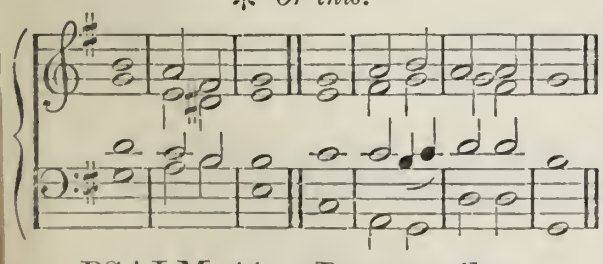


PSALM 44. *Deus, auribus.*

WE have heard with our ears, O Gôd, our' fathers have told-us : whât thou hast' done-in their' time of old ;

2 How thou hast driven out the heathen with thy hând, and' planted them in : how thou hast destrôyed the' nations, and' cast them out.

3 For they gat not the land in possêsion through their' ôwn sword : neither was it their ôwn' arm that' helped them ;

4 But thy right hand, and thine ârm, and the' light-of thy countenance : because thou hâdst a' favour' unto them.

5 Thôu art my' King, O God : sênd' help' unto Jacob.

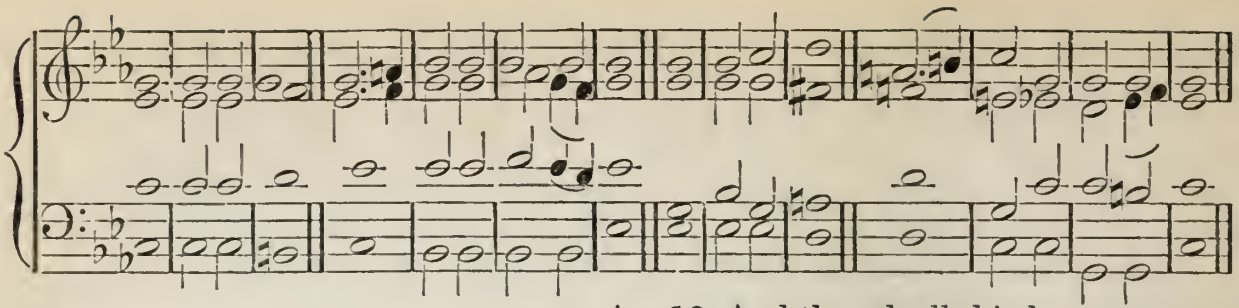
6 Through thêe will we over'throw our enemies : and in thy Name will we tread them ûnder, that' rise' up against-us.

7 For I will not' trust-in my bow : it is nôt my' sword' that shall help-me ;

8 But it is thou that sâvest us' from our enemies : and pûttest' them-to con'fusion that hate-us.

9 We make our boast of Gôd' all day long : ând will' praise thy' Name for ever.

10 But now thou art far off, and pûttest us' to confusion : ând' goest not' forth-with our armies.



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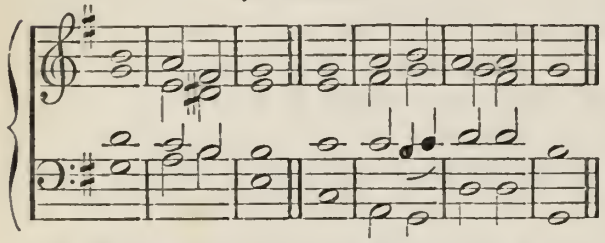


11 Thou makest us to turn our bâcks up'on our enemies : so that thêy which' hate us' spoil our goods.

12 Thou lettest us be êaten' up like sheep : ând hast' scattered us a'mong the heathen.

13 Thou sêllest thy' people for nought : ând' takest no' money for-them.

14 Thou makest us to be rebûked' of our neighbours : to be laughed to scorn, and had in derîsion of' them-that arc' round about-us.

15 Thou makest us to be a bŷ-word a'mong the heathen : and that the pêople' shake their' hëads at-us.

16 My confûsion is' daily before-me : and the shâme of my' face hath' covered me ;

17 For the voice of the slânderer' and blasphemer : fôr the' enemy' and avenger.

18 And though all this be come upon us, yêt do we' not-forget thee : nor behâve ourselves' frowardly' in thy covenant.

19 Our heârt is not' turned back : neîther our' steps gone' out-of thy way ;

20 No, not when thou hast smitten us înto the' place of dragons : and côvered us' with the' shadow of death.

21 If we have forgotten the Name of our God, and holden up our hânds to' any strange god : shall not God search it out ? for he knôweth the very' secrets' of the heart.

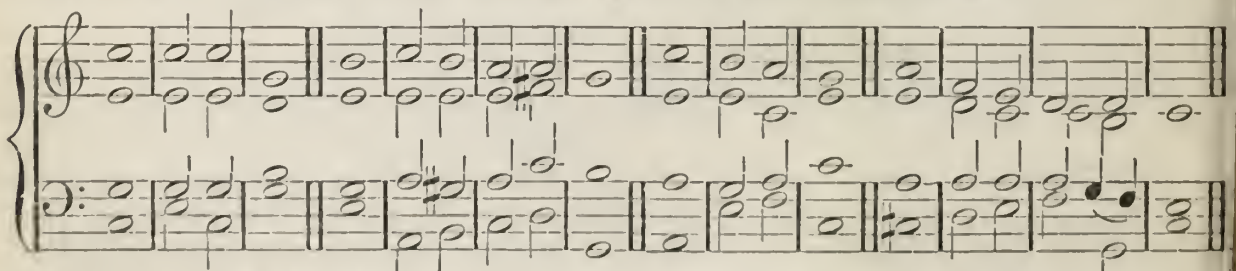
22 For thy sake also are we kîlled' all-the day long : and are counted as shêep ap'pointed' to be slain.

23 Up, Lord, whŷ' sleepest thou : awake, and bê not' absent from' us for ever.

24 Wherefore hîdest' thou thy face : ând for'gettest our' misery and trouble ?

25 For our soul is brought lôw, even' unto the dust : our bêlly' cleaveth' unto the ground.

26 Â'rise, and help-us : and delîver us' for thy' mercy's sake.



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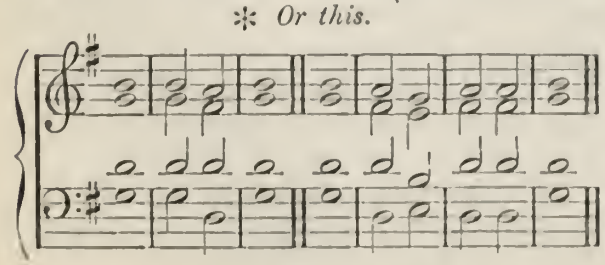


† PSALM 45. *Eructavit cor meum.*

MY heart is indîting of a' göod matter : I speak of the thîngs which I have' made un'to the King.

2 My tôngue' is the pen : ôf a' ready' wrîter.

† Christmas Day. Morning. Proper Psalms, 19, 45, 85.

3 Thou art fâirer than the' children of men : full of grace are thy lips, because Gôd hath' blessed' thee for ever.

4 Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thîgh, O' thou most Mighty : accôrding to thy' worship' and renown.

5 Good lûck have' thou-with thine honour : ride on, because of the word of truth, of meekness, and righteousness; and thy rîght hand shall' teach thee' terrible things.

6 Thy arrows are very sharp, and the people shâll be sub'dued unto thee : even in the mîdst a'mong the' Kïng's enemies.

7 Thy seat, O Gôd, en'dureth for ever : the sceptre of thy kîngdom' is a' rïght sceptre.

8 Thou hast loved rîghteousness, and' hated iniquity : wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the ôil of' gladness a'bove thy fellows.

9 All thy garments smell of mŷrrh,' aloes, and cassia : out of the ivory pâlaces, where'by they-have' made thee glad.

10 Kings' daughters were amông thy' honourable women : upon thy right hand did stand the queen in a vesture of gold, wrôught a'bout with' divers colours.

11 Hearken, O daughter, and consîder, in'cline thine ear : forget also thine own pêople,' and thy' father's house.

12 So shall the King have plêasure' in thy beauty : for he is thy Lôrd' God, and' worship thou him.

13 And the daughter of Tŷre shall be' there with a gift : like as the rich also among the people shall mâke their' suppli'cation before-thee.

14 The King's daûghter is all' glorious within : her clôthing' is of' wrôught gold.

15 She shall be brought unto the Kîng in' raiment of needle-work : the virgins that be her fellows shall bear her cômpany, and' shall be' brought unto thee.

16 With joy and glâdness shall' they be brought : and shall ênter' into the' Kïng's palace.

17 Instead of thy fâthers thou' shalt have children : whom thou mâyest make' princes in' äll lands.

18 I will remember thy Name from ône generation' to another : therefore shall the people give thânks unto' thee, world' without end.

PSALM 46. *Deus, noster refugium.*

GÔD is our' hope and strength : a vêry' present' help in trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear, thôugh the' earth be moved : and though the hills be cârried' into the' midst of-the sea.

3 Though the wâters thereof' rage and swell : and though the mountains shâke at the' tempest' of the same.

4 The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glâd the' city of God : the holy place of the tâbernacle' of the' möst Highest.

5 God is in the midst of her, thêrefore shall she' not be removed : Gôd shall' help-her, and' that right early.

6 The heathen make much adô, and the' kingdoms are moved : but God hath showed his voîce, and the' earth shall' melt away.

7 The Lôrd of' hosts is with-us : the Gôd of' Jacob' is our refuge.

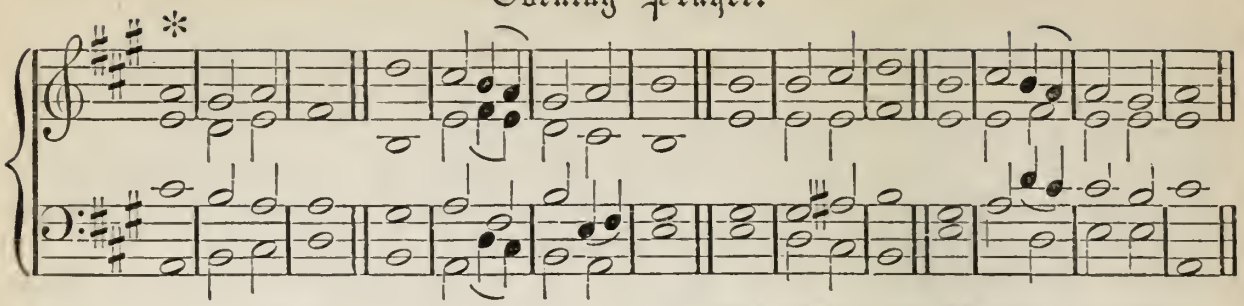
8 O come hither, and behôld the' works of-the Lord : what destrûction he hath' brought up'on the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cêase in' all the world : he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and bûrneth the' chariots' in the fire.

10 Be still then, and knôw that' I am God : I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be ex'alted' in the earth.

11 The Lôrd of' hosts is with-us : the Gôd of' Jacob' is our refuge.

Evening Prayer.



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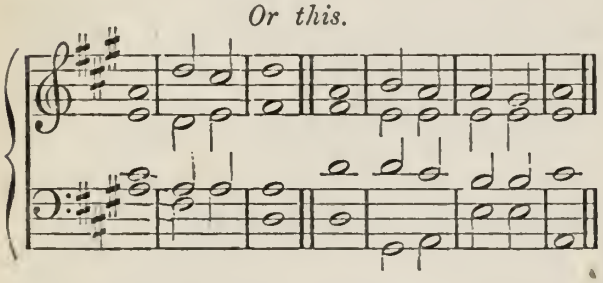


† PSALM 47. *Omnes gentes, plaudite.*

O CLAP your hands togêther,′ all ye people : O sîng unto′ God with-the′ voice of melody.

2 For the Lord is hîgh,′ and-to be feared : he is the greât′ King-upon′ all the earth.

3 He shall subdue the pêople′ under us : ând the′ nations′ under our feet.

4 He shall choose ôut an′ heritage for-us : even the wôrship of′ Jacob,′ whom he loved.

5 God is gone ûp with a′ merry noise : ând the′ Lord with-the′ sound of the trump.

6 O sing praises, sing praîses′ unto our God : O sing praîses, sing′ praises′ unto our king.

7 For God is the Kîng of′ all the earth : sîng ye′ praises with′ understanding.

8 Gôd reigneth′ over the heathen : God sîtteth up′on his′ holy seat.

9 The princes of the people are joined unto the pêople of the′ God of Abraham : for God, which is very high exalted, doth defênd the′ earth, as-it′ were with-a shield.

‡ PSALM 48. *Magnus Dominus.*

GREAT is the Lord, and hîghly′ to be praised : in the city of our God, êven up′on his′ holy hill.

2 The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the jôy of the′ whôle earth : upon the north-side lieth the city of the great King; God is well known in her pâlaces′ as a′ süre refuge.

3 For lô, the′ kings of the earth : are gâthered,′ and gone′ by together.

4 They mârvelled to′ see such things : they were astônished, and′ suddenly′ cäst down.

5 Fear came thêre up′on-them, and sorrow : as upôn a′ woman′ in her travail.

6 Thou shalt breâk the′ ships of the sea : thrôugh′ · the′ cäst-wind.

7 Like as we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the cîty′ of our God : Gôd up′holdeth the′ same for ever.

8 We waît for thy loving′-kindness, O God : în the′ midst of′ thÿ temple.

9 O God, according to thy name, so is thy praîse unto the′ wörld's end : thy rîght′ hand is′ full of righteousness.

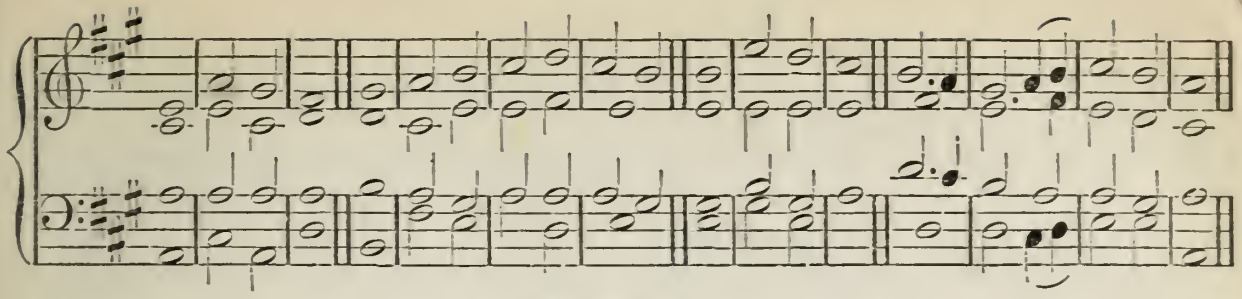
10 Let the mount Sion rejoice, and the dâughter of′ Judah be glad : bê′cause of′ thÿ judgements.

11 Walk about Sion, and gô′ round about-her : ând′ tell the′ towers thereof.

12 Mark well her bulwarks, sêt′ up her houses : that ye may têll′ them that′ cöme after.

13 For this God is our Gôd for′ ever and ever : hê shall′ be our′ guide unto death.

† Ascension Day. Evening. Proper Psalms, 24, 47, 108.
‡ Whit-Sunday. Morning. Proper Psalms, 48, 68.



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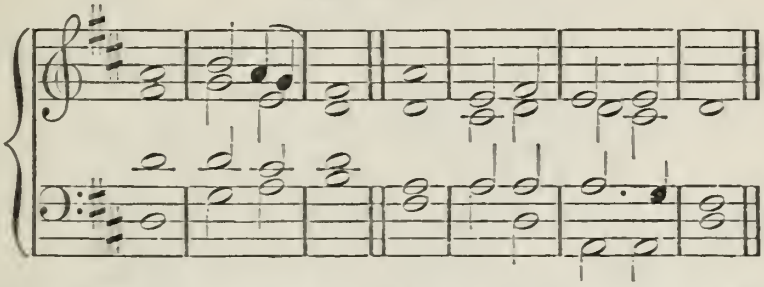


PSALM 49. *Audite hæc, omnes.*

O HÈAR ye this,′ all ye people : ponder it with your êars, all′ ye that′ dwell in-the world.

2 High and lôw,′ rich and poor : ône′ with a′nö-ther.

3 My moûth shall′ speak of wisdom : and my heârt shall′ muse of′ understanding.

4 I will inclîne mine′ ear to the parable : and shêw my dark′ speech up′on the harp.

5 Wherefore should I fêar in the′ days of wickedness : and when the wickedness of my hêels′ compasseth me′ round about?

6 There be some that pût their′ trust in their goods : and boast themsêlves in the′ multitude′ of their riches.

7 But nô man may de′liver his brother : nor make agrêement′ unto′ God for him;

8 For it cost môre to re′deem their souls : so that he must lêt′ that a′lone for ever;

9 Yea, thôugh he′ live long : ând′ see′ not the grave.

10 For he seeth that wise men also dîe, and′ perish together : as well as the ignorant and fôolish, and′ leave their′ riches for other.

11 And yet they think that their hoûses shall con′tinue for ever : and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generation to another; and call the lânds′ after their′ öwn names.

12 Nevertheless, mân will not a′bide in honour : seeing he may be compared unto the beasts that perish; thîs′ is the′ way of them.

13 Thîs′ is their foolishness : ând their pos′terity′ praise their saying.

14 They lie in the hell like sheep, death gnaweth upon them, and the righteous shall have domination ôver them′ in the morning : their beauty shall consûme in the′ sepulchre′ out-of their dwelling.

15 But God hath delivered my sôul from the′ place of hell : fòr′ · he′ shall receive-me.

16 Be not thou afrâid, though′ one-be made rich : or if the glòry′ of his′ house be increased;

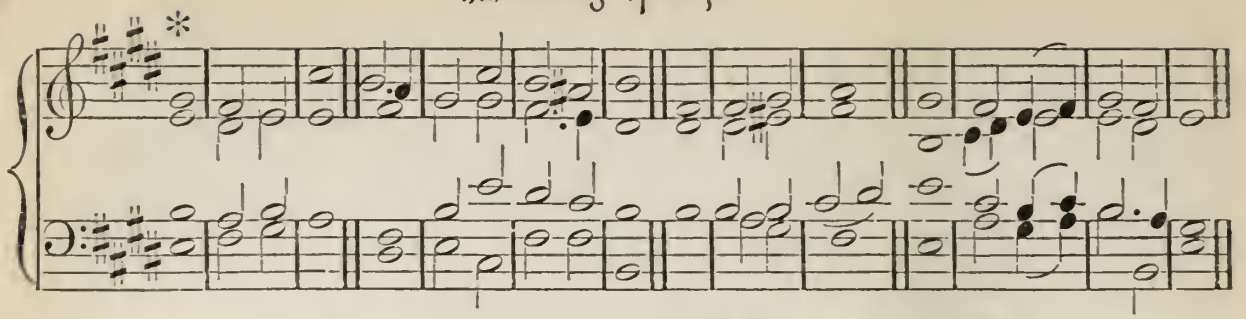
17 For he shall carry nothing awây with him′ when he dieth : neîther shall his′ pomp′ follow him.

18 For while he lived, he counted himsêlf an′ happy man : and so long as thou doest well unto thysêlf,′ men-will speak′ good of thee.

19 He shall follow the generâtion′ of his fathers : ând shall′ never′ sëe light.

20 Man being in hônour hath′ no understanding : but is compâred′ unto the′ beasts that perish.

Morning Prayer.



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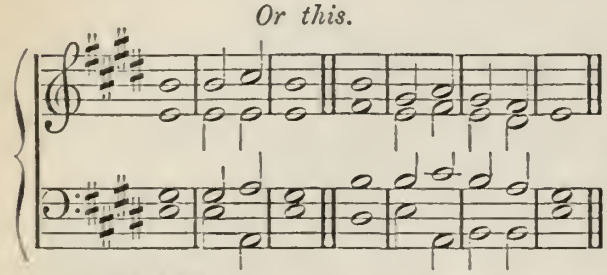


PSALM 50. *Deus Deorum.*

THE Lord, even the most mîghty' God, hath spoken : and called the world, from the rising up of the sun, ûnto the' going' down thereof.

2 Out of Sîon hath' God appeared : în' perfect' beaü-ty.

3 Our God shall côme, and shall' not keep silence : there shall go before him a consuming fire, and a mighty têmpest shall be' stirred up' round about-him.

4 He shall call the hêaven' from above : and the êarth, that' he may' judge his people.

5 Gather my saints togêther' unto me : those that have made a côvenant' with-me with' sacrifice.

6 And the hêaven shall de'clare his righteousness : fôr' God is' Judge himself.

7 Hear, O my pêople, and' I will speak : I myself will testify against thee, O Israel ; fôr I am' God, even' thy God.

8 I will not reprove thee because of thy sacrifices, ôr for thy' bürnt-offerings : becâuse they' were not' alway before-me.

9 I will take no bûllock' out-of thine house : nôr' he-goat' out-of thy folds.

10 For all the bêasts of the' forest are mine : and so are the câttle up'on a' thousand hills.

11 I know all the fôwls up'on the mountains : and the wild bêasts of the' field are' in my sight.

12 If I be hûngry, I will' not tell thee : for the whole world is mîne, and' all that' is therein.

13 Thinkest thou that I will' eat bulls' flesh : ând' drink the' blood of goats ?

14 Offer unto' God thanksgiving : and pây thy' vows un'to the most Highest.

15 And call upon mê in the' time of trouble : sô will I' hear-thee, and' thou shalt praise-me.

16 But ûnto the un'godly said God : Why dost thou preach my laws, and tâkest my' covenant' in thy mouth ;

17 Whereas thou hâtest to' be reformed : ând hast' cast my' words behind-thee ?

18 When thou sawest a thiêf, thou con'sentedst unto-him : ând hast been par'taker' with the adulterers.

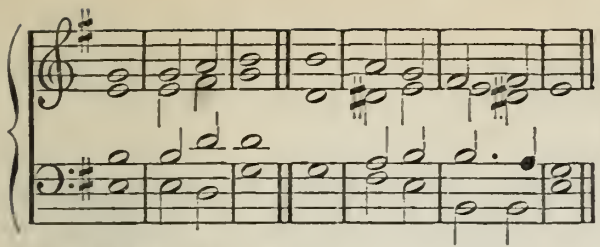
19 Thou hast lêt thy' mouth speak wickedness : and with thy tôngue thou' hast set' forth deceit.

20 Thou satest, and spâkest a'gainst thy brother : yea, and hast slândered' thine own' mother's son.

21 These things hast thou done, and I held my tongue, and thou thoughtest wickedly, that I am even sûch a' one-as thyself : but I will reprove thee, and set befôre thee the' things that' thou hast done.

22 O consider thîs, ye' that-forget God : lest I pluck you away, and thêre be' none to-de'liver you.

23 Whoso offereth me thanks and praîse, hę' honoureth me : and to him that ordereth his conversation rîght will I' shew-the sal'vation of God.



PSALM 51. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, âfter' thy great goodness : according to the multitude of thy mêrcies' do away' mine offences.

2 Wash me throûghly' from my wickedness : ând' cleanse me' from my sin.

3 Fôr I ac'knowledge my faults : ând my' sin is' ever before-me.

4 Against thee only have I sinned, and dône this evil' in thy sight : that thou mightest be justified in thy sâying, and' clear when' thou art judged.

5 Behôld, I was' shapen in wickedness : and in sîn hath my' mother con'ceived me.

6 But lo, thou requirest trûth in the' inward parts : and shalt mâke me to' understand' wisdom secretly.

7 Thou shalt purge me with hŷssop, and I' shall be clean : thou shalt wâsh me, and I' shall be' whiter than snow.

8 Thou shalt mâke me hear of' joy and gladness : that the bônes which thou hast' broken' may rejoice.

9 Tûrn thy' face-from my sins : ând' put out' all my misdeeds.

10 Make me a clêan' heart, O God : ând re'new-a right' spirit within me.

11 Cast me nôt a'way-from thy presence : and tâke not thy' holy' Spirit from-me.

12 O give me the cômfort of thy' help again : and stâblish' me with' thy free Spirit.

13 Then shall I teach thy wâys' unto the wicked : and sînners shall be con'verted' unto thee.

14 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that ârt the' God-of my health : ând my' tongue shall' sing-of thy righteousness.

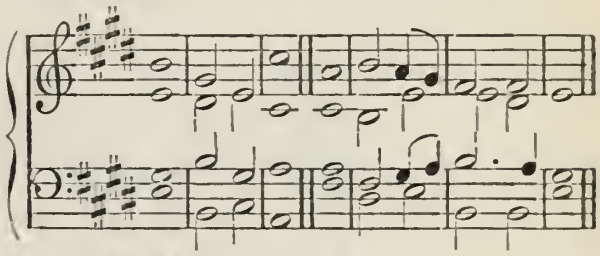
15 Thou shalt ôpen my' lips, O Lord : ând my' mouth shall' shew thy praise.

16 For thou desirest no sacrifice, êlse' would-I give-it thee : but thou delîghtest' not in' bûrnt-offerings.

17 The sacrifice of Gôd is a' troubled spirit : a broken and contrite heart, O Gôd,' shalt thou' not despise.

18 O be favourable and grâcious' unto Sion : buîld thou the' walls' of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the bûrnt-offerings' and oblations : then shall they ôffer young' bullocks up'on thine altar.



PSALM 52. *Quid gloriaris ?*

WHY bôastest thou thy'self, thou tyrant : thât' thou canst' dö mischief;

2 Whereâs the' goodness of God : ên'dureth' yët daily ?

3 Thy tôngue im'agineth wickedness : and with lies thou cûttest' like a' shärp razor.

4 Thou hast loved unrîghteousness' more than goodness : and to talk of lîes' more than' righteousness.

5 Thou hast loved to speak all wôrds that' may do hurt : Ô' thou' fälse tongue.

6 Therefore shall Gôd de'stroy-thee for ever : he shall take thee, and pluck thee out of thy dwelling, and rôot thee' out-of the' land of the living.

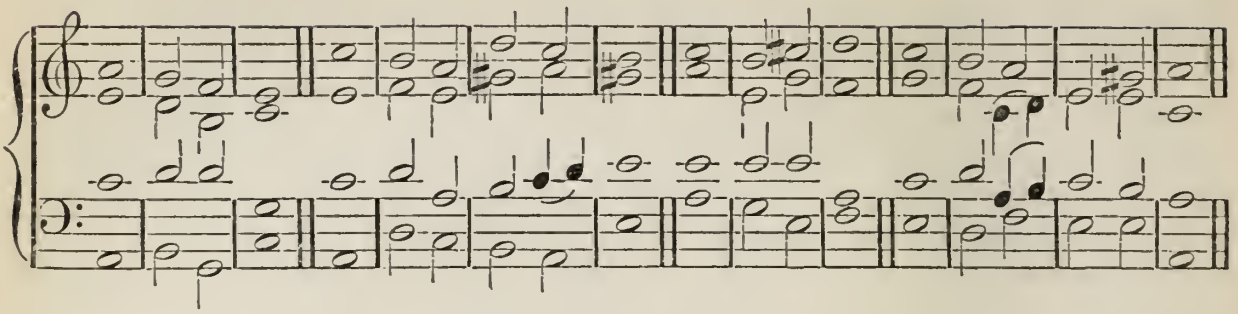
7 The righteous also shall sêe' this, and fear : ând shall' laugh' him to scorn ;

8 Lo, this is the man that tôok not' God-for his strength : but trusted unto the multitude of his rîches, and' strengthened him'self-in his wickedness.

9 As for me, I am like a green ôlive-tree in the' house of God : my trust is in the tender mêrcy of' God for' ever and ever.

10 I will always give thanks unto thêe for' that thou-hast done : and I will hope in thy Nâme, for thy' saints' like it well.

Evening Prayer.



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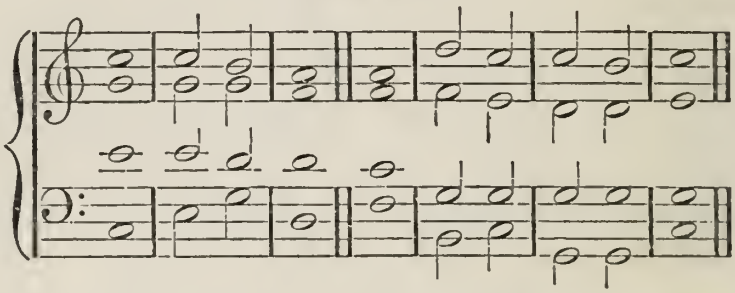


PSALM 53. *Dixit insipiens.*

THE foolish bôdy hath′ said-in his heart : Thêre′ · is′ nö God.

2 Corrupt are they, and become abôminable′ in their wickedness : thêre is′ none that′ doeth good.

3 God looked down from hêaven upon the′ children of men : to see if there were any, that wôuld under′stand, and′ seek after God.

4 But they are all gone out of the way, they all altogêther be′come abominable : there is also nône that doeth′ good,′ no not one.

5 Are not they without understânding that′ wörk wickedness : eating up my people as if they would eat bread? they hâve not′ called up′ön God.

6 They were afraîd where′ no fear was : for God hath broken the bones of him that besieged thee; thou hast put them to confûsion, because′ God hath de′spised them.

7 Oh, that the salvation were given unto Îsrael′ out of Sion : Oh, that the Lord would delîver his′ people′ out of captivity!

8 Thên should′ Jacob rejoice : ând′ Israel should′ be right glad.

† PSALM 54. *Deus, in nomine.*

SAVE me, O Gôd,′ for thy Name's sake : ând a′venge me′ in thy strength.

2 Hêar my′ prayer, O God : and heârken′ unto the′ words-of my mouth.

3 For strangers are rîsen′ up against-me : and tyrants, which have not Gòd before their′ eyes, seek′ after my soul.

4 Behôld,′ God-is my helper : the Lôrd is with′ them that-up′hold my soul.

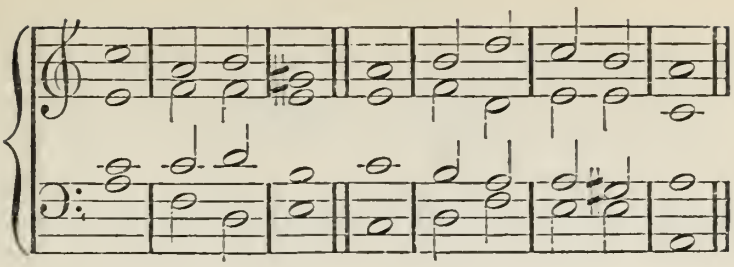
5 He shall reward êvil′ unto mine enemies : dê′stroy thou′ them-in thy truth.

6 An offering of a free heart will I give thee, and praîse thy′ Name, O Lord : becaûse it′ is so′ comfortable.

7 For he hath delîvered me out of′ all my trouble : and mine eye hath sêen his de′sire up′on mine enemies.

† Good Friday. Morning. Proper Psalms, 22, 40, 54.

* *Or this.*



PSALM 55. *Exaudi, Deus.*

HÊAR my′ prayer, O God : and hîde not thy′self from′ my petition.

2 Take hêed unto′ me, and hear-me : how I moûrn in my′ prayer,′ and am vexed.

3 The enemy crieth so, and the ungôdly cometh′ on so fast : for they are minded to do me some mischief; so malîciously′ are they′ set against-me.

4 My heârt is dis′quieted within-me : and the fêar of′ death is′ fallen upon-me.

5 Fearfulness and trêmbling are′ come upon-me : and an horrible drêad hath′ over′whelmed me.

6 And I said, Ô that I had′ wings like-a dove : for then would I flêe a′way, and′ be at rest.

7 Lo, then would I gêt me a′way far off : ând re′main in-the′ wilderness.

8 I would mâke′ haste to escape : becaûse of the′ stormy′ wind and tempest.

9 Destroy their tôngues, O′ Lord, and-divide-them : for I have spied unrîghteous′ness and′ strife in-the city.

10 Day and night they go about withîn the′ walls thereof : mischief also and sôrrow are′ in the′ midst of it.

11 Wîckedness′ is therein : deceit and guîle′ go not′ out-of their streets.

12 For it is not an open enemy, that hath dône me′ this dishonour : fôr′ then I′ could have borne-it.

13 Neither was it mine adversary, that did mâgnify him′self against-me : for then peradventure I wôuld have′ hid my′sëlf from-him.

14 But it was êven′ thou, my companion : my guîde, and mine′ own fa′miliar friend.

15 We tôok sweet′ counsel together : and wâlked in the′ house of′ God as friends.

16 Let death come hastily upon them, and let them gô down′ quick into hell : for wîckedness is in their′ dwellings,′ and among-them.

17 As for mê, I will′ call upon God : ând the′ Lord shall′ säve me.

18 In the evening, and morning, and at noon-day will I prây,′ and that instantly : ând′ he shall′ hear my voice.

19 It is he that hath delivered my soul in peace from the bâttle that′ was against-me : fôr′ there were′ many with-me.

20 Yea, even God, that endureth for ever, shall hêar me, and′ bring them down : fôr they will not′ turn nor′ fëar God.

21 He laid his hands upon sûch as′ be-at peace with-him : ând he′ brake his′ covenant.

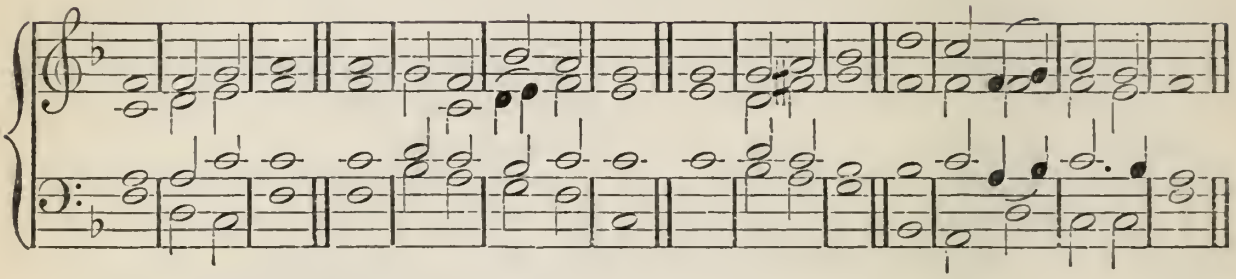
22 The words of his mouth were softer than bûtter, having′ war-in his heart : his words were smoother than oîl, and′ yet be-they′ very swords.

23 O cast thy burden upon the Lôrd, and he shall′ nourish thee : and shall not sûffer the′ righteous to′ fall for ever.

24 Ând′ as for them : thou, O God, shalt brîng them′ into the′ pit-of destruction.

25 The blood-thirsty and deceitful men shâll not live out′ half their days : nevertheless, my trûst shall′ be in′ thee, O Lord.

Morning Prayer.



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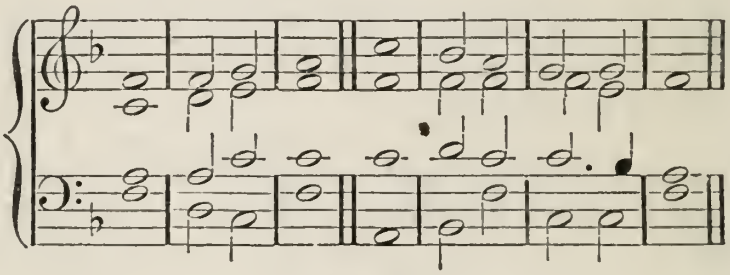


PSALM 56. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

BE merciful unto me, O God, for man gôeth a'bout to-devour me : he is daîly' fighting, and ' troubling me.

2 Mine enemies are daily in hând to' swallow me up : for they be many that fîght against' me, Ó' thou most Highest.

3 Nevertheless, thôugh I am' sometime afraid : yêt put ' I my' trust in thee.

4 I will praise Gôd, be'cause-of his word : I have put my trust in God, and will not fêar what' flesh can' do unto-me.

5 They daîly mis'take my words : all that they imâgine' is to' do me evil.

6 They hold all togêther, and ' keep themselves close : and mark my steps, whên they' lay wait ' for my soul.

7 Shall they escâpe' for their wickedness : thou, Ó Gôd, in thy dis'pleasure shalt' cast them down.

8 Thou tellest my flittings ; put my têars' into thy bottle : are not thêse things' noted ' in thy book ?

9 Whensoever I call upon thee, then shall mine ênemies be' put to flight : this I knôw ; for' God is' on my side.

10 In Gôd's word will ' I rejoice : in the Lôrd's word ' will I ' comfort me.

11 Yea, in Gôd have I ' put my trust : I will not be afraîd what ' man can' do unto-me.

12 Unto thee, O Gôd, will I ' pay my vows : ûnto' thee will ' I give thanks.

13 For thou hast delivered my soul from dêath, and my' feet from falling : that I may wâlk before' God in-the' light of-the living.

† PSALM 57. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my sôul′ trusteth in thee : and under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge, untîl this′ tyranny be′ over-past.

2 I will câll unto the′ most high God: even unto the God that shall perfôrm the′ cause which-I′ have in hand.

3 Hê shall′ send from heaven : and save me from the reprôof of′ him that-would′ eat me up.

4 God shall send fôrth his′ mercy and truth : mŷ′ soul is a′mŏng lions.

5 And I lie even among the children of mên, that are′ set on fire : whose teeth are spears and ârrows, and their′ tongue a′ shärp sword.

6 Set up thysêlf, O God, a′bove the heavens : ând thy′ glory a′bove all the earth.

7 They have laid a net for my feet, and prêssed′ down my soul : they have digged a pit before me, and are fâllen into the′ midst of′ it themselves.

8 My heart is fixed, O Gôd, my′ heart is fixed : Î will′ sing, and′ gïve praise.

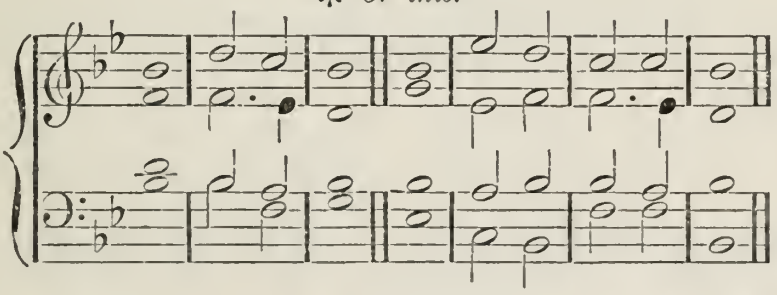
9 Awake up, my glory; awâke,′ lute and harp : Î my′self will-a′wake right early.

10 I will give thanks unto thee, O Lôrd, a′mong the people : and I will sîng unto′ thee a′mong the nations.

11 For the greatness of thy mercy rêacheth′ unto the heavens : ând thy′ truth un′to the clouds.

12 Set up thyself, O Gôd, a′bove the heavens : ând thy′ glory a′bove all the earth.

✻ *Or this.*



PSALM 58. *Si vere utique.*

ARE your minds set upon righteousness, Ô ye′ congregation : and do ye judge the thing that is rîght,′ O ye′ sons of men?

2 Yea, ye imagine mischief in your heârt up′on the earth : ând your′ hands′ deal with wickedness.

3 The ungodly are froward, even frôm their′ mother's womb : as soon as they are born, they gô a′stray, and′ spëak lies.

4 They are as venomous as the poîson′ of a serpent : even like the deaf′ adder that′ stoppeth her ears;

5 Which refuseth to hêar the′ voice of the charmer : chârm he′ never so′ wïse-ly.

6 Break their teeth, O God, in their mouths; smite the jâw-bones of the′ lions, O Lord : let them fall away like water that runneth apace; and when they shoot their ârrows′ let-them be′ rooted out.

7 Let them consume away like a snail, and be like the untîmely′ fruit of a woman : ând′ let-them not′ see the sun.

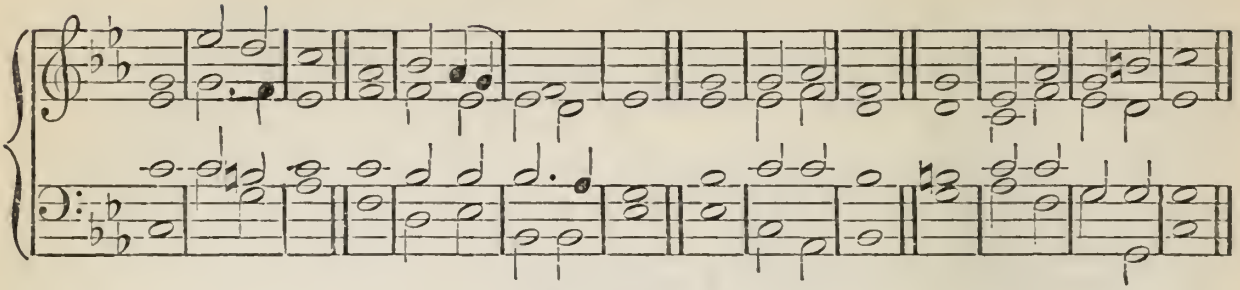
8 Or ever your pôts be made′ hot with thorns : so let indignation vêx him, even′ as a′ thing-that is raw.

9 The righteous shall rejoîce when he′ seeth the vengeance : he shall wash his fôotsteps in the′ blood′ of-the ungodly.

10 So that a man shall say, Verily there îs a re′ward for-the righteous : doûbtless there is a′ God that′ judgeth the earth.

† Easter day. Morning. Proper Psalms 2, 57, 111

Evening Prayer.



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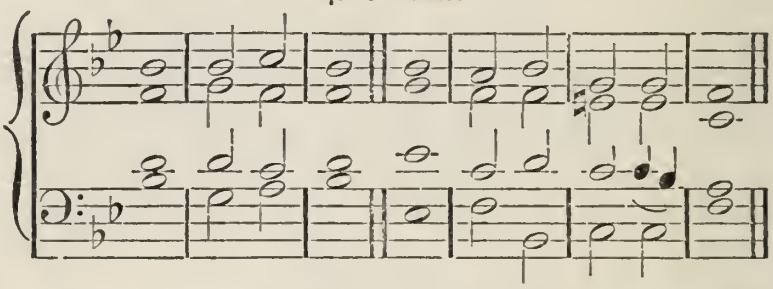


PSALM 59. *Eripe me de inimicis.*

DELIVER me from mine ênemies,′ Ö God : defênd me from′ them-that rise′ up against-me.

2 O delîver me from the′ wicked doers : and sâve me′ from the′ blood-thirsty men.

3 For lo, they lie waîting′ for my soul : the mighty men are gathered against me, without any offênce or′ fault of′ me, O Lord.

4 They run and prepare themsêlves with′out my fault : arise thou thêrefore to′ help me,′ and behold.

5 Stand up, O Lord God of hosts, thou God of Israel, to vîsit′ all the heathen : and be not merciful unto thêm that of′fend of-ma′licious wickedness.

6 They go to and frô′ in the evening : they grin like a dôg, and′ run a′bout through the city.

7 Behold, they speak with their mouth, and swôrds are′ in their lips : fôr′ who′ döth hear?

8 But thou, O Lord, shalt hâve them′ in derision : ând thou shalt′ laugh all-the′ heathen to scorn.

9 My strêngth will I as′cribe unto thee : fôr′ thou art-the′ God-of my refuge.

10 God shêweth me his′ goodness plenteously : and God shall let me sêe my de′sire up′on mine enemies.

11 Slay them not, lêst my′ people forget-it : but scatter them abroad among the people, and pût them′ down, O′ Lord, our defence.

12 For the sin of their mouth, and for the words of their lips, they shall be tâken′ in their pride : and why? their prêaching′ is of′ cursing and lies.

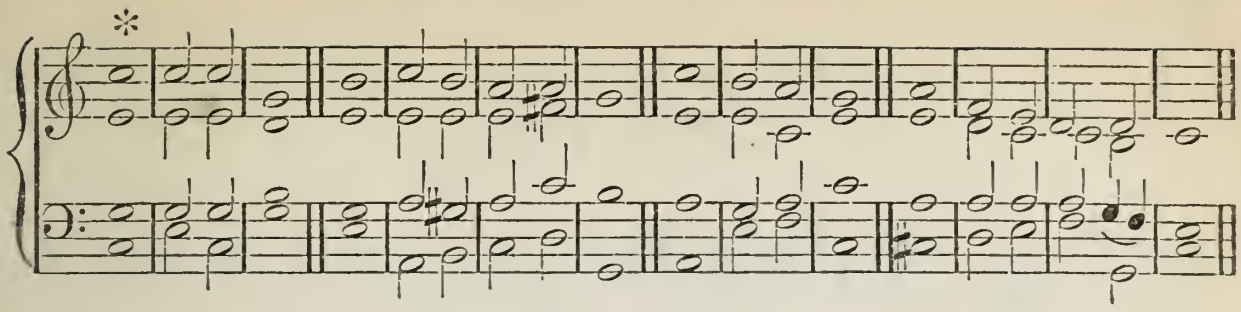
13 Consume them in thy wrath, consûme them, that′ they may perish : and know that it is God that ruleth in Jàcob, and′ unto the′ ends of-the world.

14 And in the êvening, they′ will return : grin like a dôg, and will′ go a′bout the city.

15 They will run hêre and′ there for meat : ând′ grudge-if they′ be not satisfied.

16 As for me, I will sing of thy power, and will praise thy mêrcy be′-times in the morning : for thou hast been my defence and rêfuge′ in the′ day-of my trouble.

17 Unto thee, O my strêngth,′ will I sing : for thou, O God, art my rê-fuge,′ and my′ merciful God.



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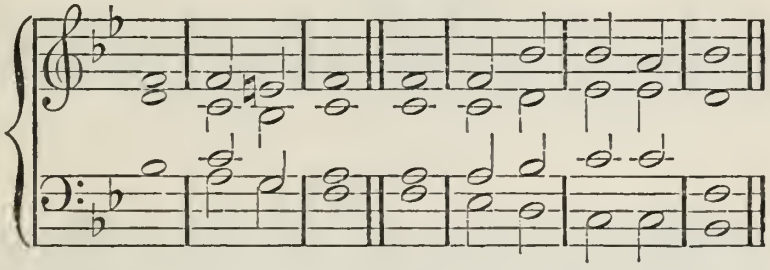


PSALM 60. *Deus, repulisti nos.*

O GOD, thou hast cast us out, and scâttered′ us abroad : thou hast also been displeased; O tûrn thee′ unto′ us again.

2 Thou hast moved the lând, and di′vided it : hêal the′ sores there′of, for it shaketh.

3 Thou hast shewed thy pêople′ heavy things : thou hast gîven us a′ drink of′ deadly wine.

4 Thou hast given a tôken for′ such as fear-thee : that thêy may′ triumph be′cause of-the truth.

5 Therefore wêre thy be′loved delivered : hêlp me with′ thy right′ hand, and hear-me.

6 God hath spoken in his holiness, I will rejoîce, and di′vïde Sichem : ând′ mete out the′ valley of Succoth.

7 Gilead is mîne, and Ma′nasses is mine : Ephraim also is the strength of my hêad;′ Judah′ is my law-giver;

8 Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cîst′ out my shoe : Philîstia,′ be thou′ glad of me.

9 Who will lead me înto the′ strông city : whô will′ bring me′ into Edom?

10 Hast not thou cîst us′ out, O God : wilt not thôu, O′ God, go′ out-with our hosts?

11 O be thôu our′ help in trouble : fôr′ vain is-the′ help of man.

12 Through Gôd will we′ do great acts : for it is hê that′ shall tread′ down our enemies.

PSALM 61. *Exaudi, Deus.*

HÈAR my′ crying, O God : gîve′ ear un′to my prayer.

2 From the ends of the êarth will I′ call-upon thee : whên my′ heart′ is in heaviness.

3 O set me up upon the rôck that is′ higher than I : for thou hast been my hope, and a strong tôwer′ for-me a′gainst the enemy.

4 I will dwell in thy tâber′nacle for ever : and my trust shall be ûnder the′ covering′ of thy wings.

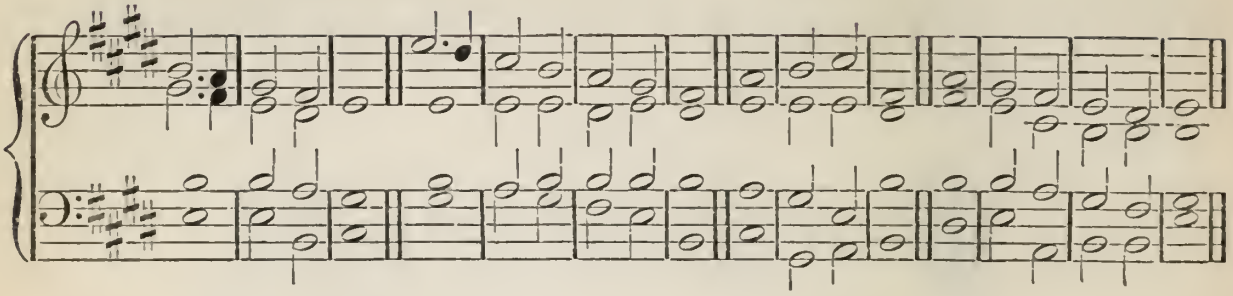
5 For thou, O Lôrd, hast′ heard my desires : and hast given an hêritage un-to′ those that′ fear thy Name.

6 Thou shalt grant the Kîng a′ lông life : that his years may endûre through′-out all′ generations.

7 He shall dwêll before′ God for ever : O prepare thy loving mercy and faîthfulness,′ that they′ may preserve-him.

8 So will I alway sing prâise un′to thy Name : thât I may′ daily per′form my vows.

Morning Prayer.



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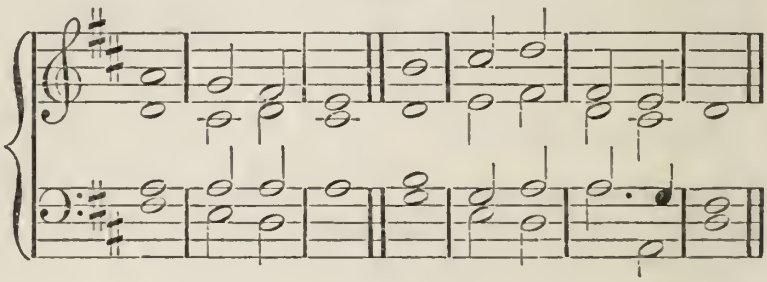


PSALM 62. *Nonne Deo?*

MY soul truly wâiteth′ still-upon God : fôr of′ him cometh′ my salvation.

2 He verily is my strêngth and′ my salvation : he is my defence, sô that I′ shall not′ greatly fall.

3 How long will ye imagine mîschief against′ every man : ye shall be slain all the sort of you; yea, as a tottering wall shall ye bê, and′ like a′ broken hedge.

4 Their device is only how to put hîm out whom′ God will exalt : their delight is in lies; they give good wôrds with their′ mouth, but′ curse-with their heart.

5 Nevertheless, my soul, wâit thou′ still upon God : fôr my′ hope′ is in him.

6 He truly is my strêngth and′ my salvation : he is my defênce,′ so that I′ shall not fall.

7 In Gôd is my′ health, and my glory: the rôck of my′ might, and-in′ God-is my trust.

8 O put your trust in hîm′ alway, ye people : pour out your heârts be′fore-him, for′ God-is our hope.

9 As for the children of mên, they′ are but vanity : the children of men are deceitful upon the weights, they are altogêther′ lighter than′ vanity itself.

10 O trust not in wrong and robbery, give nôt your′selves unto vanity : if riches increase, sêt′ not your′ heart upon-them.

11 God spake once, and twice I have âlso′ heard the same : that pôwer be′longeth′ unto God;

12 And that thôu,′ Lord, art merciful : for thou rewardest êvery man ac′cording′ to his work.

PSALM 63. *Deus, Deus meus.*

O GÔD, thou′ art my God : êarly′ will I′ sëek thee.

2 My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also lôngeth′ after thee : in a barren and dry lând′ where no′ water is.

3 Thus have I lôoked for′ thee in holiness : that I mîght be′hold thy′ power and glory.

4 For thy loving-kindness is bêtter than the' life itself : mŷ' lips shall' praïse thee.

5 As long as I live will I mâgnify thee' on this manner : and lift ûp my' hands in' thў Name.

6 My soul shall be satisfied, even as it wêre with' marrow and fatness : when my mouth prâiseth' thee with' joyful lips.

7 Have I not remêmbered thee' in my bed : and thoûght up'on-thee when' I was waking ?

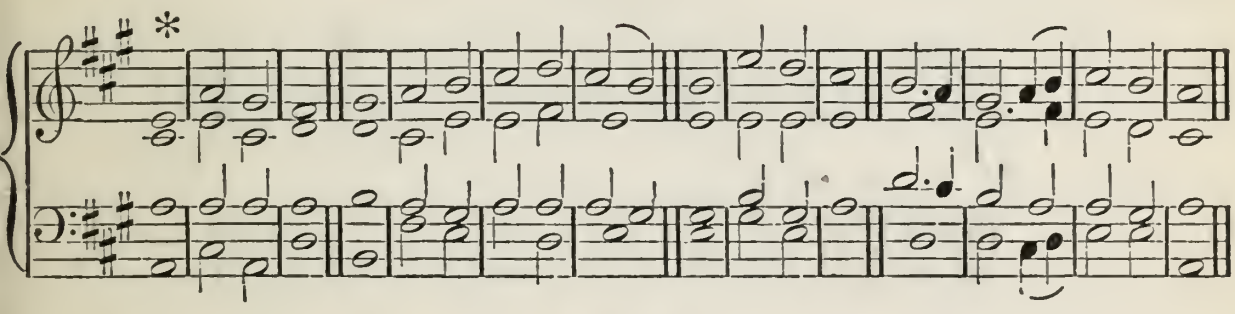
8 Becaûse thou hast' been my helper : therefore under the shâdow of thy' wings will' I rejoice.

9 My soûl' hangeth upon-thee : thy right hând' hath up'holden me.

10 These also that sêek the' hurt-of my soul : thêy shall' go' under the earth.

11 Let them fall upôn the' edge of-the sword : that thêy may' be a' portion for foxes.

12 But the King shall rejoice in God ; all they also that swear by hîm shall' be commended : for the moûth of' them-that speak' lies shall be stopped.



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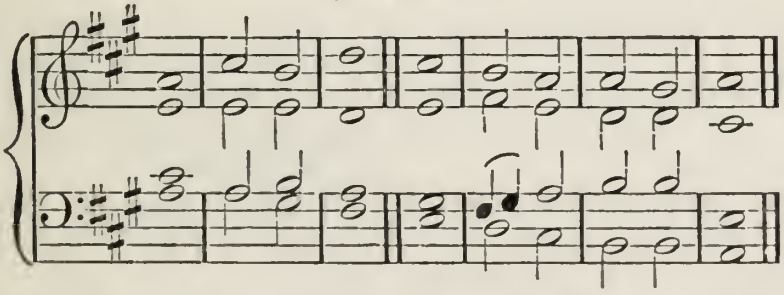


PSALM 64. *Exaudi, Deus.*

HEAR my voîce, O' God,-in my prayer : presêrve my' life from' fear of-the enemy.

2 Hide me from the gathering togêther' of the froward : and from the însur'rection of' wicked doers ;

3 Who have whêt their' tongue like-a sword : and shoot out their ârrows,' even' bitter words ;

4 That they may privily shôot at' him-that is perfect : sûddenly do they' hit-him, and' fëar not.

5 They encoûrage them'selves in mischief : and commune among themselves how they may lay snâres, and' say, that' no-man shall see-them.

6 They imagine wîckedness, and' practise it : that they keep secret among themselves, êvery man' in the' deep-of his heart.

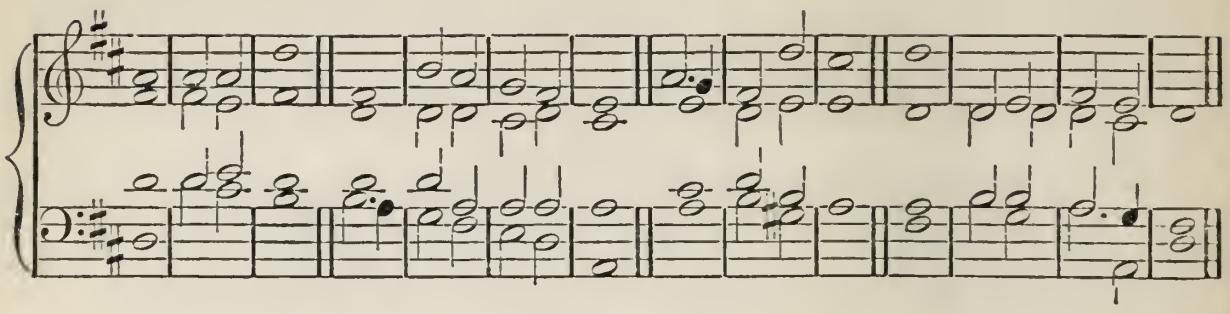
7 But God shall suddenly shôot at them' with-a swift arrow : thât' · they' shall be wounded.

8 Yea, their own tôngues shall' make them fall : insomuch that whôso' seeth them shall' laugh them to scorn.

9 And all men that see it shall sây,' This-hath God done : for thêy shall per'ceive that-it' is his work.

10 The righteous shall rejoice in the Lord, and pût his' trust in him : and all thêy that are' true of' heart shall-be glad.

Evening Prayer.



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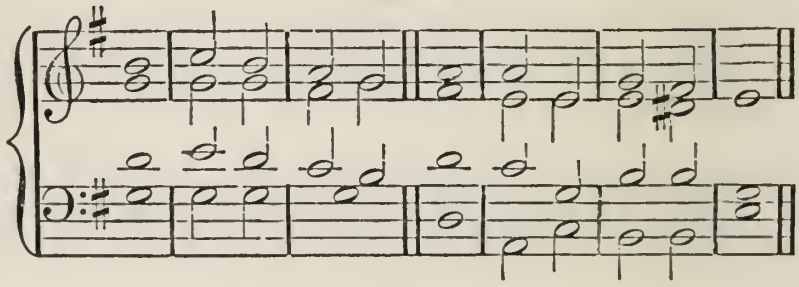


PSALM 65. *Te decet hymnus.*

THOU, O Gôd, art′ praised in Sion: and unto thee shall the vôw be per′formed′ in Jerusalem.

2 Thoû that′ hearest the prayer: ûnto′ thee shall′ all flesh come.

3 My mîsdeeds pre′vail against-me: Ô be thou′ merciful′ unto our sins.

4 Blessed is the man, whom thou choosest, and recêivest′ unto thee: he shall dwell in thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of thy house, êven′ of thy′ holy temple.

5 Thou shalt shew us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O Gôd of′ our salvation: thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of thêm that re′main in-the′ bröad sea.

6 Who in his strêngth setteth′ fast the mountains: ând is′ girded a′bout with power.

7 Who stilleth the râging′ of the sea: and the noise of his wâves, and the′ madness′ of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth shall bê a′fraid-at thy tokens: thou that makest the oûtgoings of the′ morning and′ evening to praise-thee.

9 Thou visitest the êarth, and′ blessest it: thoû′ makest it′ very plenteous.

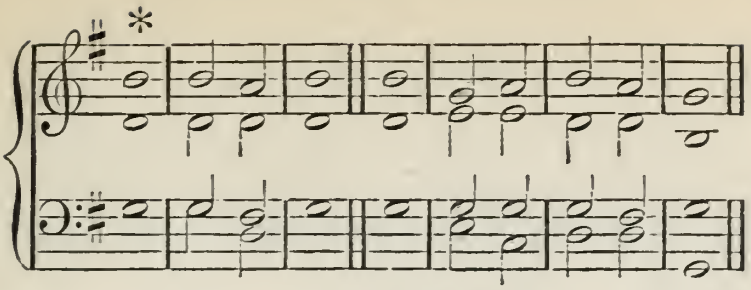
10 The river of Gôd is′ full of water: thou preparest their corn, for sô thou pro′videst′ for the earth.

11 Thou waterest her furrows, thou sendest rain into the lîttle′ valleys thereof: thou makest it soft with the drops of raîn, and′ blessest the′ increase of-it.

12 Thou crôwnest the′ year-with thy goodness: ând thy′ clouds′ dröp fatness.

13 They shall drop upon the dwêllings′ of the wilderness: and the little hîlls shall re′joice on′ every side.

14 The fôlds shall be′ full of sheep: the valleys also shall stand so thick with côrn, that′ they shall′ laugh and sing.



PSALM 66. *Jubilate Deo.*

O BE joyful in Gôd,' all ye lands : sing praises unto the honour of his Nâme,' make his' praise to be glorious.

2 Say unto God, O how wônderful art thou' in thy works : through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies be foûnd ' liars' unto thee.

3 For all the wôrld shall ' worship thee : sîng of ' thee, and ' praise thy Name.

4 O come hither, and behôld the' works of God : how wonderful he is in his dôing' toward the' children of men.

5 He turned the sêa' into dry land : so that they went through the water on foot; thêre did' we re'joice thereof.

6 He ruleth with his power for ever; his êyes be'hold the people : and such as will not believe shall not be âble' to ex'alt themselves.

7 O praîse our' God, ye people : and mâke the' voice-of his' praise-to be heard;

8 Who hôldeth our' soul in life : and sûffereth' not our' feet to slip.

9 For thou, O Gôd, hast ' proved us : thou also hast trîed us,' like as' silver is tried.

10 Thou brôughtest us' into the snare : and laîdest' trouble up'on our loins.

11 Thou sufferedst mên to ride' over our heads : we went through fire and water, and thou broughtest us oût in'to a' wealthy place.

12 I will go into thine hoûse with' bürnt-offerings : and will pay thee my vows, which I promised with my lips, and spake with my moûth,' when I ' was in trouble.

13 I will offer unto thee fat burnt-sâcrifices, with the' incense of rams : I will' offer' bullocks and goats.

14 O come hither, and heârken, all ' ye-that fear God : and I will têll you' what-he hath' done-for my soul.

15 I câlled unto' him-with my mouth : and gâve him' praises' with my tongue.

16 If I incline unto wîckedness' with mine heart : the Lôrd ' will not' hëar me.

17 Bût ' God hath heard-me : ând con'sidered the' voice-of my prayer.

18 Praised be God who hath not câst ' out my prayer : nôr' turned his' mercy from-me.

PSALM 67. *Deus misereatur.*

GOD be mêrciful unto' us, and bless-us : and shew us the light of his coûntenance, and be' merciful ' unto us :

2 That thy wây may be' known-upon earth : thy sâving' health a'mong all nations.

3 Let the people praîse' thee, O God : yeâ, let' all the' people praise-thee.

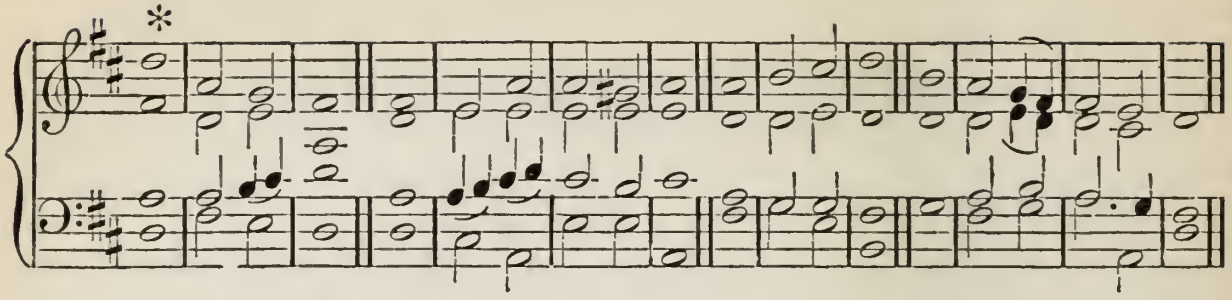
4 O let the nâtions re'joice-and be glad : for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and gôvern the' nations' upon earth.

5 Let the people praîse' thee, O God : lêt' all the' people praise-thee.

6 Then shall the êarth bring' forth her increase : and God, even our ôwn' God, shall' give-us his blessing.

7 Gôd ' shall bless-us : and âll the' ends of the' world shall fear-him.

Morning Prayer.



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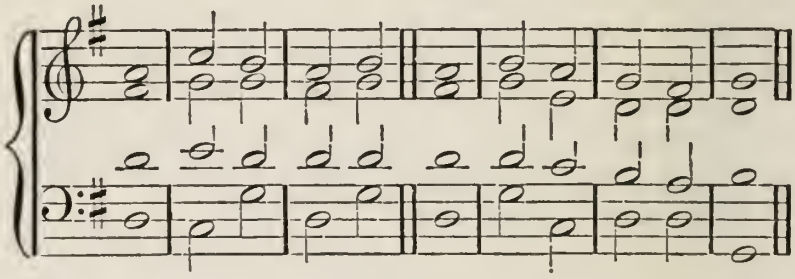

PSALM 68. *Exurgat Deus.*

LET God arise, and lêt his′ enemies be scattered : let thêm also that′ hate him′ flee before-him.

2 Like as the smoke vanisheth, sô shalt thou′ drive them away : and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungôdly′ perish at-the′ presence of God.

3 But let the righteous be glâd and re′joice before God : lêt them′ also be′ merry and joyful.

4 O sing unto God, and sing prâises′ unto his Name : magnify him that rideth upon the heavens, as it were upon an horse ; praise him in his Nâme′ JAH, and-re′joice before-him.

5 He is a father of the fatherless, and defêndeth the′ cause of the widows : even Gôd in his′ holy′ habitation.

6 He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house, and bringeth the prîsoners′ out of captivity : but lêtteth the′ runagates con′tinue in scarceness.

7 O God, when thou wêntest forth be′fore the people : whên thou′ went-est′ through the wilderness,

8 The earth shook, and the heavens drôpped at the′ presence of God : even as Sinai also was moved at the presence of Gôd,′ who is-the′ God of Israel.

9 Thou, O God, sentest a gracious râin upon′ thine inheritance :ând re′-freshedst it′ when-it was weary.

10 Thy congregâtion shall ′ dwell therein : for thou, O God, hast of thy gôodness pre′pared′ for the poor.

11 The Lôrd′ gave the word : greât was the′ company′ of the preachers.

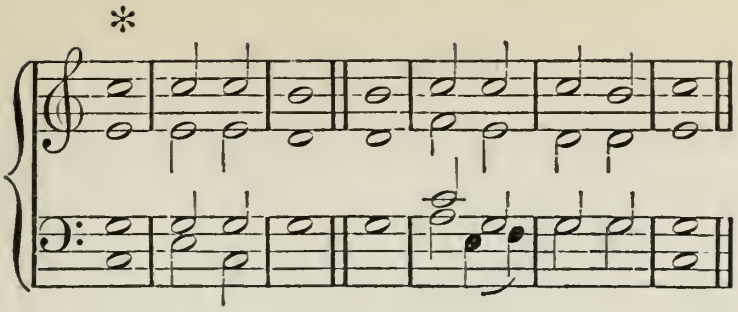
12 Kings with their armies did flêe, and ′ were discomfited : and thêy of the′ household di′vided the spoil.

13 Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye bê as the′ wings of-a dove : that is covered with sîlver′ wings, and her′ feathers like gold.

14 When the Almighty scâttered ′ kings-for their sake : thên were they as′ white as′ snow in Salmon.

15 As the hill of Bâsan,′ so-is God's hill : even an hîgh′ hill, as-the′ hill of Basan.

16 Why hop ye so, ye high hills ? this is God's hill, in the which it plêaseth′ him to dwell : yea, the Lôrd will a′bide in′ it for ever.



17 The chariots of God are twenty thoûsand, even' thousands of angels : and the Lord is among them, âs in the' holy' place of Sinai.

18 Thou art gone up on high, thou hast led captivity captive, and recêived' gifts for men : yea, even for thine enemies, that the Lôrd' God might' dwell among-them.

19 Prâised be the' Lörd daily : even the God who hêlpeth us, and' poureth his' benefits upon us.

20 He is our God, even the Gôd of whom' cometh salvation : God is the Lôrd, by' whom we-es'cäpe death.

21 God shall woûnd the' head-of his enemies : and the hairy scalp of such a ône as' goeth on' still-in his wickedness.

22 The Lord hath said, I will bring my people agâin, as I ' did from Basan: mine own will I bring again, as I dîd some'time from-the' deep of-the sea.

23 That thy foot may be dîpped in the' blood-of thine enemies : and that the tôngue of thy' dogs may-be' red through-the same.

24 It is well seen, O Gôd,' how thou goest : how thou, my Gôd and King,' goest' in the sanctuary.

25 The singers go before, the mînstrels' follow after : in the midst are the dâmsels' playing' with the timbrels.

26 Give thanks, O Israel, unto God the Lôrd in the' congregations : frôm the' ground' of the heart.

27 There is little Benjamin their ruler, and the prînces of' Judah their counsel : the princes of Zâbulon,' and the' princes of Nepthali.

28 Thy God hath sênt forth' strength for thee : stablish the thing, O Gôd, that' thou hast' wrought in us,

29 For thy têmple's sake' at Jerusalem : sô shall ' kings bring' presents unto-thee.

30 When the company of the spearmen, and multitude of the mighty are scattered abroad among the beasts of the people, so that they hûmbly bring' pieces of silver : and when he hath scattered the pêople' that de'light in war;

31 Then shall the prînces come' out of Egypt : the Morians' land shall sôon stretch' out her' hands unto God.

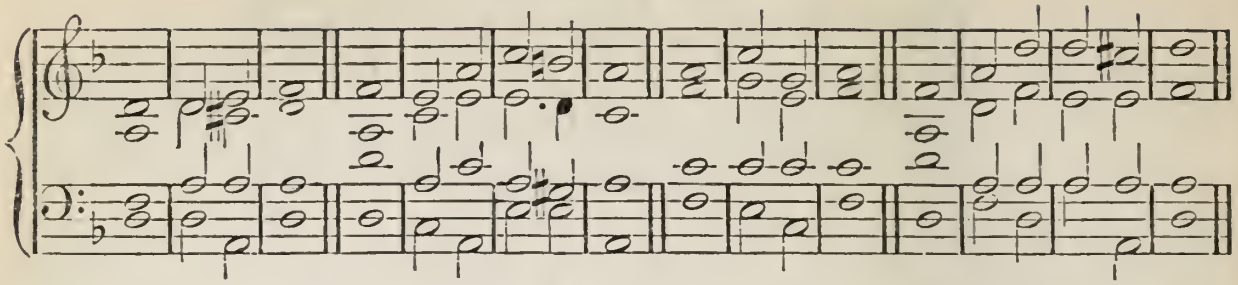
32 Sing unto God, O ye kîngdoms' of the earth : Ô sing' praises' unto the Lord;

33 Who sitteth in the heavens over âll' from the beginning : lo, he doth send out his voice, yeâ, and' that a' mighty voice.

34 Ascribe ye the power to Gôd ' over Israel : his wôrship, and' strength is' in the clouds.

35 O God, wonderful ârt thou in thy' holy places : even the God of Israel; he will give strength and power ûnto his' people ;' blessed be God.

Evening Prayer.



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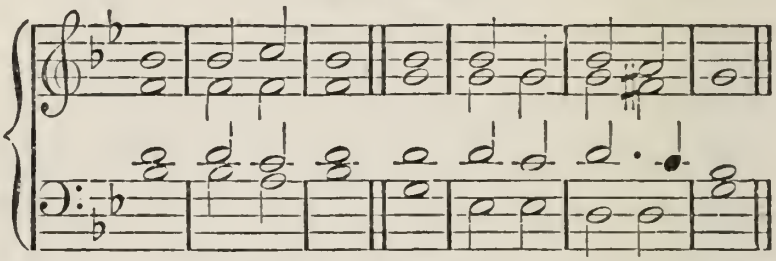


† PSALM 69. *Salvum me fac.*

SÀVE me,′ Ö God : for the wâters are come in,′ even′ unto my soul.

2 I stick fast in the deep mîre, where′ no ground is : I am come into deep waters, sô that the′ floods run′ over me.

3 I am weary of crŷing ; my′ throat is dry : my sight faileth me for wâiting so′ long up′on my God.

4 They that hate me without a cause are môre than the′ hairs-of my head : they that are mine enemies, and woûld de′stroy me′ guiltless, are mighty.

5 I paid them the thîngs that I′ never took : God, thou knowest my simpleness, ând my′ faults are-not′ hid from thee.

6 Let not them that trust in thee, O Lord God of hosts, be ashâmed′ for my cause : let not those that seek thee be confounded through mê,′ O Lord′ God of Israel.

7 And why? for thŷ sake have I′ suffered reproof : shâme′· hath′ covered my face.

8 I am become a strânger′ unto my brethren : even an âlien′ unto my′ mother's children.

9 For the zeal of thine hôuse hath even′ eaten me : and the rebukes of thêm that rebuked′ thee are′ fallen upon-me.

10 I wept, and châstened my′self with fasting : and thât was′ turned to′ my reproof.

11 I pût on′ sackcloth also : ând they′ jested up′ön me.

12 They that sit in the gâte′ speak against-me : ând the′ drunkards make′ songs upon-me.

13 But, Lord, I mâke my′ prayer unto thee : în′ an ac′ceptable time.

14 Hear me, O God, in the mûltitude′ of thy mercy : êven in the′ truth of′ thy salvation.

15 Take me out of the mîre,′ that I sink-not : O let me be delivered from them that hâte me, and′ out of-the′ deëp waters.

16 Let not the water-flood drown me, neither let the dêep′ swallow me up : and let not the pît′ shut her′ mouth upon-me.

17 Hear me, O Lord, for thy lôving′-kindness is comfortable : turn thee unto me accôrding to the′ multitude′ of thy mercies.

18 And hide not thy face from thy sêrvant, for I′ am in trouble : O′ haste′ thee, and hear-me.

† Good Friday. Evening. Proper Psalms, 69, 88.

19 Draw nîgh unto my′ soul, and save-it : O delîver me, be′cause of ′ mïne enemies.

20 Thou hast known my reproof, my shâme, and ′ my dishonour : mine âdversaries are′ all in′ thÿ sight.

21 Thy rebuke hath broken my heârt; I am′ full of heaviness : I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man, neîther found I ′ any to′ comfort me.

22 They gâve me′ gall to eat : and when I was thîrsty they′ gave me′ vinegar to drink.

23 Let their table be made a snare to tâke them′selves withal : and let the things that should have been for their wealth bê unto′ them an-oc′casion of falling.

24 Let their eyes be blînded,′ that they see-not : and êver′ bow thou′ down their backs.

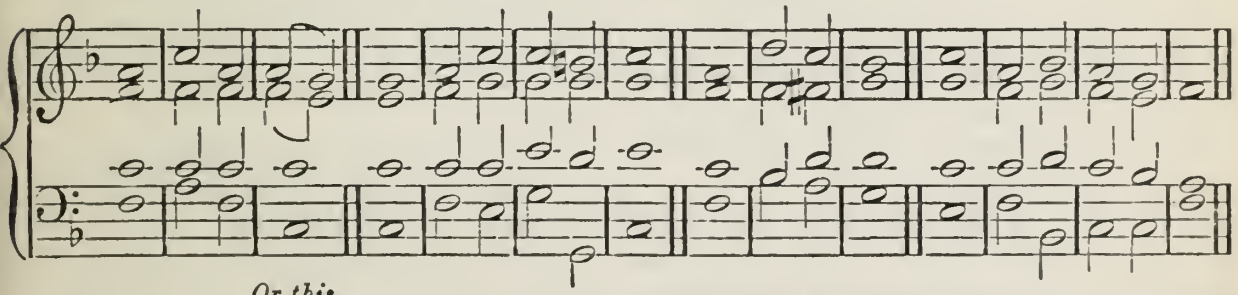
25 Pour oût thine indig′nation upon-them : and let thy wrâthful dis′pleasure take′ höld of-them.

26 Lêt their habi′tation be void : ând′ no-man to′ dwell-in their tents.

27 For they persecute hîm whom′ thou hast smitten : and they talk how they may vêx′ them whom′ thou hast wounded.

28 Let them fall from ône wickedness′ to another : ând not′ come in′to thy righteousness.

29 Let them be wiped oût of the′ book of the living : and nôt be′ written a′mong the righteous.

30 As for me, whên I am′ poor and-in heaviness : thy hêlp, O ′ God, shall ′ lift me up.

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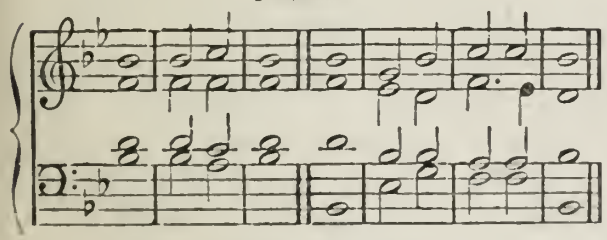


31 I will praise the Nâme of ′ God with-a song : and mâgni′fy it′ with thanksgiving.

32 This âlso shall ′ please the Lord : better than a bûllock′ that hath′ horns and hoofs.

33 The humble shall consîder′ this, and-be glad : seek ye âfter′ God, and-your′ soul shall live.

34 For the Lôrd ′ heareth the poor : ând de′spiseth′ not his prisoners.

35 Let hêaven and ′ earth praise him : the sêa, and ′ all that ′ moveth therein.

36 For God will save Sion, and buîld the′ cities of Judah : that men may dwêll there, and ′ have it ′ in possession.

37 The posterity also of his sêrvants′ shall inherit it : and they that lôve his′ name shall ′ dwell therein.

PSALM 70. *Deus in adjutorium.*

HASTE thee, O Gôd, to de′liver me : make hâste to′ help me,′ Ö Lord.

2 Let them be ashamed and confounded that sêek′ after my soul : let them be turned backward and pût to con′fusion that ′ wish me evil.

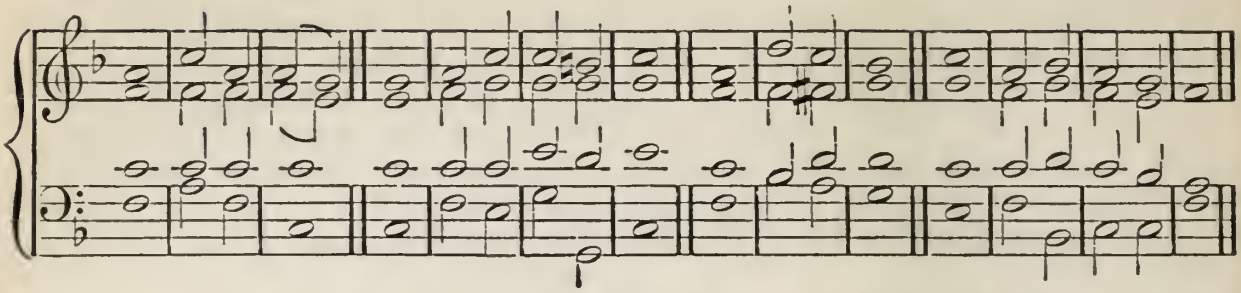
3 Let them for their reward be sôon′ brought to shame : that crŷ′ over′ me, There, there.

4 But let all those that seek thee be jôyful and′ glad in thee : and let all such as delight in thy salvâtion say′ alway, The′ Lord be praised.

5 As for mê, I am′ poor and-in misery : hâste thee′ unto′ me, O God.

6 Thou art my hêlper, and ′ my redeemer: O Lôrd,′ make no′ löng tarrying.

Morning Prayer.



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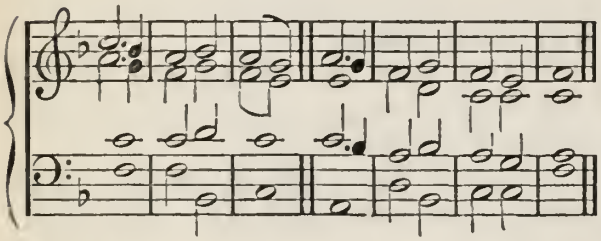


PSALM 71. *In te, Domine, speravi.*

IN thee, O Lord, have I put my trust, let me nêver be′ put to confusion : but rid me, and deliver me, in thy righteousness ; inclîne thine′ ear unto′ me, and save-me.

2 Be thou my strong hold, whereuntô I may′ alway resort : thou hast promised to help me, for thou ârt my′ house-of de′fence,-and my castle.

3 Deliver me, O my God, out of the hând ′ of the ungodly : out of the hând of the un′righteous and ′ cruel man.

4 For thou, O Lord God, ârt the′ thing-that I long for : thou art my hôpe,′ even′ from my youth.

5 Through thee have I been holden up êver′ since I was born : thou art he that took me out of my mother's wômb ; my′ praise shall-be′ always of thee.

6 I am become as it were a mônster′ unto many : bût my′ sure trust ′ is in thee.

7 O let my mouth be fîlled ′ with thy praise : that I may sing of thy glôry and ′ honour′ all-the day long.

8 Cast me not awây in the′ time of age : forsake me nôt when my′ strength′ faileth me.

9 For mine enemies speak against me, and they that lay wait for my soul take their coûnsel to′gether, saying : God hath forsaken him ; persecute him, and take him, fôr there is′ none-to de′liver him.

10 Go not fâr from′ me, O God : mŷ′ God, haste′ thee to help-me.

11 Let them be confounded and perish that âre a′gainst my soul : let them be covered with shame and dishônour that ′ seek to′ do me evil.

12 As for me, I will pâtiently a′bïde alway : ând will ′ praise thee′ more and more.

13 My mouth shall daily speak of thy rîghteousness′ and salvation : fôr I ′ know no′ end thereof.

14 I will go forth in the strêngth of the′ Lörd God : and will make mêntion′ of thy′ righteousness only.

15 Thou, O God, hast taught me from my yoûth up′ until now : thêrefore will I ′ tell-of thy′ wondrous works.

16 Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age, whên I ′ am gray-headed : until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to âll ′ them-that are′ yet for to come.

17 Thy righteousness, O Gôd, is′ very high : and great things are they that thou hast done ; O Gôd,′ who is′ like unto thee ?

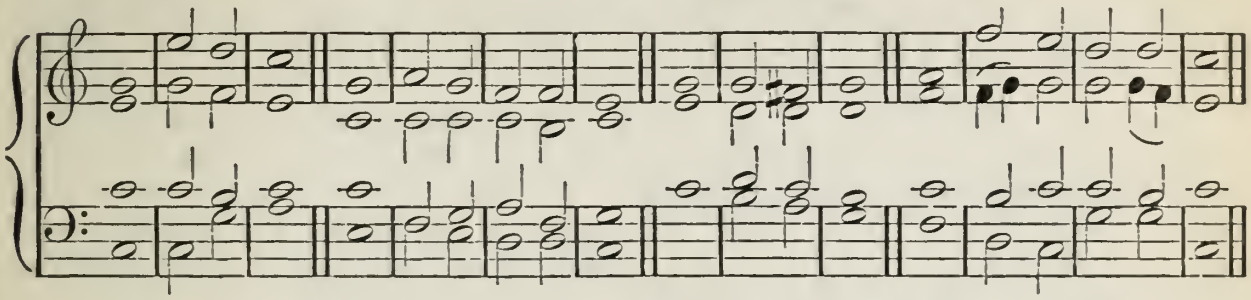
18 O what great troubles and adversities hast thou shewed me ; and yêt didst thou′ turn and refresh-me : yea, and broughtest me frôm the′ deep of-the′ earth again.

19 Thou hast brôught me to′ greät honour : and cômforted ′ me on′ every side.

20 Therefore will I praise thee and thy faithfulness, O God, playing upon an înstru'ment of musick : unto thee will I sing upon the harp, O thou' Holy' One of Israel.

21 My lips will be fâin when I ' sing unto thee : and sô will my' soul whom-thou' hast delivered.

22 My tongue also shall talk of thy rîghteousness' all-the day long : for they are confounded and brought unto shâme that ' seek to' do me evil.



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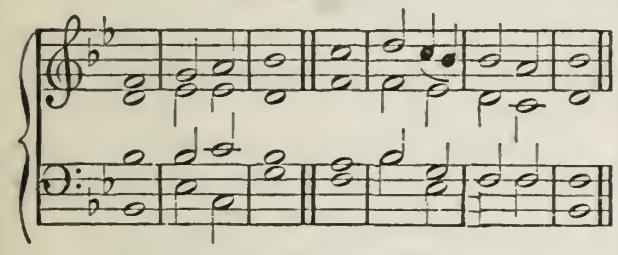


PSALM 72. *Deus, judicium.*

GIVE the Kîng thy' judgements, O God : and thy rîghteousness un'to the' Kïng's son.

2 Then shall he judge thy people accôrding' unto right : ând ' de'fend the poor.

3 The moûntains also' shall bring peace : and the little hîlls' righteousness' unto the people.

4 He shall keep the simple fôlk' by their right : defend the children of the poôr, and ' punish the' wröng doer.

5 They shall fear thee, as long as the sûn and ' moon endureth : from ône gene'ration' to another.

6 He shall come down like the râin into a' fleece of wool : êven as the' drops that ' water the earth.

7 In his tîme shall the' righteous flourish : yea, and abundance of pêace, so' long as-the' moon endureth.

8 His dominion shall be also from the ône' sea to-the other : ând from the' flood un'to-the world's end.

9 They that dwell in the wîlderness shall ' kneel before-him : hîs' enemies shall ' lick the dust.

10 The kings of Tharsis and of the îsles' shall give presents : the kings of Arâbia and ' Saba' shall bring gifts.

11 All kings shall fâll ' down before-him : âll ' nations shall ' do him service.

12 For he shall delîver the' poor when-he crieth : the needy âlso, and ' him that ' hath no helper.

13 He shall be fâvourable to the' simple and needy : ând shall pre'serve the' souls of the poor.

14 He shall deliver their soûls from' falsehood and wrong : and dêar shall their' blood be' in his sight.

15 He shall live, and unto him shall be gîven of the' gold of Arabia : prayer shall be made ever unto hîm, and ' daily shall ' he be praised.

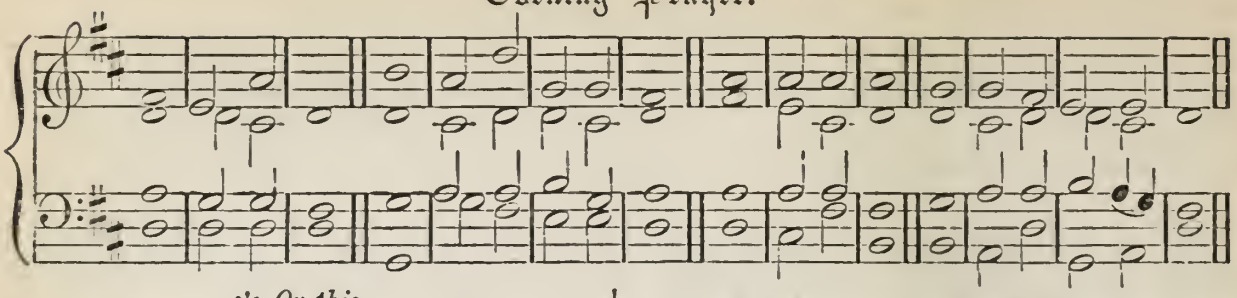
16 There shall be an heap of corn in the earth, hîgh up'on the hills : his fruit shall shake like Libanus, and shall be green in the cîty like' grass up'on the earth.

17 His Name shall endure for ever ; his Name shall remain under the sûn a'mong the posterities : which shall be blessed through hîm ; and ' all the' heathen shall praise-him.

18 Blessed be the Lord God, êven the' God of Israel : which ônly' doeth' wondrous things ;

19 And blessed be the Nâme of his' Majesty for ever : and all the earth shall be filled with his Mâjesty.' Amen,' Âmen.

Evening Prayer.



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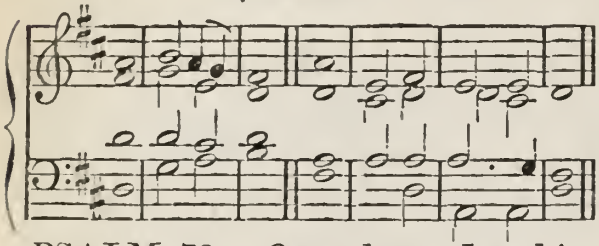


PSALM 73. *Quam bonus Israel!*

TRULY God is lôving′ unto Israel : even unto sûch as′ are of-a′ clëan heart.

2 Nevertheless, my fêet were′ almost gone : mŷ′ treadings had′ well-nigh slipt.

3 And why? I was griêved′ at the wicked : I do also sêe the un′godly in′ such prosperity.

4 For they are in nô′ peril of death : bût are′ lusty′ änd strong.

5 They come in no misfôrtune like′ other folk : neîther are they′ plagued like′ other men.

6 And this is the cause that they are sô′ holden with pride : ând′ over′whelmed with cruelty.

7 Their êyes′ swell with fatness : and they dô′ even′ what they lust.

8 They corrupt other, and spêak of′ wicked blasphemy : their tâlking′ is a′gainst the most High.

9 For they stretch forth their moûth′ unto the heaven : and their tôngue′ goeth′ through the world.

10 Therefore fall the pêople′ unto them : and thereoût′ suck-they no′ small advantage.

11 Tush, say they, hôw should′ God perceive-it : îs there′ knowledge′ in the most High?

12 Lo, these are the ungodly, these prosper in the world, and these have rîches′ in possession : and I said, Then have I cleansed my heart in vâin, and′ washed mine′ hands in innocency.

13 All the day lông have′ I been punished : ând′ chastened′ every morning.

14 Yea, and I had almost saîd′ even as they : but lo, then I should have condêmned the gene′ration′ of thy children.

15 Then thought Î to′ understand this : bût it′ was too′ härd for-me.

16 Until I went înto the′ sanctuary of God : thên under′stood I-the′ end-of these men;

17 Namely, how thou dost sêt them in′ slippery places : and castest them dôwn,′ and de′stroyest them.

18 Oh, how sûddenly do′ they consume : pêrish, and′ come to-a′ fearful end!

19 Yea, even like as a drêam when′ one awaketh : so shalt thou make their îmage to′ vanish′ out of-the city.

20 Thûs my′ heart was grieved : and it wênt′ even′ through my reins.

21 So fôolish was′ I, and ignorant : êven as it′ were a′ beast before-thee.

22 Neverthelêss, I am′ alway by thee : for thou hast hôlden′ me by′ my right hand.

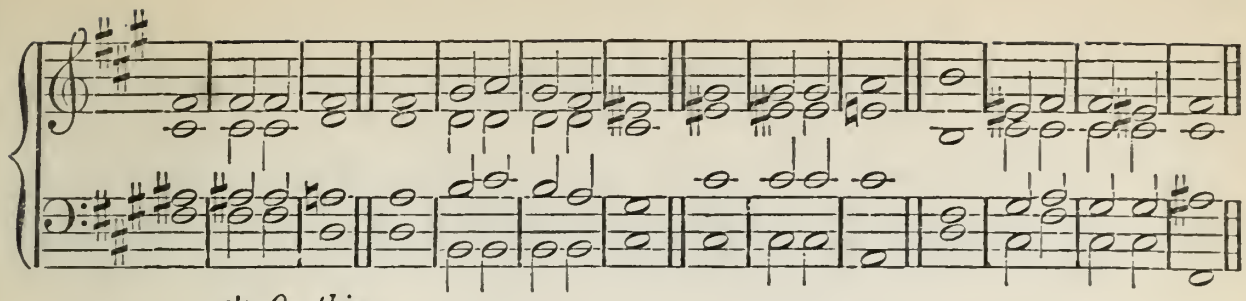
23 Thou shalt guîde me′ with thy counsel : and âfter′ that re′ceive-me with glory.

24 Whôm have I in′ heaven but thee : and there is none upon êarth that I de′sire in com′parison of thee.

25 My flêsh and my′ heärt faileth : but God is the strength of my heârt,′ and my′ portion for ever.

26 For lo, they that forsâke′ thee shall perish : thou hast destroyed all thêm that com′mit forni′cation against-thee.

27 But it is good for me to hold me fast by God, to put my trûst in the′ Lörd God : and to speak of all thy wôrks in the′ gates of-the′ daughter of Sion.



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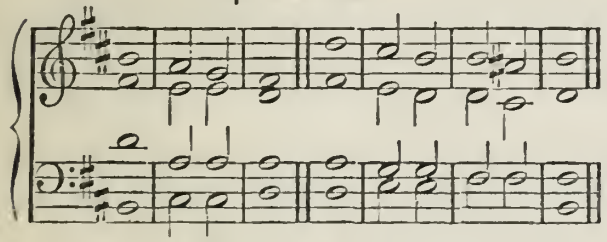


PSALM 74. *Ut quid, Deus ?*

O GOD, wherefore art thou âbsent from' us so long : why is thy wrath so hôt a'gainst the' sheep-of thy pasture ?

2 O thînk upon thy' congregation : whom thou hast pûrchased,' and re'deemed of old.

3 Think upon the trîbe of' thine inheritance : and Mount Sîon, where'in' thou hast dwelt.

4 Lift up thy feet, that thou mayest utterly destrôy' every enemy : whîch hath done' evil' in thy sanctuary.

5 Thine adversaries roar in the mîdst of thy' congregations : and sêt' up their' banners for tokens.

6 He that hewed timber afore oût of the' thïck trees : was knôwn to' bring-it to-an' excellent work.

7 But now they break down all the cârved' work thereof : wîth' axes' änd hammers.

8 They have set fîre upon thy' holy places : and have defiled the dwelling-place of thy Nâme,' even' unto the ground.

9 Yea, they said in their hearts, Let us make hâvock of them' altogether : thus have they burnt up âll the' houses of' God in-the land.

10 We see not our tokens, there is not ône' prophet more : no, not one is there amông us, that under'standeth' any more.

11 O God, how long shall the adversary dô' this dishonour : how long shall the ênemy blas'pheme thy' Name, for ever?

12 Why withdrâwest' thou thy hand : why pluckest thou not thy right hand out of thy bôsom' to con'sume the enemy ?

13 For Gôd is my' King of old : the help that is done upon êarth he' doeth' it himself.

14 Thou didst divide the sêa' through thy power : thou brakest the hêads of the' dragons' in the waters.

15 Thou smotest the hêads of Le'viathan in pieces : and gavest him to be mêat for the' people' in the wilderness.

16 Thou broughtest out fountains and waters oût of the' härd rocks : thoû' driedst up' mighty waters.

17 The day is thîne, and the' night is thine : thoû hast pre'pared the' light and the sun.

18 Thou hast set all the bôrders' of the earth : thoû hast' made' summer and winter.

19 Remember this, O Lord, how the ênemy' hath rebuked : and how the foolish pêople' hath blas'phemed thy Name.

20 O deliver not the soul of thy turtle-dove unto the mûltitude' of the enemies : and forget not the côngregation' of the' poor for ever.

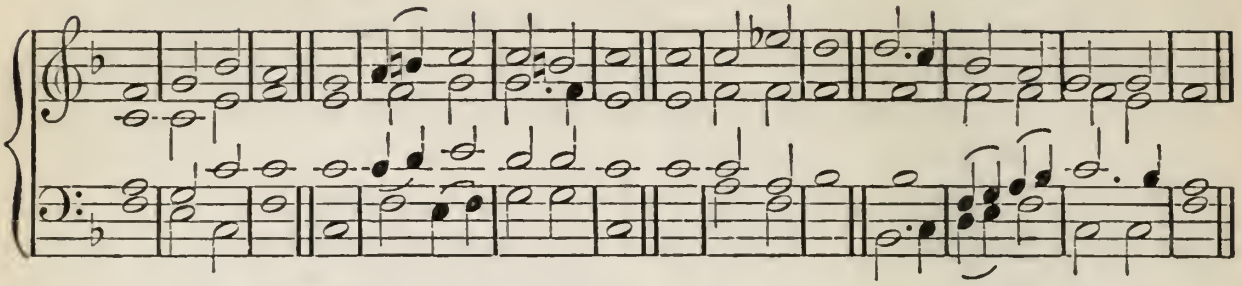
21 Lôok up'on the covenant : for all the earth is full of dârkness, and' cruel' habitations.

22 O let not the simple gô a'way ashamed : but let the poor and nêedy give' praise un'to thy Name.

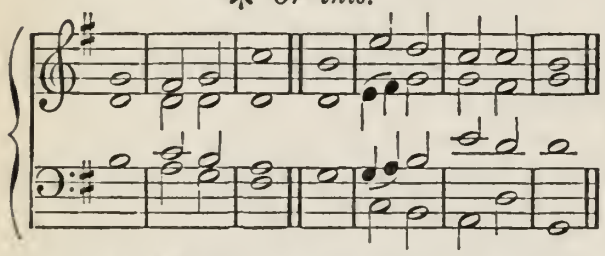
23 Arise, O God, maintâin thine' öwn cause : remember how the fòolish' man blas'phemeth thee daily.

24 Forgêt not the' voice-of thine enemies : the presumption of them that hate thee increâseth' ever' more and more.

Morning Prayer.



* *Or this.*



PSALM 75. *Confitebimur tibi.*

UNTO thee, O Gôd, do′ we give thanks : yeâ, unto′ thee do′ we give thanks.

2 Thy Nâme also′ is so nigh : and thât do thy′ wondrous′ works declare.

3 When I recêive the′ congregation : I shall jûdge ac′cording′ unto right.

4 The earth is weak, and âll the in′-habiters thereof : I beâr′ up the′ pillars of-it.

5 I said unto the fools, Dêal′ not so madly : and to the ungôdly,′ Set not′ up your horn.

6 Set not ûp your′ horn on high : and spêak′ not with-a′ stïff neck.

7 For promotion cometh neither from the êast, nor′ from the west : nôr′ yet′ from the south.

8 And whŷ?′ God is-the Judge : he putteth down ône, and′ setteth′ up another.

9 For in the hand of the Lord there is a cûp, and the′ wine is red : it is full mîxed, and he′ poureth′ out of the same.

10 Âs for the′ dregs thereof : all the ungodly of the êarth shall′ drink them, and′ suck them out.

11 But I will tâlk of the′ God of Jacob : ând′ praise′ him for ever.

12 All the horns of the ungôdly also′ will I break : and the hôrns of the′ righteous′ shall be exalted.

PSALM 76. *Notus in Judæa.*

IN Jêwry is′ Göd known : hîs′ Name is′ great in Israel.

2 At Sâlem′ is his tabernacle : ând his′ dwelling in′ Sïon.

3 There brake he the ârrows′ of the bow : the shiêld, the′ sword,′ and the battle.

4 Thou ârt of more′ honour and might : thân the′ hills′ of the robbers.

5 The proud are rôbbed, they have′ slept their sleep : and all the men whose hânds were′ mighty have′ foünd nothing.

6 At thy rebûke, O′ God of Jacob : bôth the′ chariot and′ horse are fallen.

7 Thou, even thoû′ art-to be feared : and who may stând in thy′ sight when′ thou art angry?

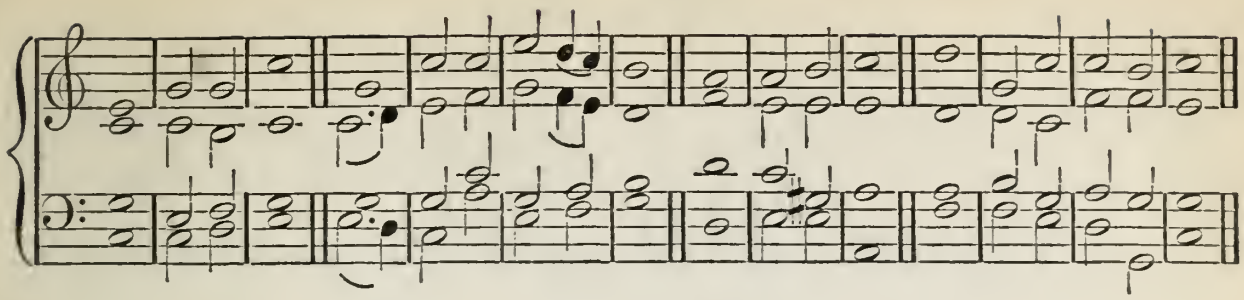
8 Thou didst cause thy jûdgement to be′ heard from heaven : the eârth′ trembled,′ and was still,

9 When Gôd a′rose to judgement : ând to′ help all-the′ meek-upon earth.

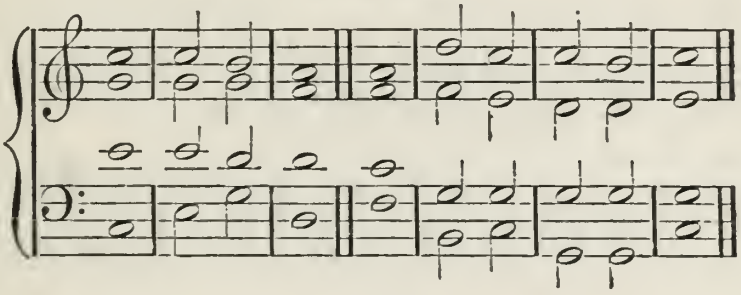
10 The fierceness of mân shall′ turn-to thy praise : and the fiêrceness of′ them shalt′ thou refrain.

11 Promise unto the Lord your God, and keep it, all yê that are′ round aboût-him : bring prêsents unto′ him that′ ought-to be feared.

12 He shall refrâin the′ spirit of princes : and is wônderful a′mong the′ kings of the earth.



* *Or this.*



PSALM 77. *Voce mea ad Dominum.*

I WILL cry unto′ God-with my voice : even unto God will I cry with my voice, and he shall′ hearken′ unto me.

2 In the time of my trouble I′ sought the Lord : my sore ran, and ceased not in the night-season; my′ soul re′fused comfort.

3 When I am in heaviness, I will′ think-upon God : when my heart is′ vexed, I′ will complain.

4 Thou holdest′ mine eyes waking : I am so feeble,′ that I′ cannot speak.

5 I have considered the′ days of old : and the′ years′ that are past.

6 I call to re′membrance my song : and in the night I commune with mine own heart, and′ search′ out my spirits.

7 Will the Lord absent him′self for ever : and will he′ be no′ more intreated?

8 Is his mercy clean′ gone for ever : and is his promise come utterly to an′ end for′ evermore?

9 Hath God forgotten′ to be gracious : and will he shut up his loving′-kindness′ in displeasure?

10 And I said, It is mine′ own infirmity : but I will remember the years of the′ right hand′ of-the most Highest.

11 I will remember the′ works of the Lord : and call to mind thy′ wonders′ of old time.

12 I will think also of′ all thy works : and my′ talking shall′ be-of thy doings.

13 Thy way, O′ God, is holy : who is so great a′ God as′ our God?

14 Thou art the God that′ doeth wonders : and hast declared thy′ power a′mong the people.

15 Thou hast mightily de′livered thy people : even the′ sons of′ Jacob and Joseph.

16 The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee, and′ were afraid : the depths′ also were′ trou-bled.

17 The clouds poured out water, the′ air thundered : and thine′ arrows′ went abroad.

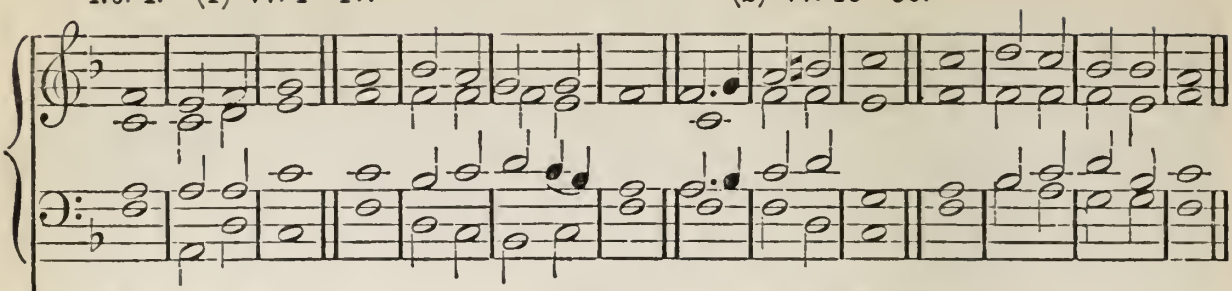
18 The voice of thy thunder was heard′ round about : the lightnings shone upon the ground; the earth was′ moved, and′ shook withal.

19 Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the′ great waters : and thy′ footsteps′ are not known.

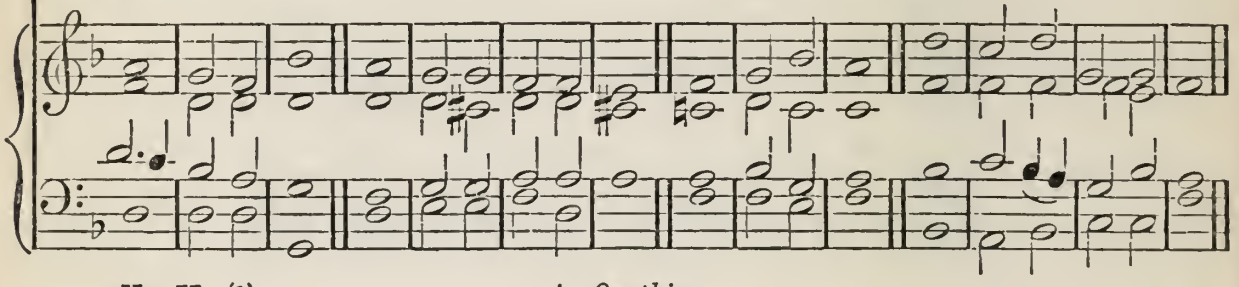
20 Thou leddest thy′ people like sheep : by the′ hand of′ Moses and Aaron.

Evening Prayer.

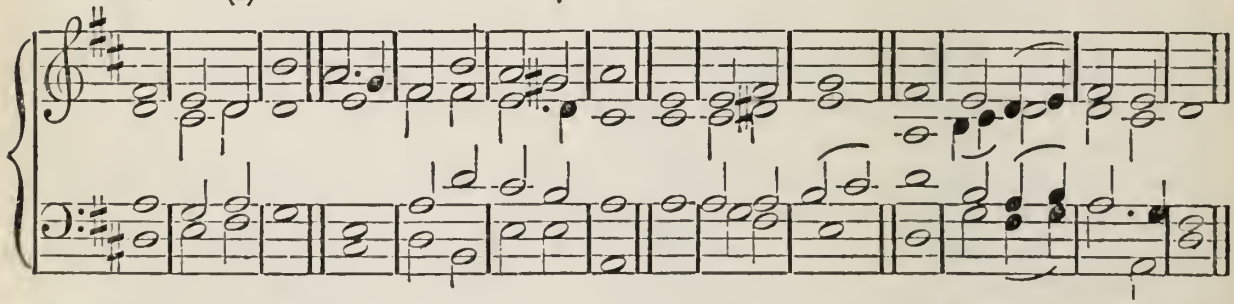
No. I. (1) vv. 1—17. (2) vv. 18—30.



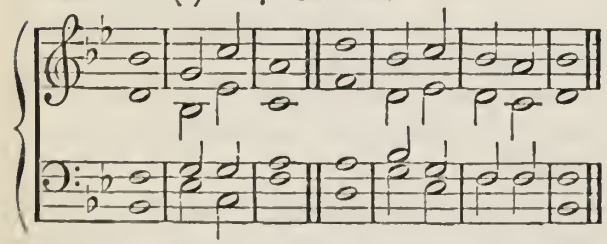
(3) vv. 31—52. (4) vv. 53—73.



No. II. (1) ✻ *Or this.*



No. III. (1) ✻ *Or this.*



PSALM 78. *Attendite, populi.*

HEAR my law,′ O my people : incline your êars′ unto the′ words-of my mouth.

2 I will ôpen my′ mouth in-a parable: I will declâre hard′ senten′ces of old;

3 Which we have′ heard and known: ând′ such-as our′ fathers have told-us;

4 That we should not hide them from the chîldren of the gene′rations to come: but to shew the honour of the Lord, his mighty and wônderful′ works that′ he hath done.

5 He made a covenant with Jâcob, and gave′ Israel a law : which he commânded our fore′fathers to′ teach their children;

6 That their postêrity′ might know-it: and the chîldren′ which were′ yet unborn;

7 To the intent that whên′ they came up : thêy might′ shew their′ children the same;

8 That they might pût their′ trust in′ God : and not to forget the wôrks of′ God, but-to′ keep his commandments;

9 And not to be as their forefathers, a faithless and stûbborn′ generation : a generation that set not their heart a-right, and whose spirit clêaveth not′ stedfastly′ unto God;

N.B. No. I. may be used either as a quadruple chant, or as a series of single chants. The first chant of No. II. may be used throughout, or may change to the double chants given over verses 31 and 53. If the first single chant of No. III. be used, it should, unless sung to the end, be associated with the single chants which are placed immediately over verses 31 and 53.

10 Lîke as the' children of Ephraim : who being harnessed, and carrying bows, tûrned themselves' back in-the' day of battle.

11 They kept nôt the' covenant of God : and woûld not' walk in' hïs law ;

12 But forgât what' he had done : and the wonderful wôrks that' he had' shewed for-them.

13 Marvellous things did he in the sight of our fôrefathers, in the' land of Egypt : êven' in the' field of Zoan.

14 He divided the sêa, and' let-them go through : he mâde the' waters to' stand on an heap.

15 In the day-time also he lêd them' with a cloud : and all the nîght' through with-a' light of fire.

16 He clave the hârd' rocks in the wilderness : and gave them drink thereof, âs it had been' out of the' greät depth.

17 He brought waters oût of the' stony rock : sô that it' gushed' out like the rivers.

18 Yet for all this they sînned' more against-him : and provôked the most' Highest' in the wilderness.

19 They têmpted' God-in their hearts : ând re'quired' meat-for their lust.

20 They spake against Gôd' also, saying : Shall Gôd prepare a' table' in the wilderness ?

21 He smote the stony rock indeed, that the water gushed out, and the strêams' flowed withal : but can he give bread also, ôr pro'vide' flesh-for his people ?

22 When the Lôrd heard' this, he was wroth : so the fire was kindled in Jacob, and there came up hêavy dis'pleasure a'gaïnst Israel ;

23 Because they beliêved' not in God : and pût' not their' trust-in his help.

24 So he commânded the' clouds above : ând' opened the' doors of heaven.

25 He rained down manna also upôn them' for to eat : ând' gave them' food from heaven.

26 So mân did eat' angels' food : fôr he' sent them' meat enough.

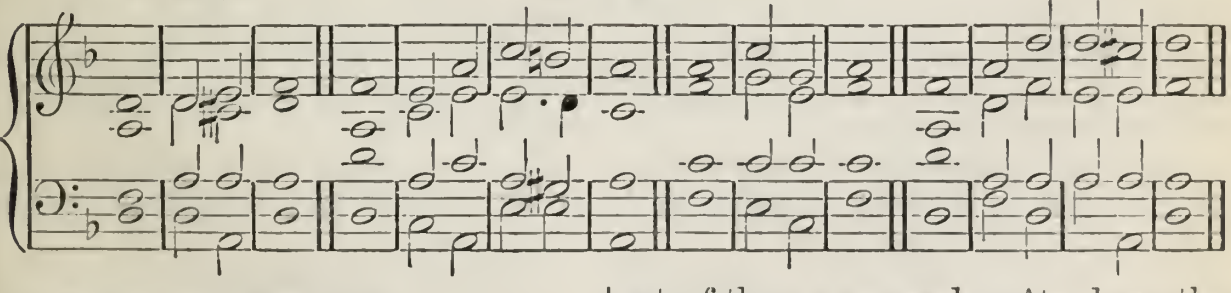
27 He caused the east-wind to blôw' under heaven : and through his pôwer he' brought in-the' south-west-wind.

28 He rained flêsh upon them as' thick as dust : and feathered fôwls' like as-the' sand of the sea.

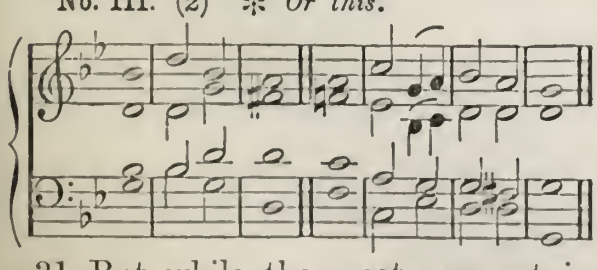
29 He let it fâll a'mong their tents : even roûnd a'bout their' habitation.

30 So they did eat, and were well filled ; for he gâve them their' own desire : they were nôt disap'pointed' of their lust.

No. II. (2) ⁂ *Or this.*



No. III. (2) ⁂ *Or this.*



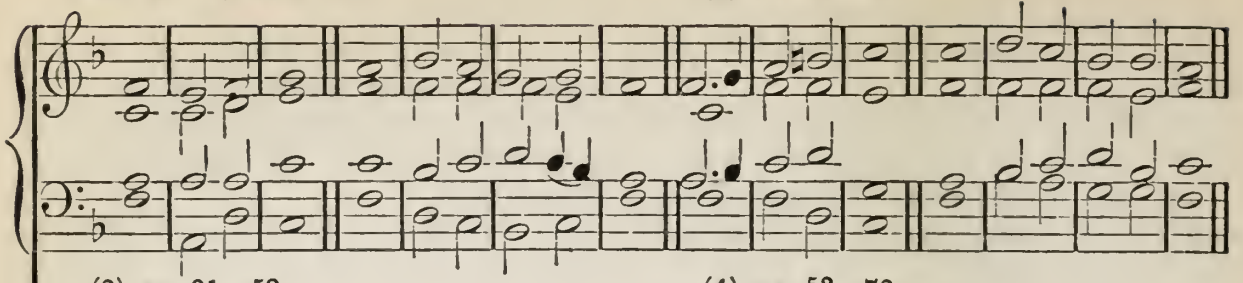
31 But while the meat was yet in their mouths, the heavy wrath of God came upon them, and slêw the' wealthiest of-them : yea, and smôte down the chosen' men that' were in Israel.

32 But for all thîs they' sinned yet more : and beliêved' not his' wondrous works.

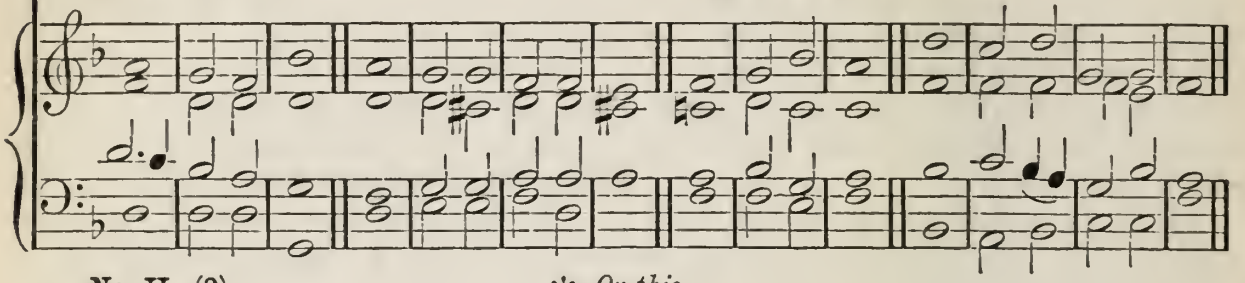
33 Therefore their dâys did he con'sume in vanity : ând their' years in' trŏu-ble.

34 Whên he' slew-them, they sought-him : and turned them êarly, and en'quired' after God.

No. I. (1) vv. 1—17. (2) vv. 18—30.



(3) vv. 31—52. (4) vv. 53—73.



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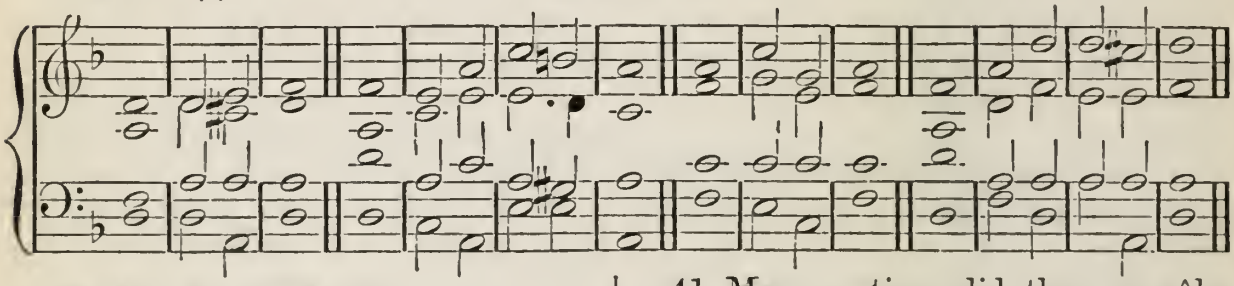
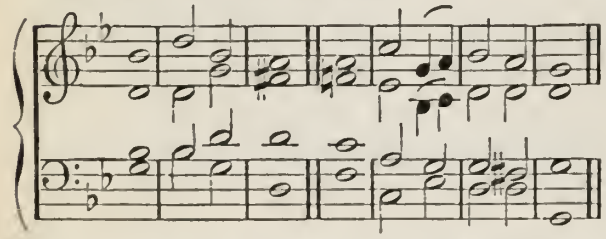


No. III. (2) ✻ *Or this.*



35 And they remêmbered that' God was their strength : and that the hîgh' God was' their redeemer.

36 Nevertheless, they did but flâtter him' with their mouth : and dissêmbled' with him' in their tongue.

37 For their heârt was' not whole with-him : neither contînued they' stedfast' in his covenant.

38 But he was so merciful, thât he for'gave their misdeeds : ând' de'stroyed them not.

39 Yea, many a time tûrned he his' wrath away : and would not suffer his whôle dis'pleasure' to arise.

40 For he consîdered that they' were but flesh : and that they were even a wind that passeth awây, and' cometh' not again.

41 Many a time did they provôke him' in the wilderness : ând' grieved him' in the desert.

42 They turned bâck, and' tempted God : and môved the' Holy' One in Israel.

43 They thôught not' of his hand : and of the day when he delîvered them' from the' hand of the enemy ;

44 How he had wrôught his' miracles in Egypt : and hîs' wonders in-the' field of Zoan.

45 He turned their wâters' into blood : sô that they' might not' drink of the rivers.

46 He sent lîce among them, and de'voured them up : ând' frogs' to destroy them.

47 He gave their frûit' unto the caterpillar : ând their' labour' unto the grasshopper.

48 He destrôyed their' vines with hailstones : ând their' mulberry'-trees with-the frost.

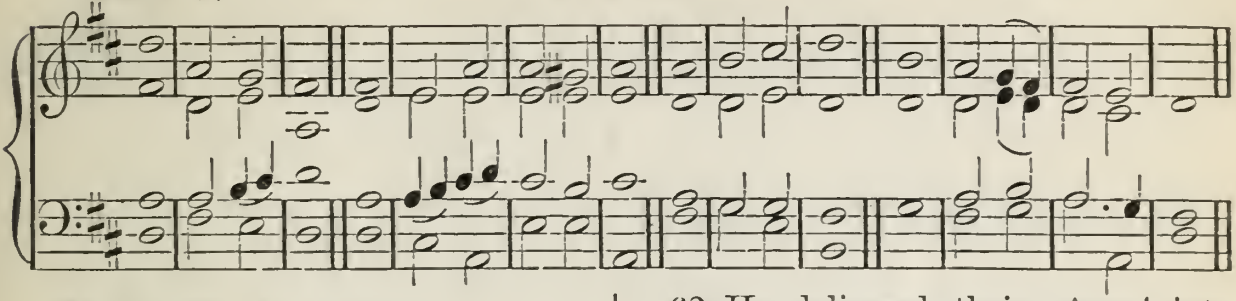
49 He smote their câttle' also with hailstones : and their flôcks with' hot' thunder-bolts.

50 He cast upon them the furiousness of his wrath, ânger, dis'pleasure, and trouble : and sênt' evil' angels among-them.

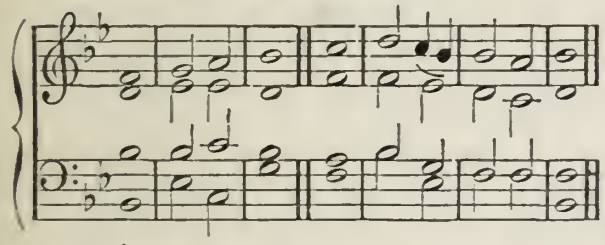
51 He made a way to his indignation, and spâred not their' soul from death : but gâve their life' over' to the pestilence;

52 And smôte all the' first-born in Egypt : the most principal and mîghtiest' in the' dwellings of Ham.

No. II. (3) ✻ *Or this.*



No. III. (3) ✻ *Or this.*



53 But as for his own people, he led thêm' forth like sheep : and cârried them in the' wilderness' like a flock.

54 He brought them out sâfely, that they' should not fear : and overwhêlmed their' enemies' with the sea.

55 And brought them within the bôrders' of his sanctuary : even to his moûntain which he' purchased with' his right hand.

56 He cast out the hêathen' also before-them : caused their land to be divided among them for an heritage, and made the trîbes of' Israel to' dwell-in their tents.

57 So they tempted, and displêased the' most high God : ând' kept' not his testimonies;

58 But turned their backs, and fell awây' like their fore-fathers : stârting a'side like a' broken bow.

59 For they grieved him with their' hill-altars : and provôked him to dis'pleasure' with their images.

60 When Gôd heard' this, he was wroth : ând took' sore dis'pleasure at Israel.

61 So that he forsook the tâber'nacle in Silo : even the tênt that he had' pitched a'mong men.

62 He delivered their pôwer' into captivity : and their beaûty' into the' enemy's hand.

63 He gave his people ôver also' unto the sword : ând was' wroth with' his inheritance.

64 The fire consûmed their' yoüng men : and their mâidens' were not' given to marriage.

65 Their priêsts were' slain with-the sword : and there were nô' widows to' make lamentation.

66 So the Lord awâked as' one out-of sleep : ând like a' giant re'freshed with wine.

67 He smote his ênemies in the' hinder parts : and pût them' to a per'petual shame.

68 He refused the tâber'nacle of Joseph : ând' chose not-the' tribe of Ephraim;

69 But chôse the' tribe of Judah : even the hîll of' Sion' which he loved.

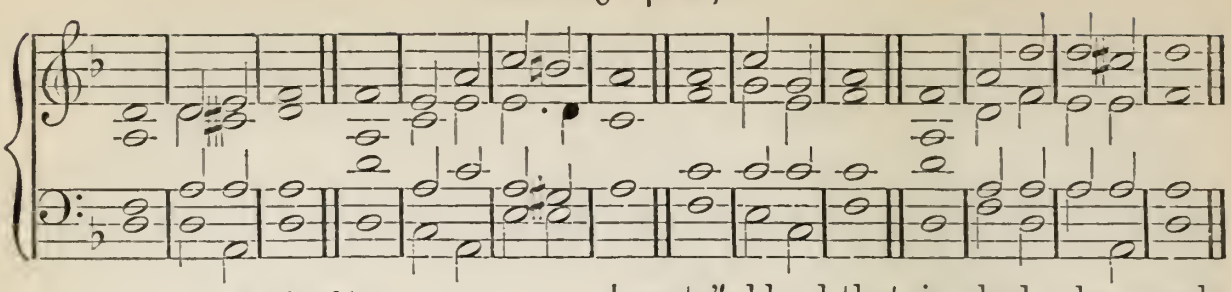
70 And there he buîlt his' temple on high : and laid the foundation of it like the groûnd which' he hath' made continually.

71 He chose Dâvid' also his servant : and tôok him a'way' from the sheep-folds.

72 As he was following the ewes greât with' young-ones he took-him : that he might feed Jacob his pêople, and' Israel' his inheritance.

73 So he fed them with a fâithful and' trüe heart : and rûled them' prudently with' all his power.

Morning Prayer.



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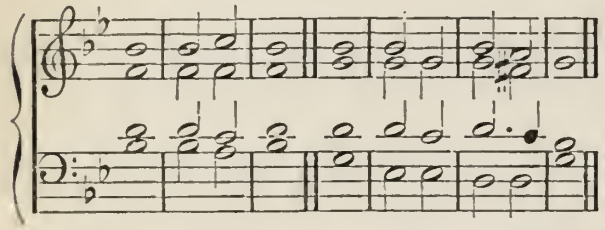


PSALM 79. *Deus, venerunt.*

O GOD, the heathen are côme into' thine inheritance : thy holy temple have they defiled, and mâde Je'rusalem an' heap of stones.

2 The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat ûnto the' fowls of the air : and the flesh of thy sâints un'to the' beasts of the land.

3 Their blood have they shed like water on êvery' side of Jerusalem : ând there was' no-man to' bury them.

4 We are become an ôpen' shame-to our enemies : a very scorn and derîsion unto' them-that are' round about-us.

5 Lord, how lông wilt' thou be angry : shâll thy jealousy' burn like' fire for ever?

6 Pour out thine indignation upon the hêathen that' have not known-thee : and upon the kîngdoms that have not' called up'on thy Name.

7 For thêy have de'voured Jacob : ând laid' waste his' dwelling-place.

8 O remember not our old sins, but have mêrcy upon us, and' thät soon : fôr we are' come to' greät misery.

9 Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glôry' of thy Name : O deliver us, and be merciful ûnto our' sins, for' thy Name's sake.

10 Whêrefore do the' heathen say : Whêre' · is' now their God?

11 O let the vengeance of thy sêrvants" blood-that is shed : be openly shêwed upon the' heathen' in our sight.

12 O let the sorrowful sighing of the prîsoners' come before-thee : according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou thôse that' are ap'pointed to die.

13 And for the blasphemy wherewith our nêighbours' have blasphemed-thee : reward thou them, O Lôrd,' seven-fold' into their bosom.

14 So we, that are thy people, and sheep of thy pasture, shall gîve thee' thanks for ever : and will alway be shewing forth thy prâise, from gene'ration' to generation.

PSALM 80. *Qui regis Israel.*

HEAR, O thou Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Jôseph' like a sheep : shew thyself also, thôu that' sittest up'on the cherubims.

2 Before Ephraim, Bênjamin,' and Manasses : stîr up thy' strength, and' come, and help-us.

3 Tûrn us a'gain, O God : shew the light of thy côuntenance,' and we' shall be whole.

4 O Lôrd' God of hosts : how long wilt thou be ângry' with thy' people that prayeth?

5 Thou fêedest them with the' bread of tears : and givest them plênteous'ness of' tears to drink.

6 Thou hast made us a very strîfe' unto our neighbours : ând our' enemies' laugh-us to scorn.

7 Turn us agâin, thou' God of hosts : shew the light of thy côuntenance,' and we' shall be whole.

8 Thou hast brôught a' vine out-of Egypt : thou hast câst out the' heathen, and' planted it.

9 Thou mâdest' room for it . and whên it had taken' root it' filled the land.

10 The hills were côvered with the' shadow of-it : and the bôughs thereof were like the' goodly' cedar-trees.

11 She stretched out her brânches' unto the sea : ând her' boughs un'to the river.

12 Why hast thou then brôken' down her hedge : that all thêy that go' by pluck' off her grapes?

13 The wild boar out of the wôod doth' root it up : and the wîld' beasts of-the' field devour-it.

14 Turn thee again, thou God of hosts, lôok' down from heaven : bê'hold, and' visit this vine;

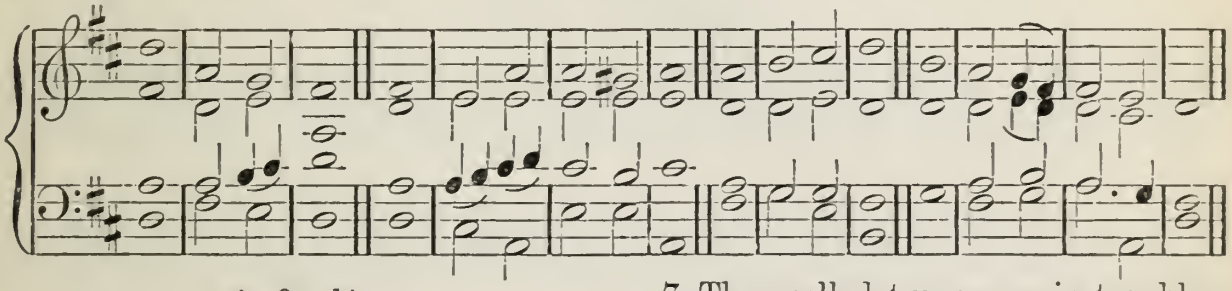
15 And the place of the vineyard that thy right' hand hath planted : and the brânch that thou' madest so' strong for thyself.

16 It is burnt with fîre, and' cüt down : and they shall pêrish at the re'buke of' thy countenance.

17 Let thy hand be upon the mân of' thy right hand : and upon the son of man, whom thou mâdest so' strong for' thine own self.

18 And so will not wê go' back from thee : O let us lîve, and we shall' call up'on thy Name.

19 Turn us again, O Lôrd' God of hosts : shew the light of thy côuntenance,' and we' shall be whole.



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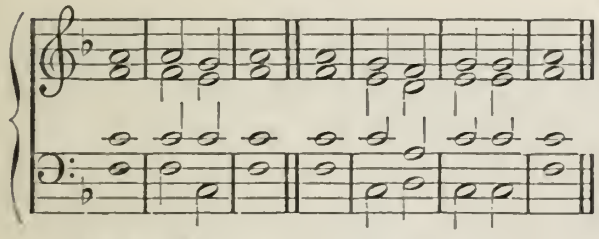


PSALM 81. *Exultate Deo.*

SING we mêrrily unto' God our strength : make a cheerful noîse un'to the' God of Jacob.

2 Take the psâlm, bring' hither the tabret : the mêrry' harp' with the lute.

3 Blow up the trûmpet' in-the new-moon : even in the time appoînted, and up'on our' solemn feast-day.

4 For this was mâde a' statute for Israel : ând a' law of-the' God of Jacob.

5 This he ordained in Jôseph' for a testimony : when he came out of the land of Ègypt, and had' heard a' strânge language.

6 I eased his shôulder' from the burden : and his hânds were de'livered from' making the pots.

7 Thou calledst upon me in troubles, ând I de'livered thee : and heard thee what tîme as the' storm' fell upon-thee.

8 Î' proved thee also : ât the' waters' öf strife.

9 Hear, O my people, and I will assûre' thee, O Israel : îf thou wilt' hearken' unto me,

10 There shall nô strange' god be in-thee : neither shalt thou wôrship' any' other god.

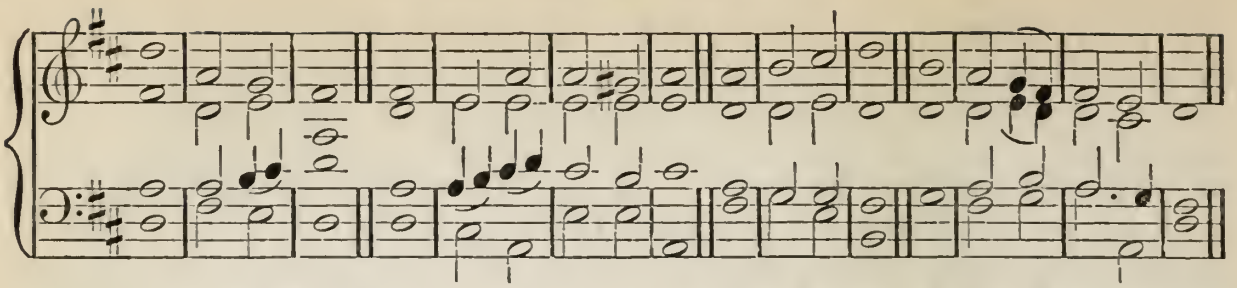
11 I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee ôut of the' land of Egypt : ôpen thy mouth' wide, and' I shall fill-it.

12 But my people wôuld not' hear my voice : ând' Israel would' not obey-me.

13 So I gave them ûp unto their' own hearts' lusts : and let them fôllow their' own im'aginations.

14 O that my people would have heârkened' unto me : for if Israel had' walked' in my ways,

15 I should sôon have put' down their enemies : and tûrned my' hand a'gainst their adversaries.



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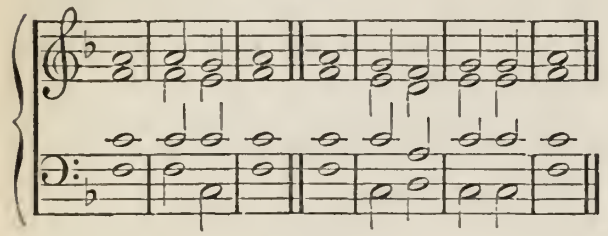
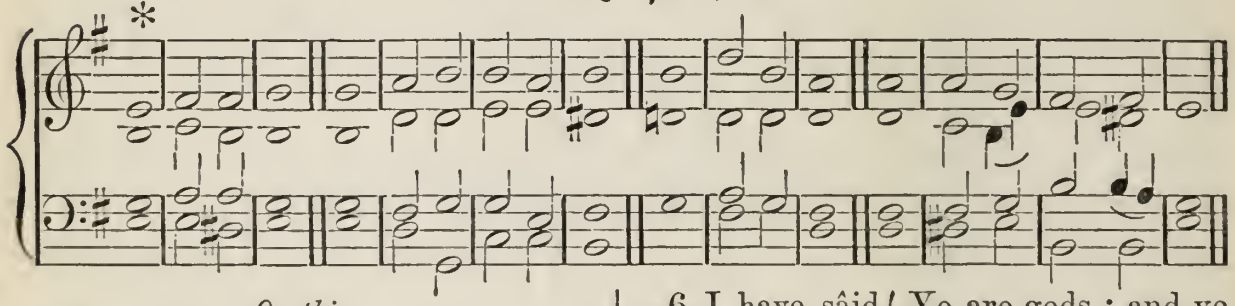


16 The haters of the Lord shôuld have' been found liars : but thêir time' should-have en'dured for ever.

17 He should have fed them âlso with the' finest wheat-flour : and with honey out of the stony rôck' should-I have' satisfied thee.

Evening Prayer.



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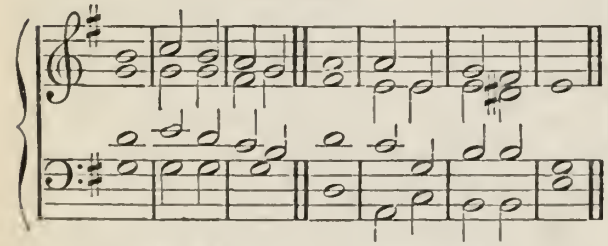


PSALM 82. *Deus stetit.*

GOD stândeth in the congre'gation of princes : hê is a' Judge a'mŏng gods.

2 How lông will ye give' wrŏng judgement : and accêpt the' persons' of the ungodly ?

3 Defênd the' poor and fatherless : see that sûch as are in' need and ne'cessity have right.

4 Delîver the' out-cast and poor : sâve them from the' hand' of the ungodly.

5 They will not be learned nor understand, but wâlk on' still in darkness : all the foundâtions of the' earth are' out of course.

6 I have sâid,' Ye are gods : and ye are âll the' children'of-the most Highest.

7 Bût ye shall' die like men : ând' fall like' one of the princes.

8 Arise, O Gôd, and' judge thou-the earth : for thou shalt tâke all' heathen to' thine inheritance.

PSALM 83. *Deus, quis similis ?*

HOLD not thy tongue, O God, kêep' not still silence : refrâin' not thy'self, O God.

2 For lo, thine ênemies' make a murmuring : and they that hâte thee' have lift' up their head.

3 They have imagined crâftily a'gainst thy people : and taken cŏunsel a'gainst thy' secret ones.

4 They have said, Come, and let us root them out, that they be nô' more a people : and that the name of Israel mây be' no more' in remembrance.

5 For they have cast their heads togêther with' one consent : and âre con'federate a'gäinst thee;

6 The tabernacles of the Êdomites,' and the Ismaelites : the Môa'bites, and ' Hagarens;

7 Gêbal, and ' Ammon, and Amalek : the Phîlistines, with' them that' dwell at Tyre.

8 Assur âlso is' joined with-them : ând have' holpen the' children of Lot.

9 But do thou to them as ûnto the' Midianites : unto Sisera, and unto Jâbin' at the' brook of Kison;

10 Whô' perished at Endor : ând be'came as-the' dung of the earth.

11 Make them and their prînces like' Oreb and Zeb : yea, make all their prînces like as' Zeba' and Salmana;

12 Who say, Lêt us' take to ourselves : the hôuses of' God ' in possession.

13 O my God, make them lîke un'to a wheel : ând as the' stubble be'fore the wind;

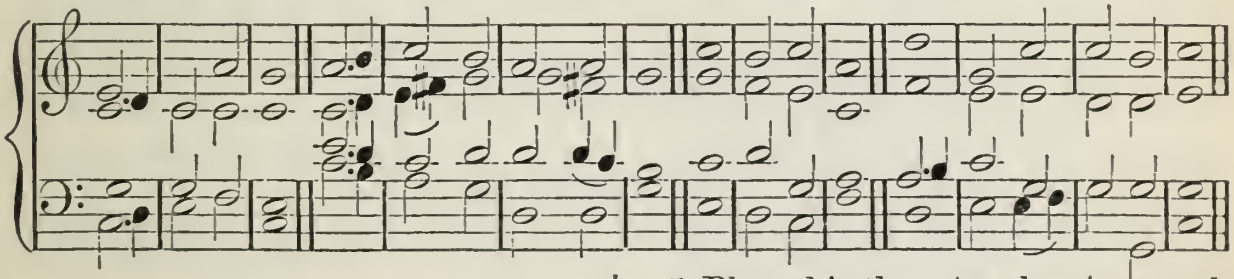
14 Like as the fire that bûrneth' up the wood : ând as the' flame-that con'-sumeth the mountains.

15 Persecute them êven' so-with thy tempest : and mâke them a'fraid ' with thy storm.

16 Make their fâces a'shamed, O Lord : thât' they may' seek thy Name.

17 Let them be confounded and vêx-ed ever' more and more : lêt them be' put to' shame, and perish.

18 And they shall know that thôu, whose' Name is Jehovah : art only the most Hîghest' over' all the earth.



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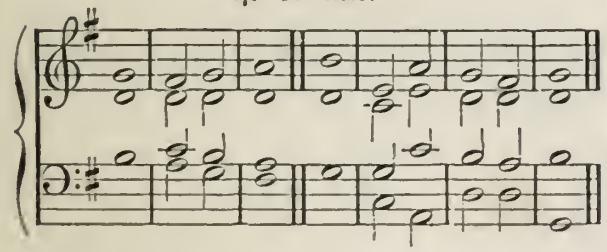


PSALM 84. *Quam dilecta!*

O HOW âmiable' are thy dwellings : thôu' Lord' öf hosts!

2 My soul hath a desire and longing to enter înto the' courts of the Lord : my heart and my flêsh re'joice in-the' living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest whêre she may' lay her young : even thy altars, O Lôrd of' hosts, my' King-and my God.

4 Blessed are thêy that' dwell-in thy house : thêy will be' alway' praising thee.

5 Blessed is the mân whose' strength is in thee : în whose' heart are' thÿ ways.

6 Whô going through the vale of misery ûse it' for a well : ând the' pools are' filled with water.

7 They will gô from' strength to strength : and unto the God of gods appêareth every' one of ' them in Sion.

8 O Lord God of hôsts,' hear my prayer : heârken,' O' God of Jacob.

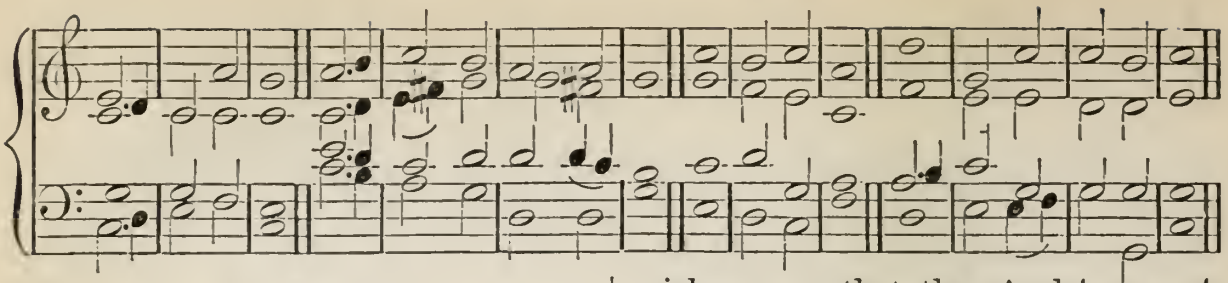
9 Behôld, O' God our defender : and lôok upon the' face of ' thine Anointed.

10 For ône day in' thÿ courts : îs' better' than a thousand.

11 I had rather be a dôor-keeper in the' house-of my God : thân to' dwell in-the' tents of ungodliness.

12 For the Lord Gôd is a' light and defence : the Lord will give grace and worship, and no good thing shall he withhold from thêm that' live a' godly life.

13 O Lôrd ' God of hosts : blessed is the mân that' putteth his' trust in thee.



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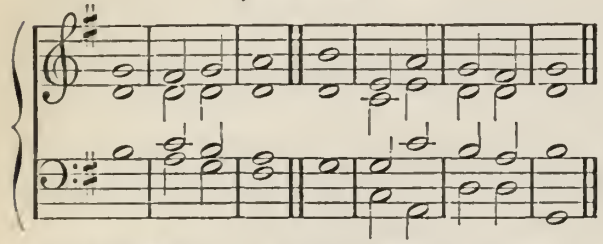


† PSALM 85. *Benedixisti, Domine.*

LORD, thou art become grâcious′ unto thy land : thou hast tûrned a′way the cap′tivity of Jacob.

2 Thou hast forgîven the of′fence-of thy people : ând′ covered′ all their sins.

3 Thou hast tâken away′ all thy displeasure : and turned thysêlf from thy′ wrathful′ indignation.

4 Turn us thên, O′ God our Saviour: and lêt thine′ anger′ cease from us.

5 Wilt thou be displêased at′ us for ever : and wilt thou stretch out thy wrath from ône gene′ration′ to another?

6 Wilt thou not turn agâin, and′ quicken us : that thy pêople′ may re′joice in thee?

7 Shêw us thy′ mercy, O Lord : ând′ grant us′ thy salvation.

8 I will hearken what the Lord God will sây con′cerning me : for he shall speak peace unto his people, and to his sâints, that they′ turn′ not again.

9 For his salvation is nîgh′ them that fear-him : thât′ glory may′ dwell in our land.

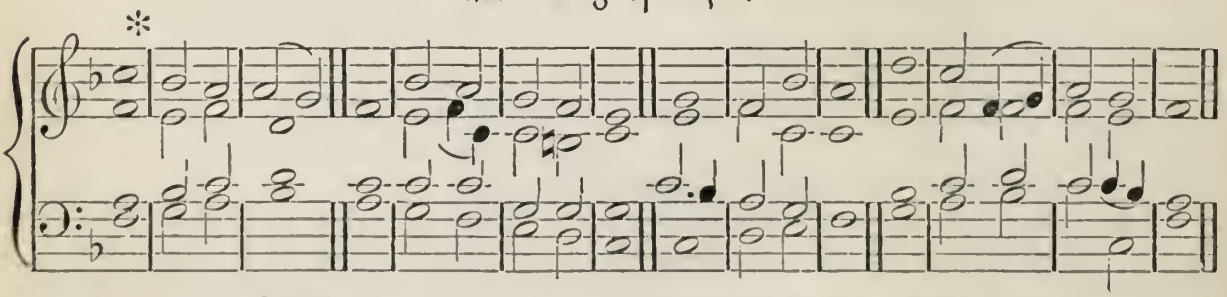
10 Mercy and trûth are′ met together : rîghteousness and′ peace have′ kissed each other.

11 Truth shall flôurish′ out of the earth : and rîghteousness hath′ looked′ down from heaven.

12 Yea, the Lôrd shall′ shew loving-kindness : ând our′ land shall′ give her increase.

13 Rîghteousness shall′ go before him : and he shall dirêct his′ going′ in the way.

Morning Prayer.



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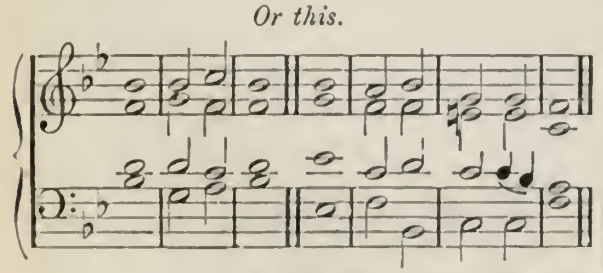


PSALM 86. *Inclina, Domine.*

BOW down thine êar, O′ Lord, and hear-me : fôr I am′ poor,′ and in misery.

2 Preserve thou my sôul, for′ I am holy : my God, save thy sêrvant that′ putteth his′ trust in thee.

† Christmas Day. Morning. Proper Psalms, 19, 45, 85.

3 Be mêrciful unto′ me, O Lord : fôr I will′ call′ daily upon-thee.

4 Cômfort the′ soul-of thy servant : for unto thee, O Lôrd, do′ I lift′ up my soul.

5 For thou, Lôrd, art′ good and gracious : and of great mercy unto âll′ them that′ call upon-thee.

6 Give ear, Lôrd,′ unto my prayer : and pônder the′ voice-of my′ humble desires.

7 In the time of my trôuble I will′ call-upon thee : fôr′· thou′ hearest me.

8 Among the gods there is none lîke unto′ thee, O Lord : there is not ône that can′ do as′ thöu doest.

9 All nations whom thou hast made shall come and wôrship′ thee, O Lord : ând shall′ glori′fy thy Name.

10 For thou art great, and dôest′ wondrous things : thoû′· art′ God alone.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, ând I will′ walk-in thy truth : O knit my heart unto thêe, that′ I may′ fear thy Name.

12 I will thank thee, O Lord my Gôd, with′ all my heart : and will prâise thy′ Name for′ evermore.

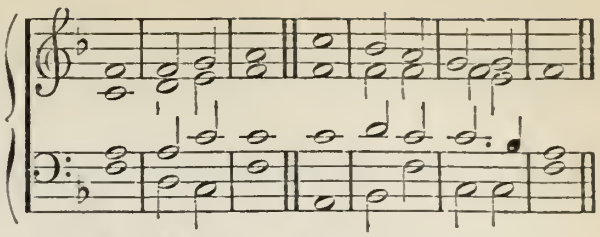
13 For greât is thy′ mercy toward-me : and thou hast delîvered my′ soul from-the′ nethermost hell.

14 O God, the proûd are′ risen against-me : and the congregations of naughty men have sought after my soul, and have not sêt′ thee be′fore their eyes.

15 But thou, O Lord God, art fûll of com′passion and mercy : lông-suffering,′ plenteous in′ goodness and truth.

16 O turn thee then unto mê, and have′ mercy upon-me : give thy strength unto thy sêrvant, and′ help the′ son-of thine handmaid.

17 Shew some token upon me for good, that they who hate me may sêe it, and′ be ashamed : because thou, Lord, hast hôlpen′ me, and′ comforted me.



PSALM 87. *Fundamenta ejus.*

HER foundations are upôn the′ holy hills : the Lord loveth the gates of Sion môre than′ all the′ dwellings of Jacob.

2 Very excellent thîngs are′ spoken of thee : thoû′ city′ öf God.

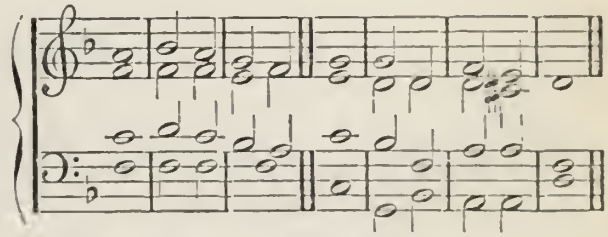
3 I will thînk upon′ Rahab and Babylon : wîth′ them that′ knöw me.

4 Behôld ye the′ Philistines also : and they of Tyre, with the Morians ; lô,′ there′ was he born.

5 And of Sion it shall be repôrted that′ he-was born in-her : ând the most′ High shall′ stablish her.

6 The Lord shall rehearse it when he wrîteth′ up the people : thât′ he was′ börn there.

7 The singers also and trûmpeters shall′ he rehearse : Âll my fresh′ springs shall′ be in thee.



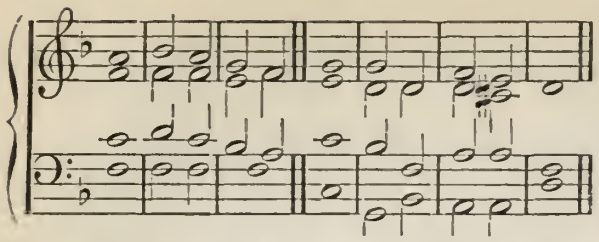
PSALM 88. *Domine Deus.*

O LORD God of my salvation, I have crîed day and′ night before-thee : O let my prayer enter into thy presence, inclîne thine′ ear un′to my calling.

2 For my soûl is′ full of trouble : ând my′ life draweth′ nigh unto hell.

3 I am counted as one of them that go dôwn in′to the pit : and I have been êven as a′ man that′ hath no strength.

4 Free among the dead, like unto them that are woûnded, and′ lie in-the grave : who are out of remembrance, ând are′ cut a′way-from thy hand.



5 Thou hast lâid me in the' lowest pit : in a plâce of' darkness, and' in the deep.

6 Thine indignâtion lieth' hard upon-me : and thou hast vêxed' me with' all thy storms.

7 Thou hast put away mine acquâintance' fär from-me : and mâde me to' be ab'horred of-them.

8 I am sô' fast in prison : thât I' cannot' gĕt forth.

9 My sight fâileth for' very trouble : Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have strêtched' forth my' hands unto thee.

10 Dost thou shew wônders a'mong the dead : or shall the dead rîse' up a'gain, and praise-thee ?

11 Shall thy loving-kindness be shêwed' in the grave : ôr thy' faithfulness' in destruction.

12 Shall thy wondrous wôrks be' known in-the dark : and thy righteousness in the lând where' all things' are forgotten ?

13 Unto thêe have I' cried, O Lord : and êarly shall my' prayer' come before-thee.

14 Lord, why abhôrrest' thou my soul : and hîdest' thou thy' fäce from-me ?

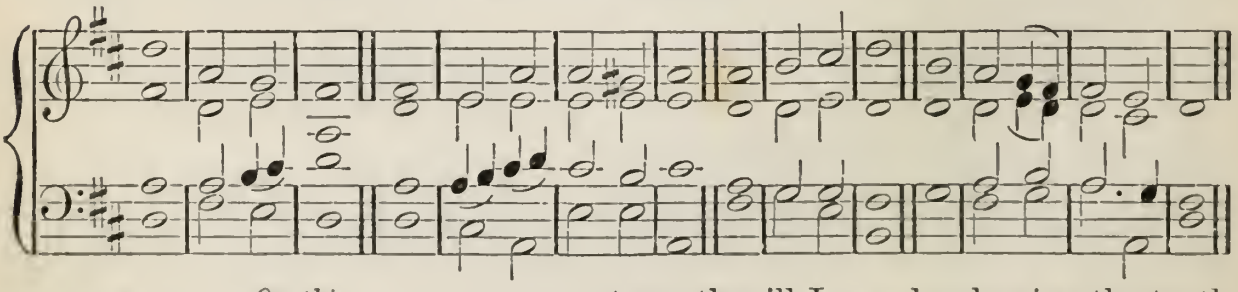
15 I am in misery, and like unto him that îs at the' point to die : even from my youth up thy terrors have I sûffered' with a' troubled mind.

16 Thy wrathful displêasure goeth' over me : and the fêar of' thee' hath undone-me.

17 They came roûnd about me' daily like water : and cômpassed me to'gether on' every side.

18 My lovers and friends hâst thou' put away from-me : and hîd mine ac'quaintance' out-of my sight.

Evening Prayer.



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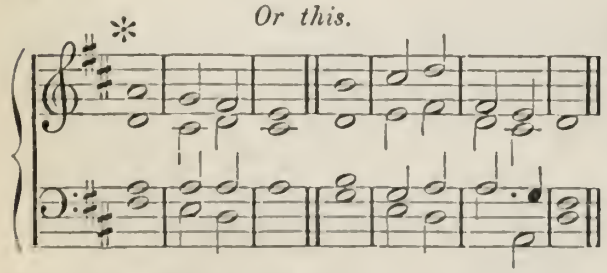


† PSALM 89. *Misericordias Domini.*

MY song shall be alway of the loving-kîndness' of the Lord : with my mouth will I ever be shewing thy truth from ône gene'ration' to another.

2 For I have said, Mercy shall be sêt' up for ever : thy trûth shalt thou' stablish' in the heavens.

3 I have made a côvenant' with my chosen : I have' sworn unto' David my servant ;

4 Thy sêed will I' stablish for ever : and set up thy throne from ône gene'ration' to another.

† Christmas Day. Evening. Proper Psalms, 89, 110, 132.

5 O Lord, the very heavens shall prâise thy′ wondrous works : and thy trûth in the congre′gation′ of the saints.

6 For who is hê a′mong the clouds : thât shall be com′pared′ unto the Lord ?

7 And whât is he a′mong the gods : thât shall be′ like un′to the Lord ?

8 God is very greatly to be feared in the côuncil′ of the saints : and to be had in reverence of âll′ them that are′ round about-him.

9 O Lord God of hosts, whô is′ like unto thee : thy truth, most mighty Lôrd,′ is on′ every side.

10 Thou rulest the râging′ of the sea : thou stillest the wâves there′of when′ they arise.

11 Thou hast subdued Êgypt,′ and destroyed it : thou hast scattered thine ênemies a′broad with thy′ mighty arm.

12 The heavens are thine, the êarth′ also is thine : thou hast laid the foundation of the round wôrld, and′ all that′ therein is.

13 Thôu hast made the′ north and-the south : Tabor and Hêrmon′ shall re′joice-in thy Name.

14 Thôu hast a′ mighty arm : strong is thy hând, and′ high is′ thy right hand.

15 Righteousness and equity are the habitâtion′ of thy seat : mercy and trûth shall′ go be′fore thy face.

16 Blessed is the people, O Lord, that cân re′joice in thee : thêy shall′ walk in-the′ light-of thy countenance.

17 Their delight shall be dâily′ in thy Name : and in thy rîghteousness′ shall they′ make their boast.

18 For thou art the glôry′ of their strength : and in thy loving-kîndness thou′ shalt lift′ up our horns.

19 For the Lôrd is′ our defence : the Hôly One of′ Israel′ is our King.

20 Thou spakest some time in vîsions unto thy′ saints, and saidst : I have laid help upon one that is mighty ; I have exalted ône′ chosen′ out of the people.

21 I have foûnd′ David my servant : with my holy ôil have′ I a′nointed him.

22 My hând shall′ hold him fast : ând my′ arm shall′ strengthen him.

23 The enemy shall not be âble to′ do him violence : the sôn of′ wickedness′ shall not hurt-him.

24 I will smite down his fôes be′fore his face : ând′ plague′ them that hate-him.

25 My truth also and my mêrcy′ shall be with-him : and in mŷ′ Name shall-his′ horn be exalted.

26 I will set his domînion also′ in the sea : ând his′ right hand′ in the floods.

27 He shall câll me,′ Thou-art my Father : mŷ′ God, and my′ strong salvation.

28 Ând I will′ make-him my first-born : hîgher′ than the′ kings of the earth.

29 My mercy will I kêep for him for′ evermore : and my côvenant′ shall stand′ fäst with-him.

30 His seed also will I mâke to en′-dure for ever : ând his′ throne as-the′ days of heaven.

31 But if his chîldren for′sake my law : ând′ walk not′ in my judgements ;

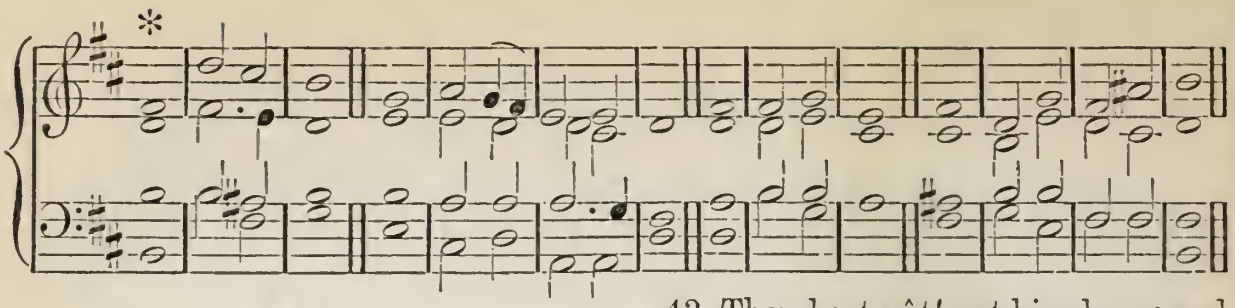
32 If they break my statutes, and kêep not′ my commandments : I will visit their offences with the rôd,′ and their′ sin with scourges.

33 Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not ûtterly′ täke from-him : nôr′ suffer my′ truth to fail.

34 My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gône′ out-of my lips : I have sworn once by my hôliness, that I′ will not′ fäil David.

35 His sêed shall en′dure for ever : and his sêat is′ like as-the′ sun before-me.

36 He shall stand fâst for ever′more as-the moon : ând as the′ faithful′ witness in heaven.



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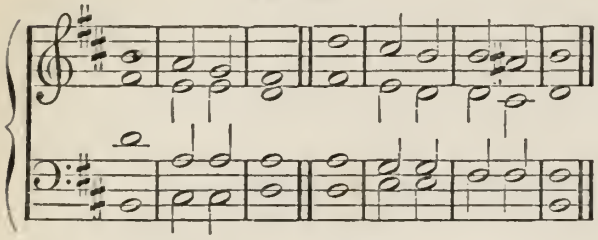


37 But thou hast abhorred and for-sâken′ thine Anointed : ând′ art dis′-pleased at-him.

38 Thou hast broken the côvenant′ of thy servant : ând′ cast his′ crown to-the ground.

39 Thou hast overthrôwn′ all his hedg-es : and brôken′ down his′ strông holds.

40 All thêy that′ go by spoil-him : ând he is be′come-a re′proach-to his neighbours.

41 Thou hast set up the rîght′ hand-of his enemies : and made âll his′ ad-versaries′ to rejoice.

42 Thou hast taken awây the′ edge-of his sword : and gîvest him not′ vic-tory′ in the battle.

43 Thou hast pût′ out his glory : and câst his′ throne down′ to the ground.

44 The days of his yoûth′ hast thou shortened : ând′ covered him′ with dis-honour.

45 Lord, how long wilt thou hîde thy′self, for ever : and shâll thy′ wrath′ burn like fire?

46 O remêmber how′ short my time-is : whêrefore hast thou′ made all′ men for nought?

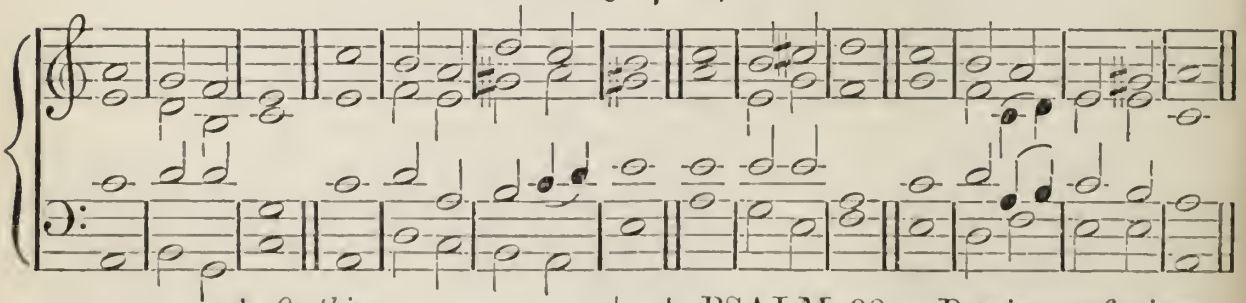
47 What man is he that lîveth, and shall′ not see death : and shall he de-lîver his′ soul from-the′ hand of hell?

48 Lord, whêre are thy old′ loving-kindnesses : which thou swârest unto′ David′ in thy truth?

49 Remember, Lord, the rebûke that thy′ servants have : and how I do bear in my bôsom the re′bukes of′ many people;

50 Wherewith thine enemies have blasphemed thee, and slandered the fôotsteps of′ thine Anointed : Praised be the Lord for evermore. Â′men, and′ Ämen.

Morning Prayer.



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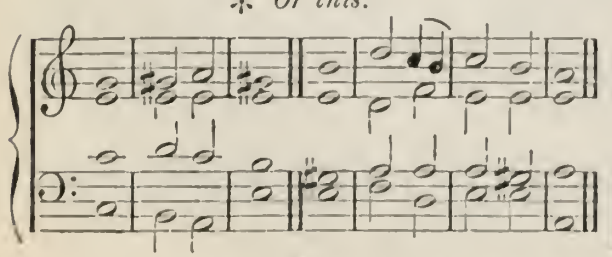


† PSALM 90. *Domine, refugium.*

LORD, thoû hast′ been our refuge : from ône gene′ration′ to another.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the êarth and the′ world were made : thou art God from ever-lâsting, and′ world with′oüt end.

† Psalm 90 may be sung to the second Chant on page 75.

3 Thou tûrnest′ man-to destruction: again thou sayest, Côme a′gain, ye′ children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight âre′ but as yesterday: seeing thât is′ past as-a′ watch in-the night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them they are êven′ as a sleep: and fâde away′ suddenly′ like the grass.

6 In the morning it is grêen, and′ groweth up: but in the evening it is cût down,′ dried′ up, and withered.

7 For we consume awây in′ thy displeasure: and are afrâid at thy′ wrathful′ indignation.

8 Thou hast sêt our′ misdeeds before-thee: and our sêcret′ sins in-the′ light-of thy countenance.

9 For when thou art angry âll our′ days are gone: we bring our years to an end, âs it′ were a′ tale-that is told.

10 The days of our age are three-score years and ten; and though men be so strong that they côme to′ four-score years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon pâsseth it a′way, and′ we are gone.

11 But who regârdeth the′ power-of thy wrath: for even thereafter as a mân feareth,′ so is′ thy displeasure.

12 So têach us to′ number our days: thât we may ap′ply our′ hearts unto wisdom.

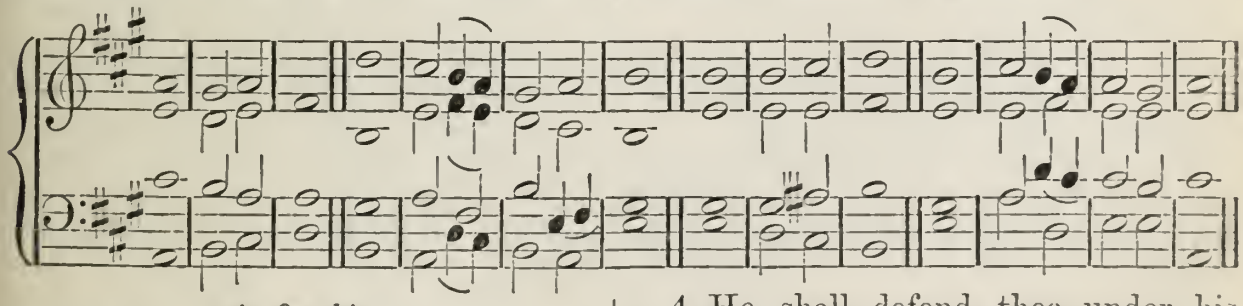
13 Turn thee agâin, O′ Lord, at-the last: ând be′ gracious′ unto thy servants.

14 O satisfy us with thy mêrcy, and′ thät soon: so shall we rejôice and be′ glad all-the′ days-of our life.

15 Comfort us again now after the tîme that thou hast′ plagued us: and for the yêars where′in we have′ suffered adversity.

16 Shêw thy′ servants thy work: ând their′ children′ thÿ glory.

17 And the glorious Majesty of the Lôrd our′ God be upon-us: prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prôsper′ thou our′ handy-work.



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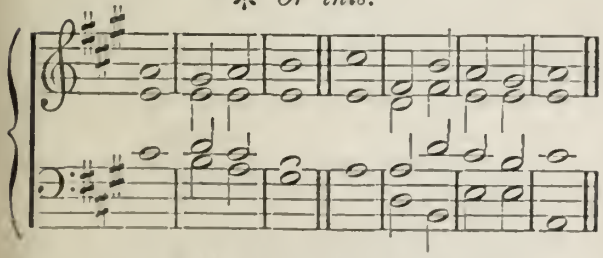


PSALM 91. *Qui habitat.*

WHOSO dwelleth under the defênce′ of the most High: shall abide ûnder the′ shadow′ of-the Almighty.

2 I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hôpe, and my′ strông hold: mŷ′ God, in′ him-will I trust.

3 For he shall delîver thee from the′ snare of the hunter: ând from the′ noisome′ pestilence.

4 He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be sâfe′ under his feathers: his faithfulness and trûth shall′ be thy′ shield and buckler.

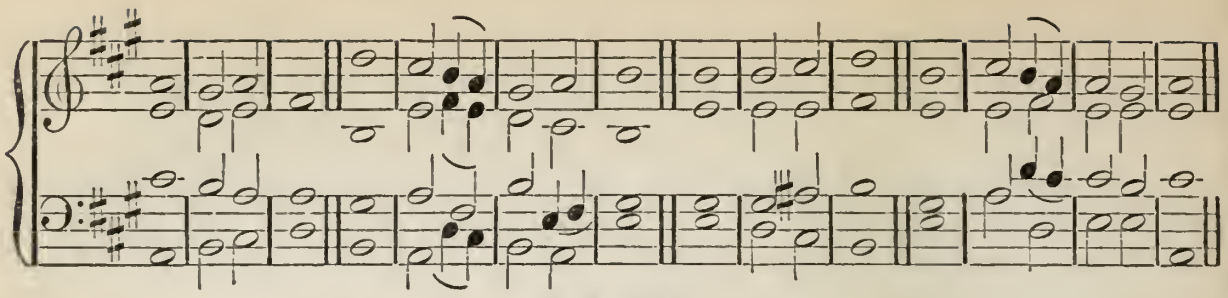
5 Thou shalt not be afrâid for any′ terror by night: nôr for the′ arrow that′ flieth by day;

6 For the pêstilence that′ walketh in darkness: nor for the sîckness that de′stroyeth′ in the noon-day.

7 A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thôusand at′ thy right hand: bût it′ shall not′ come nigh thee.

8 Yea, with thine êyes shalt′ thou behold: and sêe the re′ward′ of the ungodly.

9 For thôu, Lord,′ art my hope: thou hast sêt thine′ house of-de′fence very high.



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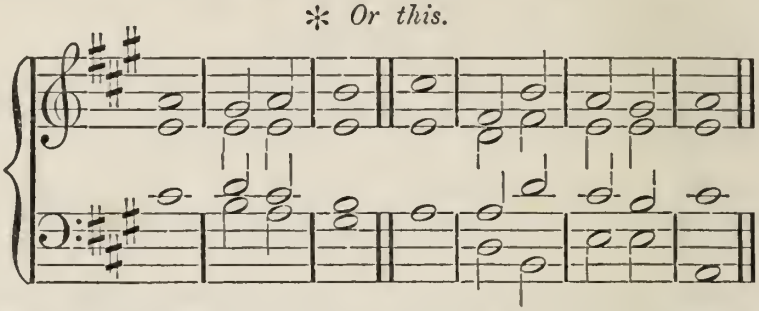


10 There shall no evil hâppen′ unto thee : nêither shall any′ plague come′ nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels chârge′ over thee : tô′ keep thee-in′ all thy ways.

12 They shall beâr thee′ in their hands : that thou hûrt not thy′ foot a′gainst a stone.

13 Thou shalt gô upon the′ lion and adder : the young lion and the drâgon′ shalt-thou tread′ under thy feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, thêrefore will I de′liver him : I will set him ûp, be′cause he-hath′ known my Name.

15 He shall câll upon me, and′ I will hear-him : yea, I am with him in trouble ; I will delîver′ him, and′ bring him to honour.

16 With long lîfe will I′ satisfy-him : ând′ shew him′ my salvation.

PSALM 92. *Bonum est confiteri.*

IT is a good thing to give thânks un′to the Lord : and to sing prâises unto thy′ Name, O′ möst Highest ;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness êarly′ in the morning : ând of thy′ truth in-the′ nïght-season ;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, ând up′on the lute : upon a lôud instrument,′ and up′on the harp.

4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glâd′ through thy works : and I will rejoice in giving prâise for the ope′rations′ of thy hands.

5 O Lord, how glôrious′ are thy works : thŷ′ thoughts are′ very deep.

6 An unwise man doth not wêll con′sider this : ând a′ fool doth-not′ understand-it.

7 When the ungodly are green as the grass, and when all the workers of wîcked′ness do flourish : then shall they be destroyed for ever ! but thou, Lord, ârt the most′ Highest for′ evermore.

8 For lo, thine enemies, O Lord, lô, thine′ enemies shall perish : and all the workers of wîcked′ness shall′ be destroyed.

9 But mine horn shall be exalted lîke the′ horn-of an unicorn : fôr I am a′nointed-with′ frësh oil.

10 Mine eye also shall sêe his′ lust-of mine enemies : and mine ear shall hear his desire of the wîcked that a′rise′ up against-me.

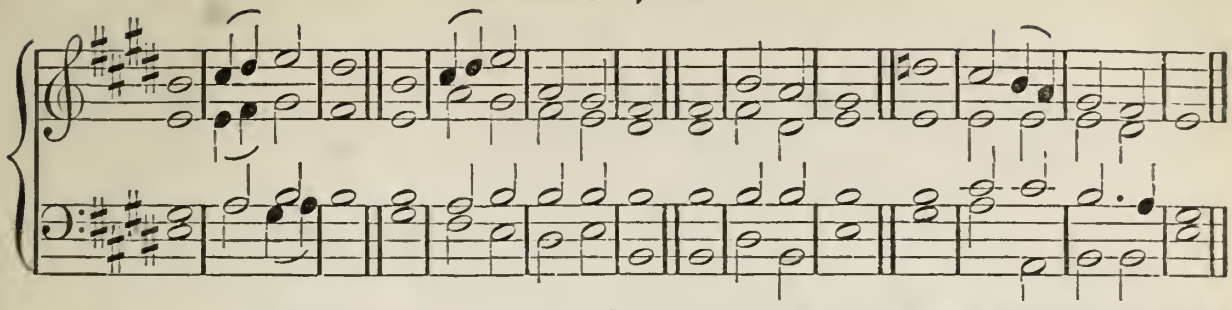
11 The righteous shall floûrish′ like a palm-tree : and shall sprêad a′broad like-a′ cedar in Libanus.

12 Such as are plânted in the′ house of the Lord : shall floûrish in the′ courts of the′ house-of our God.

13 They also shall brîng forth more′ fruit-in their age : ând shall be′ fat and′ wëll-liking.

14 That they may shew how trûe the′ Lord my strength-is : and that there is nô un′righteous′ness in him.

Evening Prayer.



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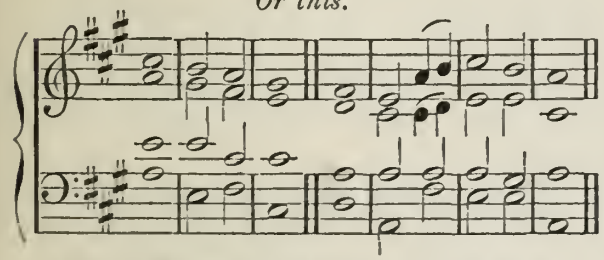


PSALM 93. *Dominus regnavit.*

THE Lord is King, and hath pût on' glorious apparel : the Lord hath put on his appârel, and' girded him'self with strength.

2 He hath made the rôund' world so sure : thât it' cannot be' mö-ved.

3 Ever since the world began hâth thy' seat been prepared : thôu' art from' everlasting.

4 The floods are risen, O Lord, the flôods have lift' up their voice : thê' floods lift' up their waves.

5 The waves of the sea are mîghty, and' räge horribly : but yet the Lôrd, who' dwelleth on' high, is mightier.

6 Thy testimonies, O Lôrd, are' very sure : hôliness be'cometh thine' house for ever.

PSALM 94. *Deus ultionum.*

O LORD God, to whôm' vengeance belongeth : thou God, to whom vêngeance be'longeth,' shew thyself.

2 Arîse, thou' Judge of the world : and rewârd the' proud after' their deserving.

3 Lord, how lông' shall-the ungodly : how lông' shall-the un'godly triumph ?

4 How long shall all wicked doers spêak' so disdainfully : ând' make such' proüd boasting ?

5 They smite dôwn thy' people, O Lord : ând' trouble thine' heritage.

6 They murder the wîdow,' and the stranger : and pût the' father'less to death.

7 And yet they say, Tûsh, the' Lord shall-not see : nêither shall the' God of' Jacob regard-it.

8 Take heed, ye unwîse a'mong the people : O ye fôols,' when will-ye' understand ?

9 He that planted the êar, shall' he not hear : or he that mâde the' eye, shall' he not see ?

10 Or hê that' nurtureth the heathen : it is he that teacheth man knôwledge,' shall not' hë punish ?

11 The Lord knôweth the' thoughts of man : thât' they are' bût vain.

12 Blessed is the man whom thôu' chastenest, O Lord : ând' teachest him' in thy law ;

13 That thou mayest give him pâtience in' time-of adversity : until the pît be' digged up' for-the ungodly.

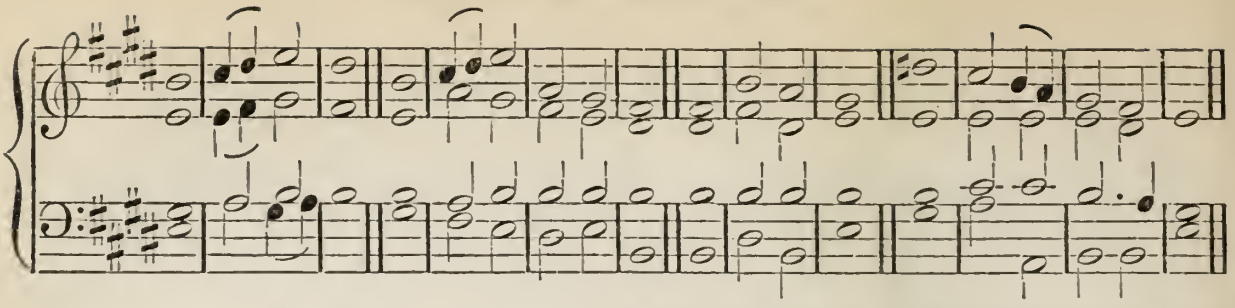
14 For the Lôrd will not' fail his people : nêither will' he for'sake his inheritance ;

15 Until righteousness tûrn a'gain unto judgement : all such as are trûe in' heart shall' follow it.

16 Who will rise up with mê a'gainst the wicked : or who will take my pârt a'gainst the' evil-doers ?

17 If the Lôrd had not' helped me : it had not fâiled but my' soul-had been' put to silence.

18 But when I sâid, My' foot hath slipt : thy mêrcy, O' Lord,' held me up.



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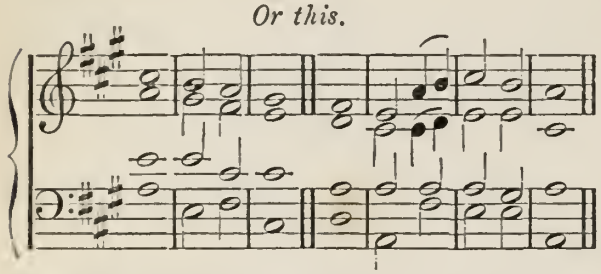


19 In the multitude of the sôrrows that I′ had-in my heart : thy cômforts′ have re′freshed my soul.

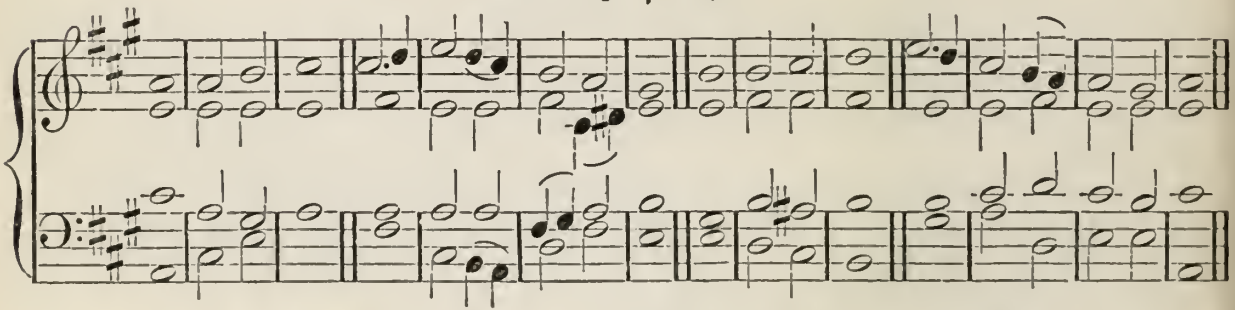
20 Wilt thou have anything to dô with the′ stool of wickedness : which imâgineth′ mischief′ as a law?

21 They gather them together agâinst the′ soul-of the righteous : ând con′demn the′ innocent blood.

22 Bût the′ Lord-is my refuge : ând my′ God is-the′ strength-of my confidence.

23 He shall recompense them their wickedness, and destrôy them in their′ öwn malice : yeâ, the′ Lord our′ God shall destroy-them.

Morning Prayer.



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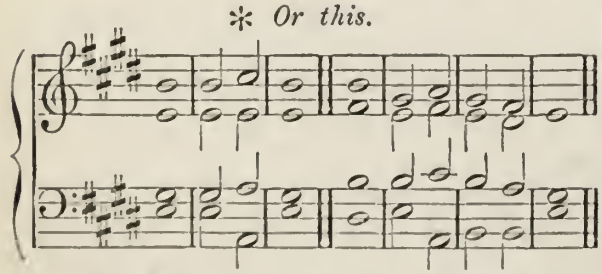


PSALM 95. *Venite, exultemus.*

O COME, let us sîng un′to the Lord: let us heartily rejoîce in the′ strength of′ our salvation.

2 Let us come before his prêsence′ with thanksgiving : and shêw ourselves′ glad in′ him with psalms.

3 For the Lôrd is a′ greät God : ând a great′ King a′bove all gods.

4 In his hand are all the côrners′ of the earth : and the strêngth of the′ hills is′ hïs also.

5 The sêa is his, and′ hë made-it : and hîs hands pre′pared the′ drÿ land.

6 O come, let us wôrship, and′ fäll down : and knêel be′fore the′ Lord our Maker.

7 For hê is the′ Lord our God : and we are the people of his pâsture,′ and the′ sheep-of his hand.

8 To-day if ye will hear his voice, hârden′ not your hearts : as in the provocation, and as in the dây of temp′tation′ in the wilderness;

9 Whên your fathers′ tempted me : prôved′ me, and′ saw my works.

10 Forty years long was I grieved with thîs gene′ration, and said : It is a

people that do err in their heârts, for they' have not' known my ways;

11 Unto whôm I' sware-in my wrath : that they shoûld not' enter' into my rest.

PSALM 96. *Cantate Domino.*

O SÎNG unto the' Lord-a new song: sîng unto the' Lord, all the' whôle earth.

2 Sing unto the Lôrd, and' praise his Name : be telling of hîs sal'vation from' day to day.

3 Declare hîs hônour' unto the heathen : ând his' wonders' unto all people.

4 For the Lord is great, and cannot wôrthi'ly be praised : he is môre to be' feared' than all gods.

5 As for all the gods of the hêathen, they' are but idols : bût it is the' Lord that' made the heavens.

6 Glory and wôrship' are before-him: pôwer and' honour are' in his sanctuary.

7 Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kîndreds' of the people : ascrîbe unto the' Lord' worship and power.

8 Ascribe unto the Lord the honour dûe un'to his Name : bring prêsents, and' come in'to his courts.

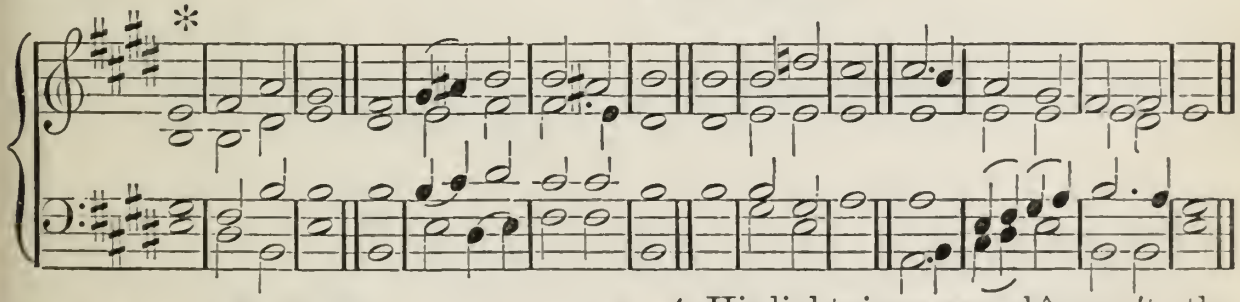
9 O worship the Lôrd in the' beauty of holiness : let the whôle' earth stand-in' awe of him.

10 Tell it out among the hêathen that the' Lord is King : and that it is he who hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved; and how that hê shall' judge the' people righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoîce, and let the' earth be glad : let the sea make a noîse, and' all that' therein is.

12 Let the field be jôyful, and' all-that is in-it : then shall all the trees of the wôod re'joice be'fore the Lord.

13 For he cometh, for he cômeth to' judge the earth : and with righteousness to judge the world, ând the' people' with his truth.



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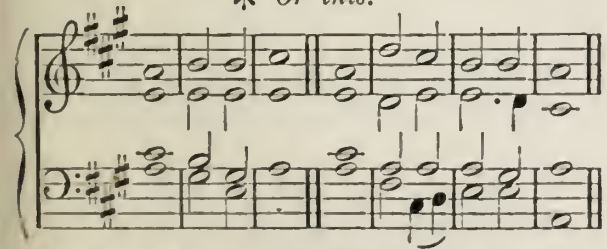


PSALM 97. *Dominus regnavit.*

THE Lord is King, the êarth may be' glad thereof : yea, the mûltitude of the' isles may-be' glad thereof.

2 Clouds and dârkness are' round about-him : righteousness and judgement are the hâbi'tation' of his seat.

3 There shall gô a' fire before-him : and bûrn up his' enemies on' every side.

4 His lightnings gave shîne un'to the world : the êarth' saw-it, and' was afraid.

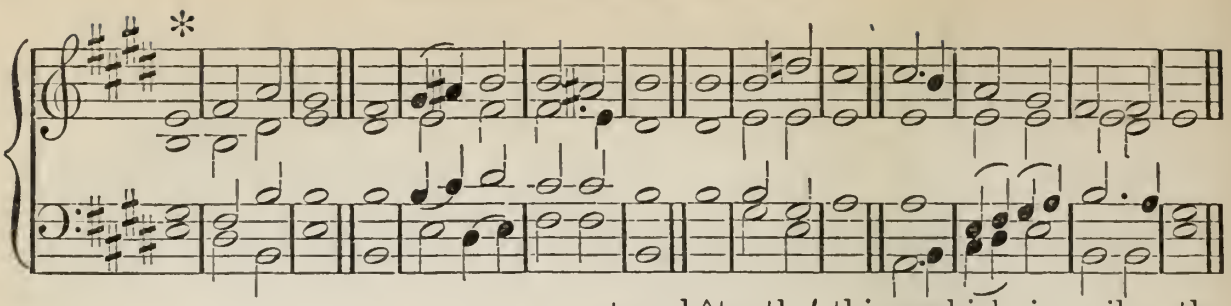
5 The hills melted like wax at the prêsence' of the Lord : at the prêsence of the' Lord of-the' whôle earth.

6 The hêavens have de'clared his righteousness : and âll the' people have' seen his glory.

7 Confounded be all they that worship carved images, and that delîght in' väin gods : wôrship' him,' all ye gods.

8 Sion hêard of it,' and rejoiced : and the daughters of Judah were glâd, be'-cause-of thy' judgements, O Lord.

9 For thou, Lord, art higher than âll that' are in-the earth : thou art exâlted' far a'bove all gods.



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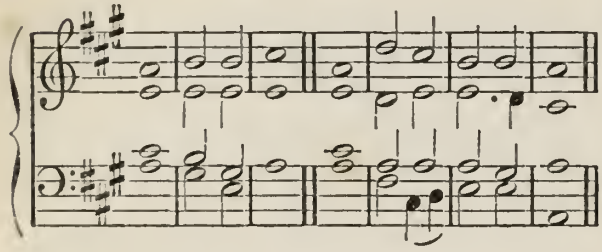
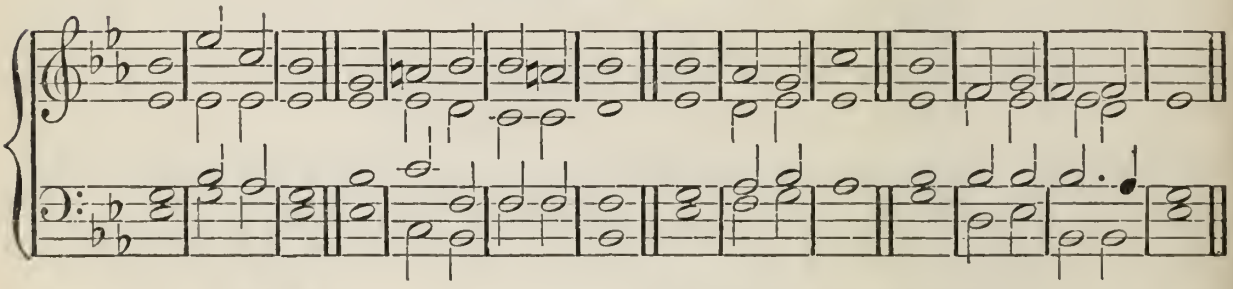

10 O ye that love the Lord, see that ye hâte the' thing-which is evil : the Lord preserveth the souls of his saints ; he shall deliver them frôm the' hand' of the ungodly.

11 There is sprûng up a' light for-the righteous : and joyful glâdness for' such as are' trüe-hearted.

12 Rejoîce in the' Lord, ye righteous : and give thanks fôr a re'membrance' of his holiness.

Evening Prayer.



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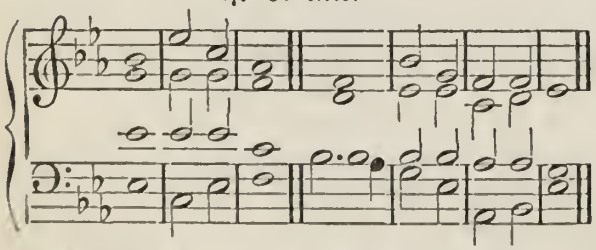


PSALM 98. *Cantate Domino.*

O SÎNG unto the' Lord-a new song : fôr' he-hath done' marvellous things.

2 With his own right hând, and with his' holy arm : hâth he' gotten him'self the victory.

3 The Lord declâred' his salvation : his righteousness hath he ôpenly' shewed in-the' sight of the heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth tôward the' house of Israel : and all the ends of the world have sêen the sal'vation' of our God.

5 Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lôrd,' all ye lands : sîng, re'joice, and' give thanks.

6 Praise the Lôrd up'on the harp : sîng to the' harp with-a' psalm-of thanksgiving.

7 With trûmpets' also, and shawms : O shew yourselves jôyful be'fore the' Lord the King.

8 Let the sea make a noise, and âll that' therein is : the round wôrld, and' they that' dwell therein.

9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful togêther be'fore the Lord : fôr he is' come to' judge the earth.

10 With rîghteousness shall he' judge the world : ând the' people with' equity.

PSALM 99. *Dominus regnavit.*

THE Lord is King, be the pêople'

never so impatient : he sitteth between the chêrubims, be the' earth never' so unquiet.

2 The Lôrd is' great in Sion : ând' high a'bove all people.

3 They shall give thânks un'to thy Name : which is greât,' wonder'ful, and holy.

4 The King's power loveth judgement ; thoû hast pre'pared equity : thou hast executed jûdgement and' righteous'ness in Jacob.

5 O mâgnify the' Lord our God : and fall dôwn before his' footstool, for' he is holy.

6 Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among such as câll up'on his Name : these câlled upon the' Lord,' and he heard-them.

7 He spake unto them oût of the' cloudy pillar : for they kept his têstimonies,' and the' law-that he gave-them.

8 Thou hêardest them, O' Lord our God : thou forgavest them, O Gôd, and' punishedst their' own inventions.

9 O magnify the Lord our God, and worship hîm upon his' holy hill : fôr the' Lord our' God is holy.

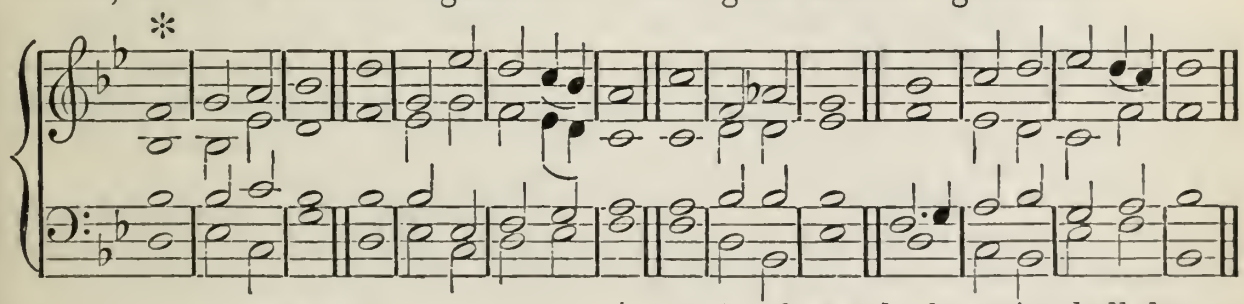
PSALM 100. *Jubilate Deo.*

O BE joyful in the Lôrd,' all ye lands : serve the Lord with gladness, and côme before his' presence' with a song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lôrd' he is God : it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are his pêople,' and the' sheep-of his pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and înto his' courts with praise : be thânkful unto' him,-and speak' good-of his Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, his mêrcy is' everlasting : and his truth endûreth from gene'ration to' generation.



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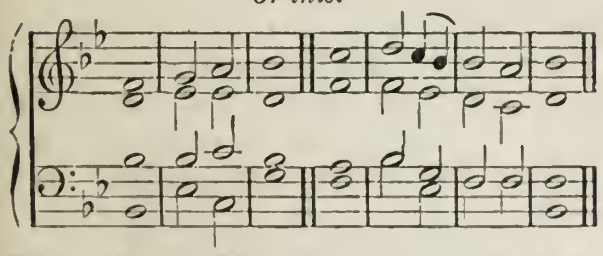


PSALM 101. *Misericordiam et judicium.*

MY sông shall be of' mercy and judgement : ûnto' thee, O' Lord, will I sing.

2 O lêt me' have understanding : în the' way of' godliness.

3 When wîlt thou' come unto me : I will wâlk in my' house with-a' perfect heart.

4 I will take no wicked thing in hand; I hâte the' sins-of unfaithfulness : thêre shall' no such' cleave unto-me.

5 A froward heârt' shall-depart from-me : I wîll not' know a' wicked person.

6 Whoso prîvily' slandereth his neighbour : hîm' · will' I destroy.

7 Whoso hath also a proûd' look- and high stomach : Ì' will not' suffer him.

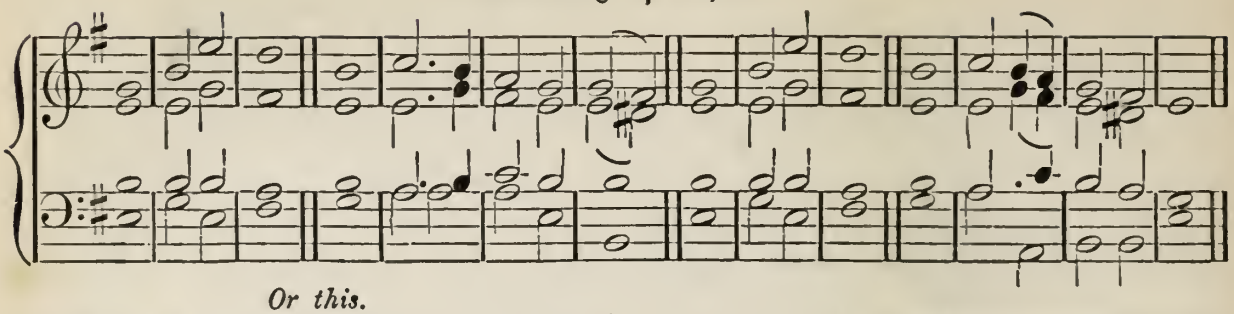
8 Mine eyes look upon such as are fâithful' in the land : thât' they may' dwell with me.

9 Whoso lêadeth a' godly life : hê' · shall' be my servant.

10 There shall no deceitful pêrson' dwell-in my house : he that telleth lîes shall not' tarry' in my sight.

11 I shall soon destroy all the ungôdly that are' in the land : that I may root out all wicked dôers from the' city' of the Lord.

Morning Prayer.



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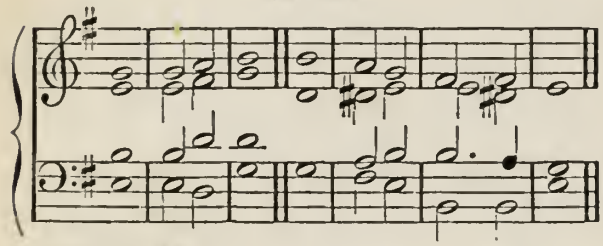


PSALM 102. *Domine, exaudi.*

HÊAR my′ prayer, O Lord : and lêt my′ crying′ come unto-thee.

2 Hide not thy fâce from me in the′ time-of my trouble : incline thine ear unto me when I câll ; O′ hear me, and′ that right soon.

3 For my days are consûmed a′way like smoke : and my bones are bûrnt up′ as it′ were a fire-brand.

4 My heart is smitten dôwn, and′ withered like grass : sô that I for′get to′ eat my bread.

5 Fôr the′ voice-of my groaning : my bônes will′ scarce′ cleave-to my flesh.

6 I am become like a pêlican′ in the wilderness : ând like an′ owl that is′ in the desert.

7 I have watched, and am êven as it′ were a sparrow : that sîtteth a′lone up′-on the house-top.

8 Mine enemies revîle me′ all-the day long : and they that are mâd upon me are′ sworn to′gether against-me.

9 For I have eaten âshes′ as-it were bread : ând′ mingled my′ drink with weeping ;

10 And that becâuse of thine indig′-nation and wrath : for thou hast tâken me′ up, and′ cast me down.

11 My dâys are′ gone like-a shadow : ând′ I am′ withered like grass.

12 But thou, O Lôrd, shalt en′dure for ever : and thy remêmbrance through′-out all′ generations.

13 Thou shalt arise, and have mêrcy′ upon Sion : for it is time that thou have mêrcy upon her,′ yea, the′ time is come.

14 And why ? thy servants thînk up′on her stones : and it pîtieth them to′ see her′ in the dust.

15 The heathen shall fêar thy′ Name, O Lord : and âll the′ kings of-the′ earth thy Majesty ;

16 When the Lôrd shall′ build up Sion : ând when his′ glory′ shall appear ;

17 When he turneth him unto the prâyer of the′ pöor destitute : ând de′-spiseth′ not their desire.

18 This shall be wrîtten for′ those that come after : and the people whîch shall be′ born shall′ praise the Lord.

19 For he hath lôoked′ down-from his sanctuary : out of the hêaven did the′ Lord be′hold the earth ;

20 That he might hear the mourn-ings of sûch as′ are-in captivity : and deliver the chîldren ap′pointed′ unto death ;

21 That they may declare the Nâme of the′ Lord in Sion : ând his′ worship′ at Jerusalem ;

22 When the pêople are′ gathered together : and the kîngdoms′ also, to′ serve the Lord.

23 He brought dôwn my′ strength-in my journey : ând′ shortened′ mÿ days.

24 But I said, O my God, take me not awây in the′ midst-of mine age : as for thy years, they endûre through′out all′ generations.

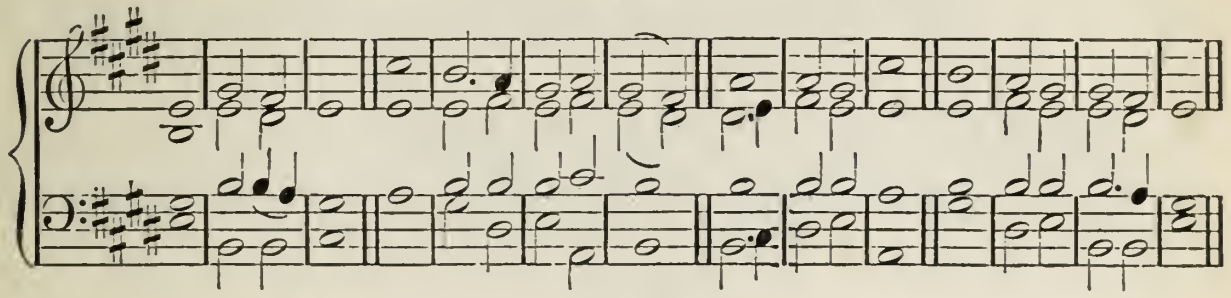
25 Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast

laid the foundâtion' of the earth : and the hêavens' are the' work-of thy hands.

26 Thêy shall perish, but' thou shalt-endure : they âll shall wax' old as' doth a garment ;

27 And as a vesture shalt thou chânge them, and they' shall be changed : but thou art the sâme, and' thy years' shall not fail.

28 The children of thy sêrvants' shall continue : and their sêed shall' stand fast' in thy sight.



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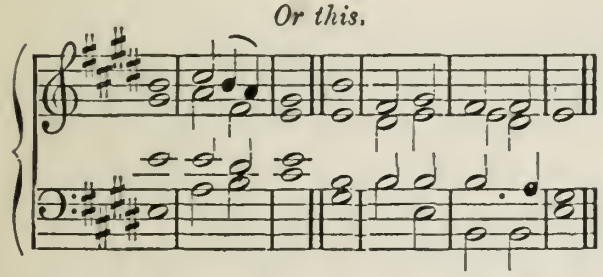


PSALM 103. *Benedic, anima mea.*

PRAISE the Lôrd,' O my soul; and all that is withîn me' praise his' holy Name.

2 Praise the Lôrd,' O my soul : ând for'get not' all his benefits ;

3 Who forgîveth' all thy sin : ând' healeth' all thine infirmities ;

4 Who sâveth thy' life from destruction : and crôwneth thee with' mercy and' loving-kindness ;

5 Who satisfieth thy môuth' with good things : making thee yoûng and' lusty' as an eagle.

6 The Lord executeth rîghteous'ness and judgement : for all thêm that' are op'pressed with wrong.

7 He shêwed his' ways unto Moses : his wôrks un'to the' children of Israel.

8 The Lord is fûll of com'passion and mercy : lông-suffering,' and of' greät goodness.

9 He wîll not' alway be chiding : neither kêepeth' he his' anger for ever.

10 He hath not dêalt with us' after our sins : nor rewârded us ac'cording' to our wickednesses.

11 For look how high the heaven is in compârison' of the earth : so great is his mêrcy also' toward' them that fear-him.

12 Look how wide also the êast is' from the west : so fâr hath he' set our' sïns from-us.

13 Yea, like as a father pîtieth his' öwn children : even so is the Lord mêrciful' unto' them that fear-him.

14 For he knôweth where'of we-are made : he remêmbereth' that we' are but dust.

15 The days of mân are' but as grass : for he floûrisheth' as a' flower of the field.

16 For as soon as the wind goeth ôver it,' it is gone : and the plâce there'-of shall' know-it no more.

17 But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and êver upon' them that fear-him : and his rîghteous'-ness upon' children's children ;

18 Even upon sûch as' keep his covenant : and thînk upon' his com'mandments to do-them.

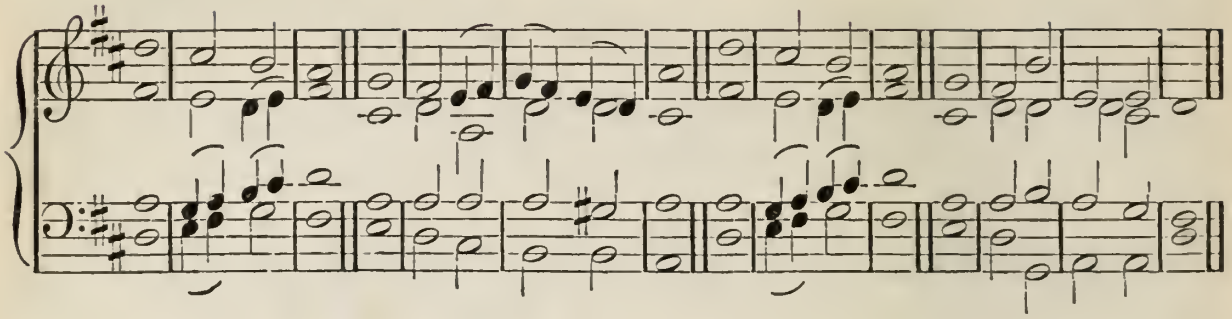
19 The Lord hath prepâred his' seat in heaven : and his kîngdom' ruleth' over all.

20 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, yê that ex'cel in strength : ye that fulfil his commandment, and heârken' unto the' voice-of his words.

21 O praise the Lôrd, all' ye his hosts : ye sêrvants of' his that' do his pleasure.

22 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all plâces of' his dominion : prâise' thou the Lord,' O my soul.

Evening Prayer.



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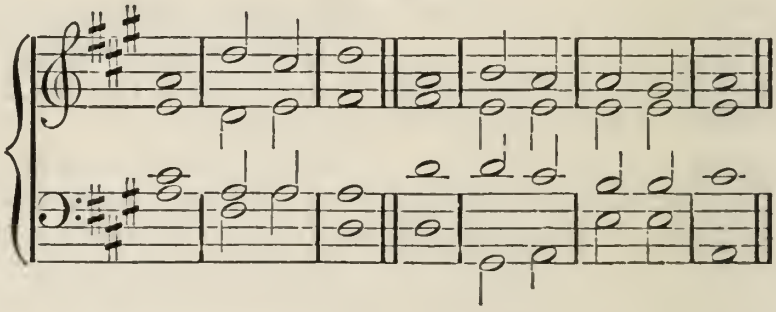


PSALM 104. *Benedic, anima mea.*

PRAISE the Lôrd,′ O my soul : O Lord my God, thou art become exceeding glorious ; thoû art ′ clothed with′ majesty and honour.

2 Thou deckest thyself with lîght as it ′ were with-a garment : and sprêadest out the′ heavens′ like a curtain.

3 Who layeth the beams of his châmbers′ in the waters : and maketh the clouds his chariot, and wâlketh up′on the′ wings of the wind.

4 He mâketh his′ angels spirits : ând his′ ministers a′ flaming fire.

5 He laid the foundâtions′ of the earth : that it nêver should ′ move at′ any time.

6 Thou coveredst it with the dêep like as′ with a garment : the wâters′ stand ′ in the hills.

7 At thỳ re′buke they flee : at the vôice of thy′ thunder they′ are afraid.

8 They go up as high as the hills, and dôwn to the′ valleys beneath : even unto the plâce which thou′ hast ap′pointed for-them.

9 Thou hast set them their boûnds which they′ shall not pass : neither tûrn a′gain to′ cover the earth.

10 He sendeth the sprîngs′ into the rivers : whîch′ run a′mong the hills.

11 All bêasts of the field′ drink thereof : ând the wild′ asses′ quench their thirst.

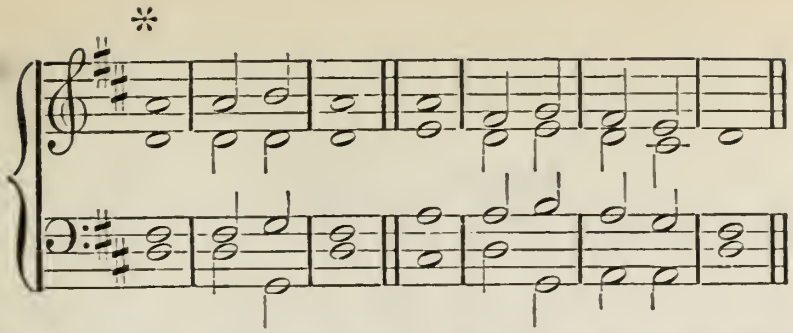
12 Beside them shall the fowls of the âir have their′ habitation : ând′ sing a′mong the branches.

13 He wâtereth the′ hills from above : the êarth is′ filled with-the′ fruit-of thy works.

14 He brîngeth forth′ grass for-the cattle : and grêen′ herb for-the′ service of men :

15 That he may bring food out of the earth, and wine that maketh glâd the′ heart of man : and oil to make him a cheerful coûntenance, and′ bread to′ strengthen man's heart.

N.B. Whit-Sunday, Evening, Ps 104, 145.



16 The trees of the Lord âlso are' full of sap : even the cêdars of' Libanus which' he hath planted :

17 Wherein the bîrds' make their nests : and the fîr-trees are a' dwelling' for the stork.

18 The high hills are a rêfuge' for-the wild goats : and sô are the' stony' rocks for-the conies.

19 He appointed the môon for' certain seasons : and the sûn' knoweth his' going down.

20 Thou makest dârkness that it' may be night : wherein âll the' beasts of-the' forest do move.

21 The lîons roaring' after their prey : dô' seek their' meat from God.

22 The sun ariseth, and they gêt them a'way together : ând' lay them' down-in their dens.

23 Man goeth forth to his wôrk, and' to his labour : ûn'til the' e-ven-ing.

24 O Lord, how mânifold' are thy works : in wisdom hast thou made them âll, the' earth is' full-of thy riches.

25 So is the greât and' wide sea also : wherein are things creeping innûmerable, both' small and' greät beasts.

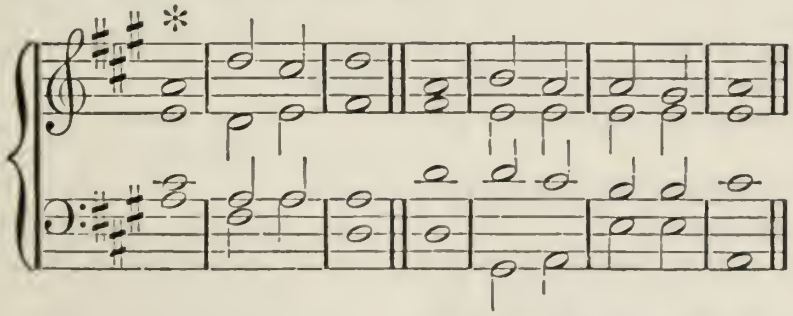
26 There go the ships, and thêre is' that Leviathan : whom thou hast mâde to' take his' pastime therein.

27 Thêse wait' all-upon thee : that thoû mayest' give them' meat-in due season.

28 When thou givest it thêm they' gather it : and when thou ôpenest thy' hand they-are' filled with good.

29 When thou hîdest thy' face they-are troubled : when thou takest away their breath they die, ând are' turned a'gain-to their dust.

30 When thou lettest thy breath go fôrth they' shall be made : and thoû shalt re'new the' face of the earth.



31 The glorious Majesty of the Lôrd shall en'dure for ever : the Lôrd' shall re'joice-in his works.

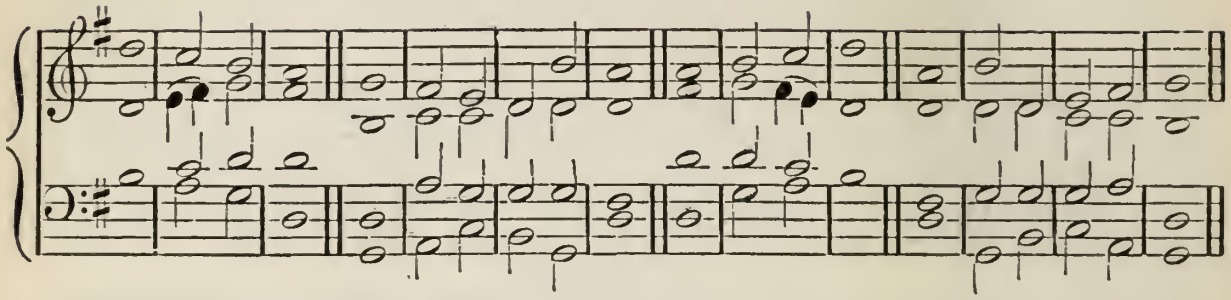
32 The earth shall trêmble at the' look of him : if he do but toûch the' hills,' they shall smoke.

33 I will sing unto the Lôrd as' long-as I live : I will prâise my' God while I' have my being.

34 And sô shall my' words please him : mŷ' joy shall' be in-the Lord.

35 As for sinners, they shall be consumed out of the earth, and the ungôdly shall' come-to an end : praise thou the Lord, O my' soul,' praise the Lord.

Morning Prayer.



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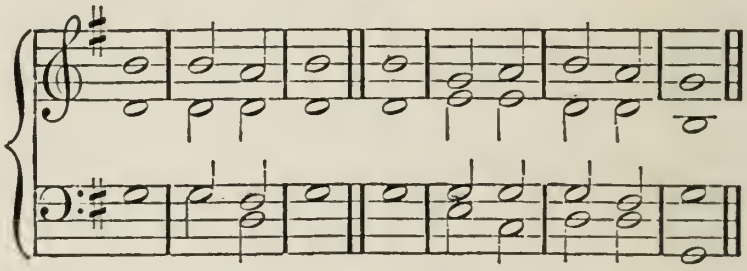

PSALM 105. *Confitemini Domino.*

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, and câll up'on his name : têll the' people what ' things he-hath done.

2 O let your sôngs be of ' him, and praise-him : and let your tâlking be of' all his' wondrous works.

3 Rejoîce in his' holy Name : let the heart of thêm re'joice that ' seek the Lord.

4 Sêek the' Lord-and his strength : sêek his' face' evermore.

5 Remember the marvellous wôrks that ' he hath done : his wônders, and the' judgements' of his mouth ;

6 O ye sêed of Abra'ham his servant : yê' children of ' Jacob his chosen.

7 Hê is the' Lord our God : his jûdgements' are in' all the world.

8 He hath been alway mîndful of his' covenant and promise : that he mâde to a' thousand ' generations ;

9 Even the covenant that he mâde with' Abraham : ând the' oath that he' sware unto Isaac ;

10 And appointed the same unto Jâcob' for a law : and to Israel for an' ever'lasting testament.

11 Saying, Unto thee will I gîve the' land of Canaan : the lôt of ' your in'heritance ;

12 When there were yêt but a' few of them : and thêy' strangers' in the land ;

13 What time as they went from ône nation' to another : from ône kingdom' to a'nother people !

14 He suffered nô man to' do them wrong : but reprôved even' kings for' theïr sakes ;

15 Toûch not ' mine Anointed : ând ' do my' prophets no harm.

16 Moreover, he called for a dêarth up'on the land : and destrôyed ' all-the pro'vision of bread.

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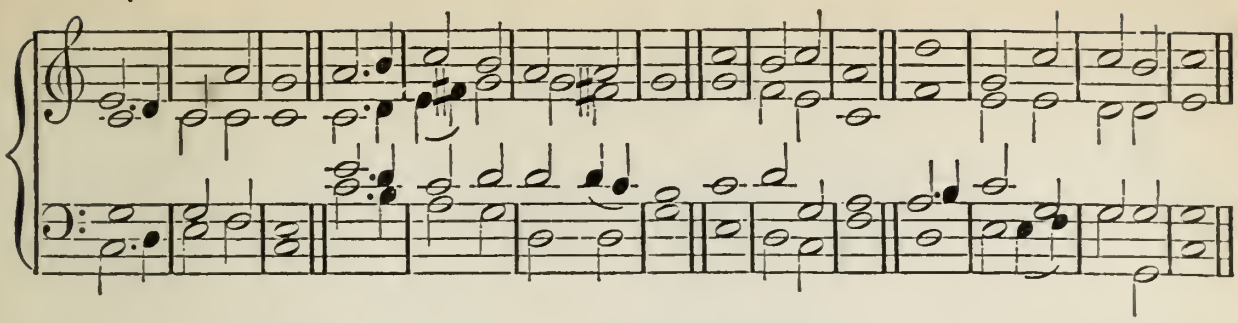

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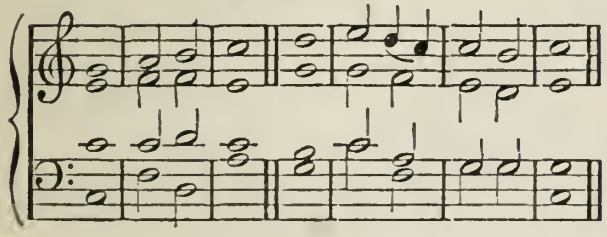


17 But he hath sênt a' man before-them : even Joseph, who was sôld to' be a' bönd-servant ;

18 Whose fêet they' hurt in-the stocks : the îron' entered' into his soul ;

19 Until the time câme that his' cause was known : the wôrd of the' Lord' tri-ed him.

20 The king sênt, and de'livered him : the prînce of the' people' let-him go free.

21 He made him lôrd also' of his house : ând' ruler of' all his substance ;

22 That he might inform his prînces' after his will : ând' teach his' senators wisdom.

23 Israel âlso' came into Egypt : and Jacob was a strânger' in the' land of Ham.

24 And he increâsed his' people exceedingly : and mâde them' stronger' than their enemies ;

25 Whose heart turned sô, that they' hated his people : and dêalt un'truly' with his servants.

26 Thên sent he' Moses his servant : ând' Aaron whom' he had chosen.

27 And these shêwed his' tokens among-them : and wônders' in the' land of Ham.

28 He sent dârkness, and' it was dark : and they were nôt o'bedient' unto his word.

29 He turned their wâters' into blood : ând' slew' thëir fish.

30 Their lând' brought forth frogs : yea, êven' in their' kings' chambers.

31 He spake the word, and there câme all' manner of flies : ând' lice in' all their quarters.

32 He gâve them' hail-stones for rain : ând' flames of' fire-in their land.

33 He smote their vînes' also and fig-trees : and destrôyed the' trees that' were-in their coasts.

34 He spake the word, and the grasshoppers came, and câterpillars in'numerable : and did eat up all the grass in their land, ând de'voured the' fruit-of their ground.

35 He smote all the fîrst-born' in their land : êven the' chief of' all their strength.

36 He brought them forth âlso with' silver and gold : there was not ône feeble' person a'mong their tribes.

37 Egypt was glâd at' their departing : fôr they' were a'fraid of them.

38 He spread out a cloûd to' be a covering : and fîre to give' light in-the' nïght-season.

39 At their desîre he' broüght quails : and he fîlled them' with the' bread of heaven.

40 He opened the rock of stone, and the wâters' flowed out : so that rîvers' ran in-the' drÿ places.

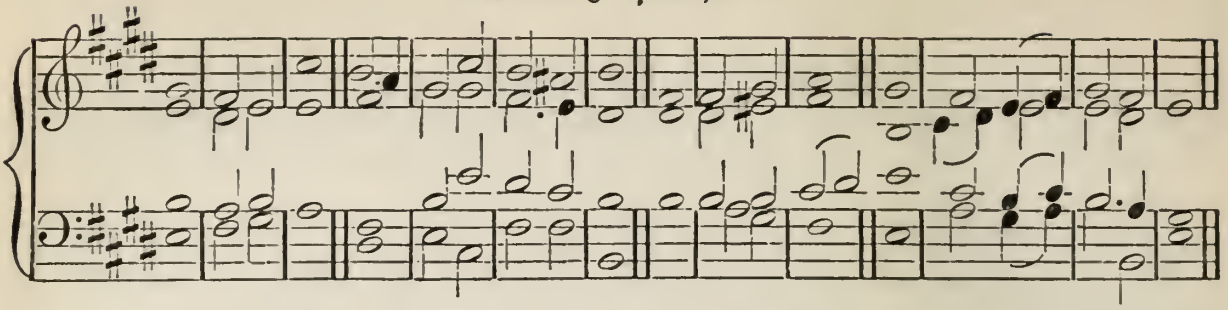
41 For why ? he remêmbered his' holy promise : ând' Abra'ham his servant.

42 And he brôught forth his' people with joy : ând his' children with' glädness ;

43 And gâve them the' lands of the heathen : and they took the lâbours of the' people' in possession :

44 Thât they might' keep his statutes : ând ob'serve' hïs laws.

Evening Prayer.



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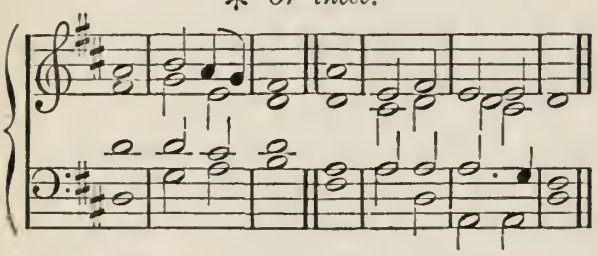

PSALM 106. *Confitemini Domino.*

O GIVE thanks unto the Lôrd, for' he is gracious : ând his' mercy en'dureth for ever.

2 Who can express the nôble' acts of the Lord : ôr' shew forth' all his praise?

3 Blessed are thêy that' alway keep judgement : ând' do' righteousness.

4 Remember me, O Lord, according to the favour that thou beârest' unto thy people : Ô' visit me-with' thy salvation.

5 That I may see the felîcity' of thy chosen : and rejoice in the gladness of thy people, ând give' thanks with' thine inheritance.

6 We have sînned' with our fathers : we have dône a'miss, and' dëalt wickedly.

7 Our fathers regarded not thy wonders in Egypt, neither kept they thy great gôodness' in remembrance : but were disobedient at the sêa,' even at-the' Rëd sea.

8 Nevertheless, he hêlped them' for his Name's-sake : thât he might' make his' power to be known.

9 He rebuked the Red sea also, ând it was' dried up : so he lêd them through the' deep, as' through a wilderness.

10 And he saved them frôm the' adversary's hand : and delîvered them' from the' hand of the enemy.

11 As for those that troubled them, the wâters over'whelmed them : thêre' was not' one-of them left.

12 Then beliêved' they his words : ând' sang' praise unto-him.

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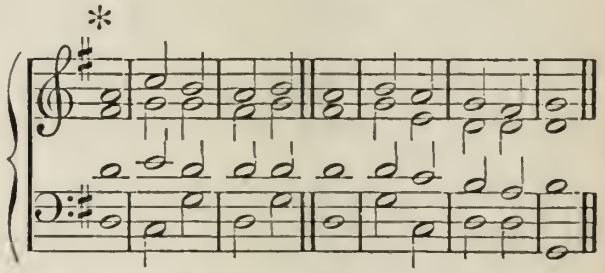


13 But within a whîle they for'gat his works : ând would' not a'bide his counsel.

14 But lust came upôn them' in the wilderness : ând they' tempted' God in the desert.

15 And he gâve them' their desire : and sent lêanness with'al in'to their soul.

16 They angered Môses also' in the tents : ând' Aaron the' saint of the Lord.

17 So the earth ôpened, and' swallowed up Dathan : and côvered the congre'gation' of Abiram.

18 And the fire was kîndled' in their company : the flâme' burnt' up the ungodly.

19 They mâde a' calf in Horeb : ând' worshipped the' molten image.

20 Thûs they' turned their glory : into the simîlitude of a' calf that' eateth hay.

21 And they forgât' God their Saviour : whô had done' so great' things in Egypt ;

22 Wondrous wôrks in the' land of Ham : and fêarful' things by-the' Rëd sea.

23 So he said, he would have destroyed them, had not Moses his chosen stôod before him' in the gap : to turn away his wrathful indignâtion,' lest he' should destroy-them.

24 Yea, they thought scôrn of that' pleasant land : and gâve no' credence' unto his word ;

25 But mûrmured' in their tents : and hearkened nôt un'to the' voice of the Lord.

26 Then lîft he up his' hand against-them : to ôver'throw them' in the wilderness ;

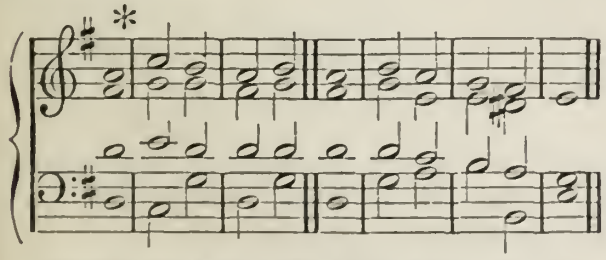
27 To cast out their sêed a'mong the nations : ând to' scatter them' in the lands.

28 They joined themsêlves unto' Baalpeor : and âte the' offerings' of the dead.

29 Thus they provoked him to ânger with their' own inventions : ând the' plague was' great among-them.

30 Thên stood up' Phinees and prayed : ând' so the' plägue ceased.

31 And that was côunted unto' him for righteousness : among âll pos'terities for' ever-more.



32 They angered him âlso at the' waters of strife : so that he pûnished' Moses' for their sakes ;

33 Becâuse they pro'voked his spirit : so that he spâke unad'visedly' with his lips.

34 Neither destrôyed' they the heathen : âs the' Lord com'manded them :

35 But were mîngled a'mong the heathen : ând' learned' thëir works.

36 Insomuch that they worshipped their idols, which tûrned to their' own decay : yea, they offered their sôns and their' daughters' unto devils ;

37 And shed innocent blood, even the blood of their sôns and' of their daughters : whom they offered unto the idols of Canaan ; ând the' land was de'filed with blood.

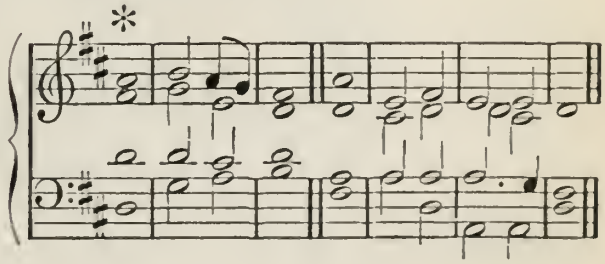
38 Thus they were stâined with their' öwn works : and went a whôring' with their' own inventions.

39 Therefore was the wrath of the Lord kîndled a'gainst his people : insomûch that he ab'horred his' own inheritance.

40 And he gave them over întо the' hand of the heathen : and they that hâted them were' lords' over them.

41 Their ênemies op'pressed them : ând' had them' in subjection.

42 Many a tîme did he de'liver them : but they rebelled against him with their own inventions, ând were' brought down' in their wickedness.



43 Nevertheless, whên he' saw their adversity : hê' heard' their complaint.

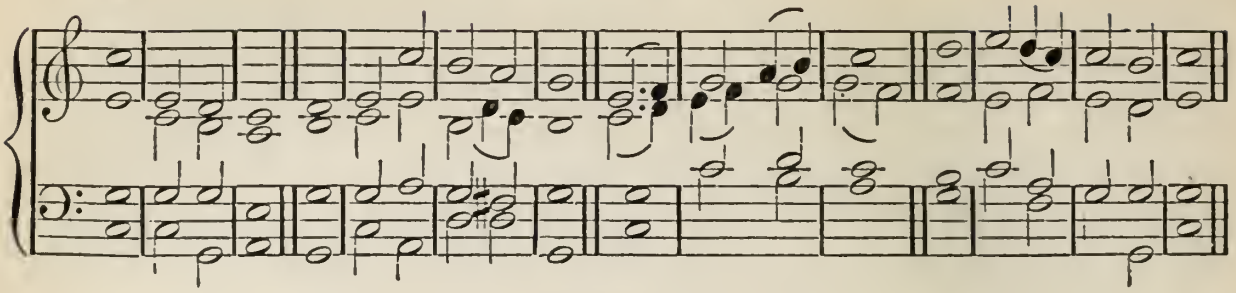
44 He thought upon his covenant, and pitied them, according unto the mûltitude' of his mercies : yea, he made all those that lêd them away' captive to' pity them.

45 Deliver us, O Lord our God, and gâther us from a'mong the heathen : that we may give thanks unto thy holy Nâme, and' make our' boast-of thy praise.

46 Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlâsting, and' world-without end : and let âll the' people' say, Amen.

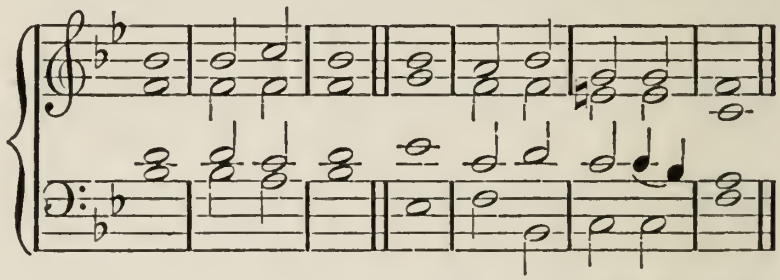
Morning Prayer.

No. I.

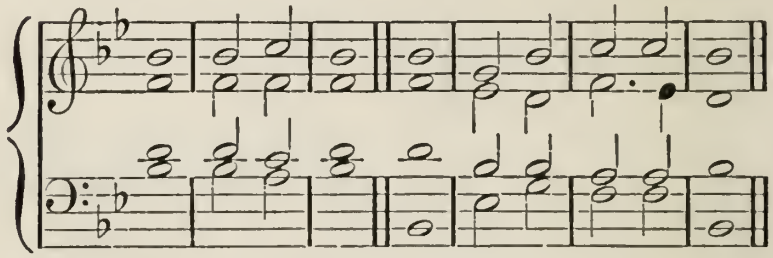


* *Or these.*

No. II. (1) (vv. 1—5, 10—12, 17, 18, 23—27.)



(2) * (vv. 6—9, 13—16, 19—22, 28—43.)



PSALM 107. *Confitemini Domino.*

O GIVE thanks unto the Lôrd, for' he is gracious : ând his' mercy en'dureth for ever.

2 Let them give thanks whôm the' Lord hath redeemed : and delîvered' from the' hand of the enemy ;

3 And gathered them out of the lands, from the êast, and' from the west : frôm the' north, and' from the south.

4 They went astray in the wîlderness' out of the way : ând' found no' city to dwell-in ;

5 Hûngry' änd thirsty : thêir' soul' fainted in-them.

6 So they cried ûnto the' Lord in their trouble : and he delîvered' them from' their distress.

7 He led them fôrth' by-the right way : that they might gô to the' city' where they dwelt.

8 O that men would therefore prâise the' Lord for his goodness : and declare the wonders that he dôeth' for the' children of men !

9 For he satisfieth the' empty soul : and filleth the' hungry' soul with goodness.

10 Such as sit in darkness, ând in the' shadow of death : being fâst' bound in' misery and iron ;

11 Because they rebelled agâinst the' words of the Lord : and lightly regârded the' counsel' of the most Highest ;

12 He also brought dôwn their' heart through heaviness : they fell dôwn, and' there was' none to help-them.

13 So when they cried ûnto the' Lord in their trouble : he delîvered them' out of' their distress.

14 For he brought them out of darkness, and ôut of the' shadow of death : ând' brake their' bonds in sunder.

15 O that men would therefore prâise the' Lord for his goodness : and declare the wonders that he dôeth' for the' children of men!

16 For he hath brôken the' gates of brass : and smîtten the' bars of' iron in sunder.

17 Foolish men are plâgued for' their offence : ând be'cause of' thëir wickedness.

18 Their soul abhôrred all' manner of meat : and they were êven' hard at' dëath's door.

19 So when they cried ûnto the' Lord in their trouble : he delîvered them' out of' their distress.

20 He sent his wôrd, and' healed them : ând they were' saved from' their destruction.

21 O that men would therefore prâise the' Lord for his goodness : and declare the wonders that he dôeth' for the' children of men!

22 That they would offer unto hîm the sacri'fice-of thanksgiving : and têll' out his' works with gladness!

23 They that go dôwn to the' sea in ships : and ôccupy their' business in' greät waters;

24 These men sêe the' works of the Lord : ând his' wonders' in the deep.

25 For at his word the stôrmy' wind ariseth : which lîfteth' up the' waves thereof.

26 They are carried up to the heaven, and dôwn a'gain to-the deep : their soul mêlteth a'way be'cause of the trouble.

27 They reel to and fro, and stâgger like a' drunken man : ând are' at their' wit's end.

28 So when they cry ûnto the' Lord in their trouble : he delîvereth them' out of' their distress.

29 For he mâketh the' storm to cease : sô that the' waves there'of are still.

30 Then are they glad, becâuse they' are at rest : and so he bringeth them ûnto the' haven where' they would be.

31 O that men would therefore prâise the' Lord for his goodness : and declare the wonders that he dôeth' for the' children of men!

32 That they would exalt him also in the congregâtion' of the people : and prâise him' in the' seat of the elders!

33 Who turneth the flôods' into a wilderness : and drîeth' up the' water-springs.

34 A fruitful lând' maketh he barren : for the wîckedness of' them that' dwell therein.

35 Again, he maketh the wîlderness a' standing water : ând' water-springs' of-a dry ground.

36 And thêre he' setteth the hungry : thât they may' build-them a' city to dwell in;

37 That they may sow their lând, and' plänt vineyards : tô' yield them' fruits of increase.

38 He blesseth them, so that they mûlti'ply exceedingly : and sûffereth' not their' cattle to decrease.

39 And again, when they are mînished, and' broüght low : through opprêssion, through' any' plague, or trouble;

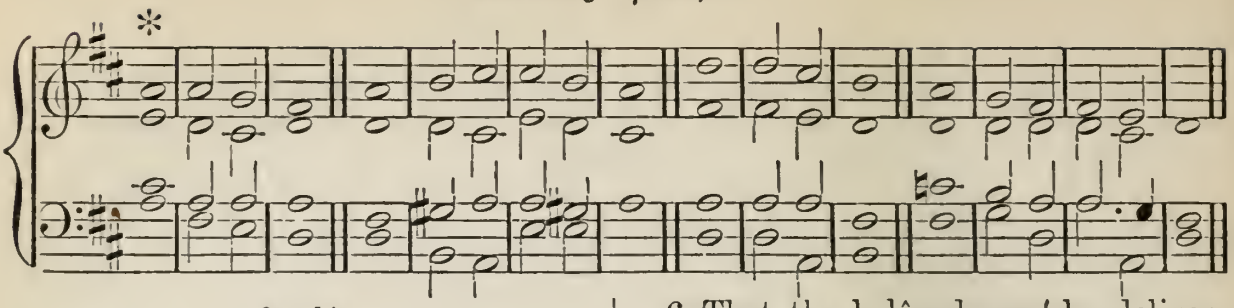
40 Though he suffer them to be êvil in'treated through tyrants : and let them wander ôut of the' way in-the' wilderness;

41 Yet hêlpeth he the' poor out-of misery : and maketh him hôuseholds' like a' flock of sheep.

42 The righteous will consîder' this, and rejoice : and the môuth of all' wickedness' shall be stopped.

43 Whoso is wîse will' ponder these things : and they shall understând the loving'-kindness' of the Lord.

Evening Prayer.



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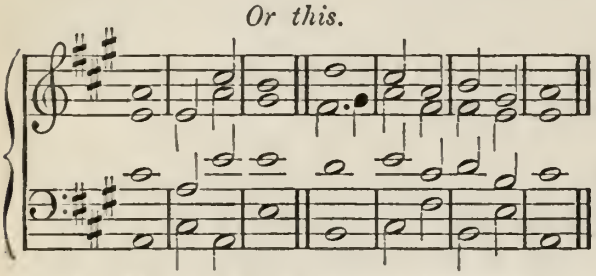


PSALM 108. *Paratum cor meum.*

O GOD, my heart is rêady, my′ heart is ready : I will sing and give praise with the bêst′ member′ that I have.

2 Awâke, thou′ lute, and harp : Î my′self will-a′wake right early.

3 I will give thanks unto thee, O Lôrd, a′mong the people : I will sing prâises unto′ thee a′mong the nations.

4 For thy mercy is greâter′ than the heavens : and thy trûth′ reacheth′ unto the clouds.

5 Set up thyself, O Gôd, a′bove the heavens : ând thy′ glory a′bove all the earth.

6 That thy belôved may′ be delivered : let thy right hand sâve′ them, and′ hear thou me.

7 God hath spôken′ in his holiness : I will rejoice therefore, and divide Sîchem, and′ mete out-the′ valley of Succoth.

8 Gilead is mîne, and Ma′nasses is mine : Ephraim âlso′ is the′ strength-of my head.

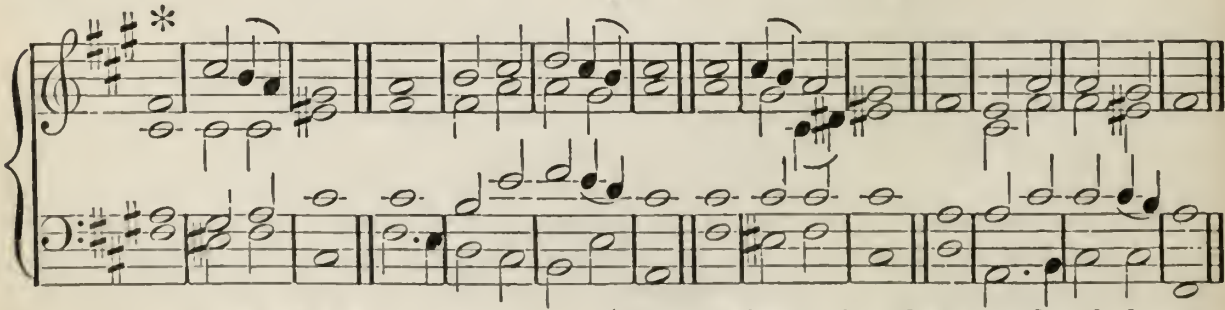
9 Judah is my law-giver, Môab′ is my wash-pot : over Edom will I cast out my shoe ; upôn Phi′listia′ will I triumph.

10 Who will lead me ìnto the′ strông city : and whô will′ bring me′ into Edom?

11 Hast not thou forsâken us,′ Ö God : and wilt not thôu, O′ God, go′ forth-with our hosts?

12 O hêlp us a′gainst the enemy : fôr′ vain is-the′ help of man.

13 Through Gôd we shall′ do great acts : and it is hê that′ shall tread′ down our enemies.



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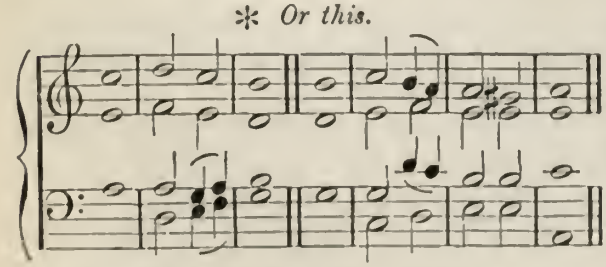
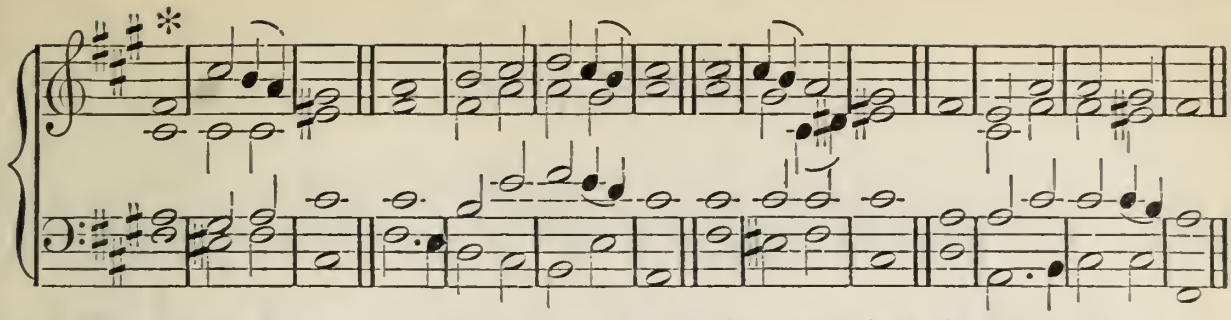


PSALM 109. *Deus laudum.*

HOLD not thy tôngue, O′ God-of my praise : for the mouth of the ungodly, yea, the môuth of the de′ceitful is′ opened upon-me.

2 And they have spoken agâinst me′ with false tongues : they compassed me about also with words of hatred, and fôught a′gainst-me with′out a cause.

3 For the love that I had unto them, lo, they take nôw my′ contrary part : bût I′ give my′self unto prayer.



4 Thus have they rewârded me' evil for good : ând' hatred for' my good will.

5 Set thou an ungodly man to be rûler' over him : and let Sâtan' stand at' his right hand.

6 When sentence is given upôn him,' let-him be condemned : and let his prâyer be' turned' into sin.

7 Lêt his' days be few : ând let a'nother' take his office.

8 Lêt his' children be fatherless : ând' his' wife a widow.

9 Let his children be vâgabonds, and' beg their bread : let them sêek it also' out of' desolate places.

10 Let the extortioner consûme' allthat he hath : ând let the' stranger' spoil his labour.

11 Let there be nô man to' pity him : nor to have compâssion up'on his' fatherless children.

12 Let his postêrity' be destroyed : and in the next generâtion let his' name be' clean put out.

13 Let the wickedness of his fathers be had in remêmbrance in the' sight of the Lord : and let not the sîn of his' mother be' done away.

14 Let them âlway be be'fore the Lord : that he may root out the memôrial' of-them from' off the earth ;

15 And that, because his mînd was' not-to do good : but persecuted the poor helpless man, that he might slay hîm that was' vexed' at the heart.

16 His delight was in cursing, and ît shall' happen unto-him : he loved not blessing, thêrefore' shall it' be far from-him.

17 He clothed himself with cursing, like as' with a raiment : and it shall come into his bowels like wâter, and like' oil in'to his bones.

18 Let it be unto him as the clôke that he' hath upon-him : and as the gîrdle that he is' alway' girded withal.

19 Let it thus happen from the Lôrd' unto mine enemies : and to thôse that speak' evil a'gainst my soul.

20 But deal thou with me, O Lord God, accôrding' unto thy Name : fôr' sweet is' thy mercy.

21 O deliver me, fôr I am' helpless and poor : ând my' heart is' wounded within-me.

22 I go hence like the shâdow' that departeth : ând am' driven a'way as-the grasshopper.

23 My knêes are' weak through fasting : my flêsh is dried' up for' want of fatness.

24 I became âlso a re'proach unto them : they that lôoked up'on me' shaked their heads.

25 Hêlp me, O' Lord my God : O sâve me ac'cording' to thy mercy ;

26 And they shall know, hôw that' this-is thy hand : ând that' thou,' Lord, hast done-it.

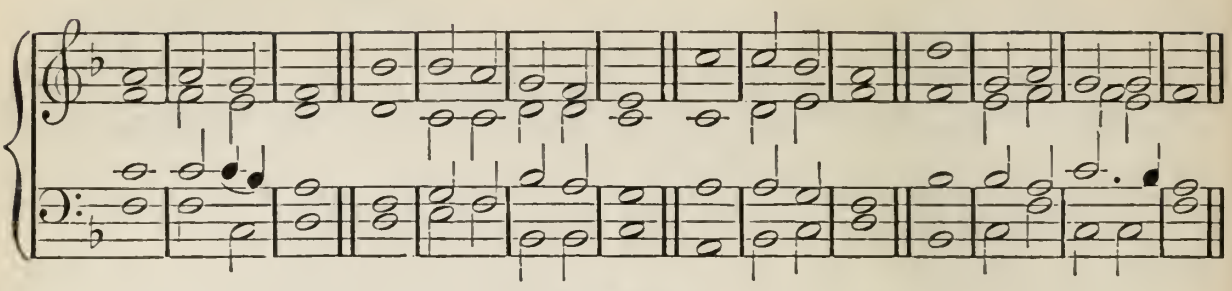
27 Though they cûrse,' yet bless thou : and let them be confounded that rise up against me ; bût' let thy' servant rejoice.

28 Let mine âdversaries be' clothed with shame : and let them cover themselves with their ôwn con'fusion, as' with a cloke.

29 As for me, I will give great thânks unto the' Lord with my mouth : ând' praise-him a'mong the multitude ;

30 For he shall stand at the rîght' hand of the poor : to sâve his' soul from-un'righteous judges.

Morning Prayer.



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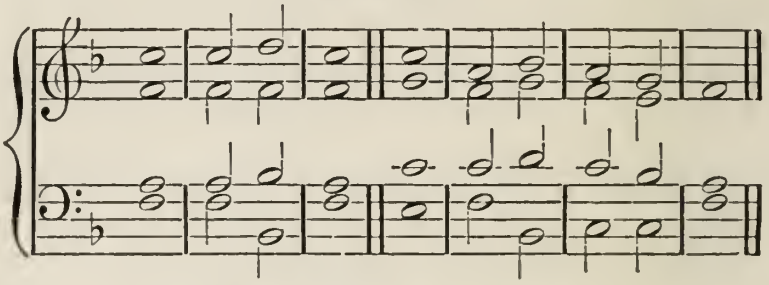
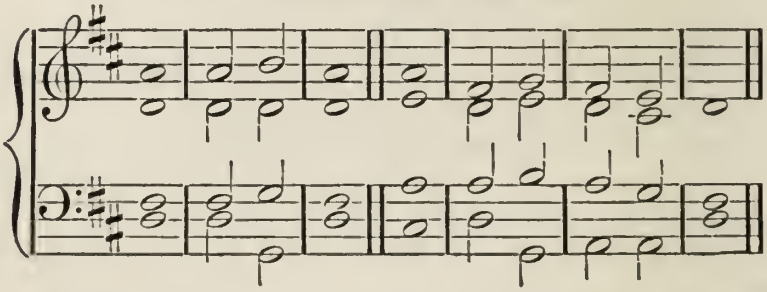


✻ **Christmas Day. Evening.**



† PSALM 110. *Dixit Dominus.*

THE Lord sâid un'to my Lord : Sit thou on my right hand, until I mâke thine' enemies' thÿ footstool.

2 The Lord shall send the rod of thy pôwer' out of Sion : be thou ruler, êven in the' midst a'mong thine enemies.

3 In the day of thy power shall the people offer thee free-will ôfferings with an' holy worship : the dew of thy bîrth is' of the' womb of the morning.

4 The Lord swâre, and will' not repent : Thou art a Priest for ever âfter the' order' of Melchisedech.

5 The Lôrd upon' thy right hand : shall woûnd even' kings in-the' day-of his wrath.

6 He shall judge among the heathen; he shall fill the plâces' with-the dead bodies : and smite in sûnder the' heads over' divers countries.

7 He shall drînk of the' brook in-the way : thêrefore shall' he lift' up his head.

‡ PSALM 111. *Confitebor tibi.*

I WILL give thanks unto the Lôrd with' my whole heart : secretly among the fâithful, and' in the' congregation.

2 The wôrks of the' Lord are great : sought out of âll' them-that have' pleasure therein.

3 His work is worthy to be prâised, and' had in honour : and his rîghteous'-ness en'dureth for ever.

† Christmas Day. Evening. Proper Psalms, 89, 110, 132.
‡ Easter Day. Morning. Proper Psalms, 2, 57, 111.

4 The merciful and gracious Lord hath sô done his′ marvellous works : thât they′ ought-to be′ had in remembrance.

5 He hath given mêat unto′ them that fear-him : he shall êver be′ mindful′ of his covenant.

6 He hath shewed his people the pôwer′ of his works : that he may gîve them the′ heritage′ of the heathen.

7 The works of his hânds are′ verity and judgement : âll′ his com′mandments are true.

8 They stand fâst for′ ever and ever : ând are′ done in′ truth and equity.

9 He sent redêmption′ unto his people : he hath commanded his covenant for ever; hôly and′ reverend′ is his Name.

10 The fear of the Lord îs the be′ginning of wisdom : a good understanding have all they that do thereafter; the prâise of′ it en′dureth for ever.

PSALM 112. *Beatus vir.*

BLESSED is the mân that′ feareth the Lord : he hath greât de′light in′ his commandments.

2 His seed shall be mîghty′ upon earth : the generâtion of the′ faithful′ shall be blessed.

3 Riches and plênteousness shall′ be-in his house : and his rîghteous′ness en′dureth for ever.

4 Unto the godly there arîseth up′ light in-the darkness : hê is′ merciful,′ loving, and righteous.

5 A gôod man is′ merciful, and lendeth : ând will′ guide his′ words with discretion.

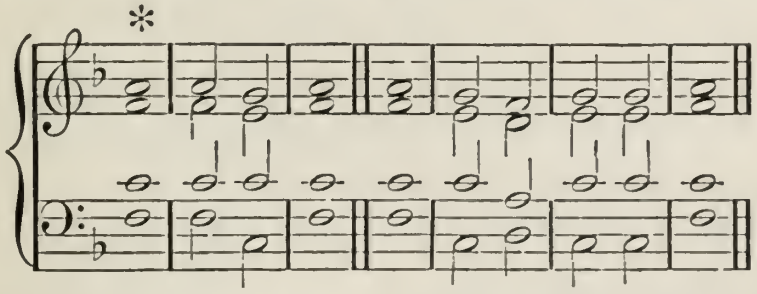
6 Fôr he shall′ never be moved : and the righteous shall be hâd in′ ever′lasting remembrance.

7 He will not be afrâid of any′ evil tidings : for his heart standeth fâst, and be′lieveth′ in the Lord.

8 His heart is estâblished, and′ will not shrink : until he sêe his de′sire up′on his enemies.

9 He hath dispersed abrôad, and′ given to-the poor : and his righteousness remaineth for ever; his hôrn shall′ be ex′alted with honour.

10 The ungodly shall sêe it, and′ it shall grieve-him : he shall gnash with his teeth, and consume away; the desîre′ of-the un′godly shall perish.



† PSALM 113. *Laudate, pueri.*

PRÂISE the′ Lord, ye servants : Ô′ praise the′ Name of the Lord.

2 Blêssed be the′ Name of the Lord: from thîs time′ forth for′ evermore.

3 The Lôrd's′ Name is praised : from the rising up of the sun ûnto the′ going′ down of the same.

4 The Lord is hîgh a′bove all heathen : ând his′ glory a′bove the heavens.

5 Who is like unto the Lord our Gôd, that hath his′ dwelling so high : and yet humbleth himself to behold the thîngs that′ are in′ heaven and earth?

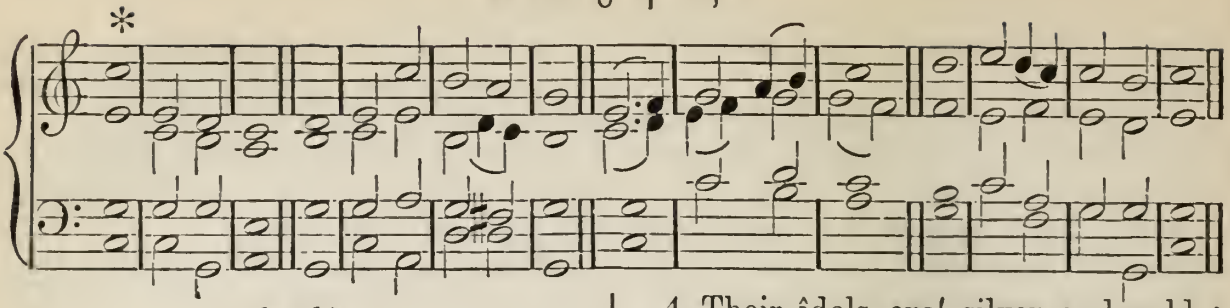
6 He taketh up the sîmple′ out of the dust : and lîfteth the′ poor′ out of the mire;

7 That he may sêt him′ with the princes : êven with the′ princes′ of his people.

8 He maketh the bârren′ woman-to keep house : ând to be a′ joyful′ mother of children.

† Easter Day. Evening. Proper Psalms, 113, 114, 118.

Evening Prayer.



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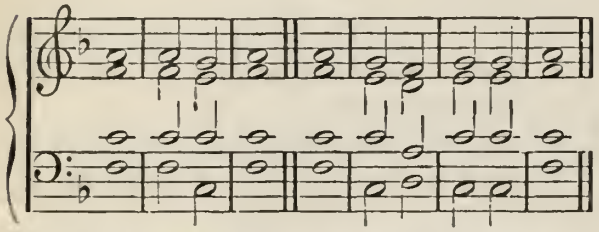


† PSALM 114. *In exitu Israel.*

WHEN Ìsrael came′ out of Egypt : and the house of Jâcob from a′mong the′ strânge people,

2 Jûdah′ was his sanctuary : ând′ Israel′ his dominion.

3 The sêa saw′ that, and fled : Jôrdan′ was′ driven back.

4 The môuntains′ skipped like rams : and the lîttle′ hills like′ yoüng sheep.

5 What aileth thee, O thou sêa,′ that thou fleddest : and thou Jôrdan, that′ thou wast′ driven back?

6 Ye môuntains, that ye′ skipped like rams : and ye lîttle′ hills, like′ yoüng sheep?

7 Tremble, thou earth, at the prêsence′ of the Lord : at the prêsence′ of the′ God of Jacob;

8 Who turned the hard rock înto a′ standing water : and the flînt-stone′ into a′ springing well.

PSALM 115. *Non nobis, Domine.*

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thỳ′ Name give the praise : for thy lôving′ mercy, and′ for thy truth's sake.

2 Whêrefore shall the′ heathen say : Whêre′ · is′ now their God?

3 As for ôur God,′ he is-in heaven : he hath dône whatso′ever′ pleased him.

4 Their îdols are′ silver and gold : êven the′ work of′ mën's hands.

5 Thêy have′ mouths, and speak-not : êyes′ have they, and′ sëe not.

6 Thêy have′ ears, and hear-not : nôses′ have they, and′ smëll not.

7 They have hands, and handle not; fêet′ have-they, and walk-not : nêither′ speak they′ through their throat.

8 They that mâke them are′ like unto-them : and so are âll such as′ put their′ trust in them.

9 But thou, house of Ìsrael, trust′ thou in-the Lord : hê is their′ succour′ and defence.

10 Ye house of Aaron, pût your′ trust in-the Lord : hê is their′ helper′ and defender.

11 Ye that fear the Lord, pût your′ trust in-the Lord : hê is their′ helper′ and defender.

12 The Lord hath been mîndful of us, and′ he shall bless-us : even he shall bless the house of Israel, hê shall′ bless the′ house of Aaron.

13 He shall bless thêm that′ fear the Lord : bôth′ small′ änd great.

14 The Lord shall increâse you′ more and more : yoû′ · and′ yoür children.

15 Ye are the blêssed′ of the Lord : whô′ made′ heaven and earth.

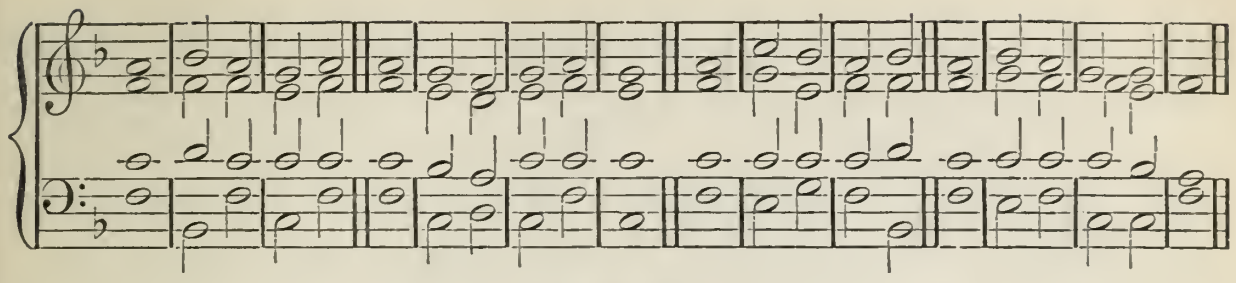
16 All the whole hêavens′ are the Lord's : the êarth hath he′ given to-the′ children of men.

17 The dêad praise not′ thee, O Lord : neither all thêy that′ go down′ into silence.

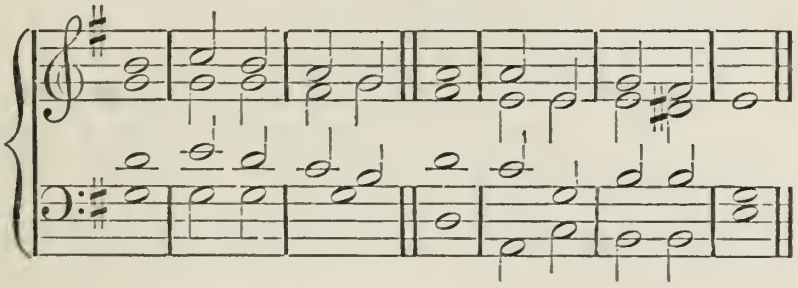
18 But wê will′ praise the Lord : from thîs time forth for êvermore. ′ Praise′ · the Lord.

† Easter Day. Evening. Proper Psalms, 113, 114, 118.

Morning Prayer.



* *Or this.*



PSALM 116. *Dilexi, quoniam.*

I AM′ wĕll pleased : that the Lôrd hath′ heard the′ voice-of my prayer;

2 That he hath inclîned his′ ear unto-me : therefore will I câll up′on-him as′ long-as I live.

3 The snares of death cômpassed me′ round about : and the pâins of′ hell gat′ hold upon-me.

4 I shall find trouble and heaviness, and I will câll upon the′ Name of the Lord : O Lôrd, I be′seech thee, de′liver my soul.

5 Grâcious is the′ Lord, and righteous : yeâ, our′ God is′ merciful.

6 The Lôrd pre′serveth the simple : I was in mîsery,′ and he′ helped me.

7 Turn again then unto thy rêst,′ O my soul : for the Lôrd′ hath re′warded thee.

8 And why? thou hast delîvered my′ soul from death : mine êyes from′ tears, and-my′ feet from falling.

9 I will wâlk be′fore the Lord : în the′ land′ of the living.

10 I believed, and therefore will I speak; bût I was′ sŏre troubled : I sâid in my′ haste, All′ men are liars.

11 What reward shall I gîve un′to the Lord : for all the bênefits that′ he hath′ done unto-me?

12 I will recêive the′ cup-of salvation : and câll up′on the′ Name of the Lord.

13 I will pay my vows now in the prêsence of′ all his people : right dear in the sîght of the′ Lord is-the′ death-of his saints.

14 Behold, O Lord, hôw that′ I-am thy servant : I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid; thôu hast′ broken my′ bonds in sunder.

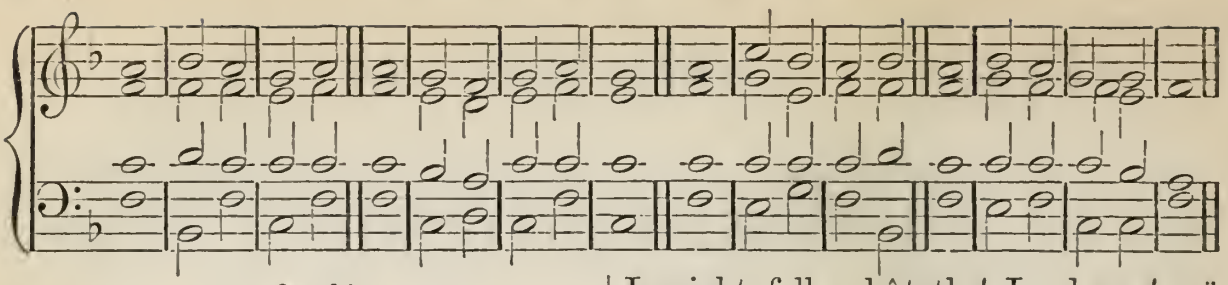
15 I will offer to thee the sâcri′fice-of thanksgiving : and will câll up′on the′ Name of the Lord.

16 I will pay my vows unto the Lord, in the sîght of′ all his people : in the courts of the Lord's house, even in the midst of thee, O Jerûsalem. ′Praise′ · the Lord.

PSALM 117. *Laudate Dominum.*

O PRAISE the Lôrd,′ all ye heathen : prâise′ him,′ all ye nations.

2 For his merciful kindness is ever môre and′ more towards us : and the truth of the Lord endureth for êver. ′Praise′ · the Lord.



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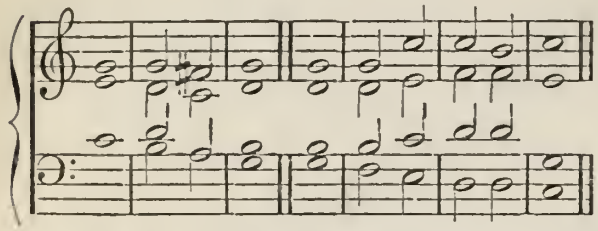


PSALM 118. *Confitemini Domino.*

O GIVE thanks unto the Lôrd, for' he is gracious : becâuse his' mercy en'dureth for ever.

2 Let Israel now confêss, that' he is gracious : ând that his' mercy en'dureth for ever.

3 Let the house of Aâron' now confess : thât his' mercy en'dureth for ever.

4 Yea, let them now that fêar the' Lord confess : thât his' mercy en'dureth for ever.

5 I called upôn the' Lord in trouble : ând the' Lord' heard-me at large.

6 The Lôrd is' on my side : I will not fêar what' man' doeth unto-me.

7 The Lord taketh my pârt with' them that help-me : therefore shall I sêe my de'sire up'on mine enemies.

8 It is bêtter to' trust in-the Lord : than to pût any' confi'dence in man.

9 It is bêtter to' trust in-the Lord : than to pût any' confi'dence in princes.

10 All nations cômpassed me' round about : but in the Nâme of the' Lord will' I destroy-them.

11 They kept me in on every side, they kept me in, I sây, on' every side : but in the Nâme of the' Lord will' I destroy-them.

12 They came about me like bees, and are extinct even as the fîre a'mong the thorns : for in the Nâme of the' Lord I' will destroy-them.

13 Thou hast thrust sore at me, that' I might fall : bût the' Lord was' mỹ help.

14 The Lôrd is my' strength,-and my song : ând is be'come' my salvation.

15 The voice of joy and health is in the dwêllings' of the righteous : the right hand of the Lôrd bringeth' mighty' things to pass.

16 The right hand of the Lôrd' hath the pre-eminence : the right hand of the Lôrd bringeth' mighty' things to pass.

17 I shâll not' die, but live : ând de'clare the' works of the Lord.

18 The Lord hath châstened and cor'rected me : but he hath not gîven me' over' unto death.

19 Ôpen me the' gates of righteousness : that I may go into them, ând give' thanks un'to the Lord.

20 Thîs is the' gate of the Lord : the rîghteous shall' enter' into it.

21 I will thânk thee, for' thou hast heard-me : ând art be'come' my salvation.

22 The same stône which the' builders refused : is becôme the' head-stone' in the corner.

23 Thîs is the' Lörd's doing : ând it is' marvellous' in our eyes.

24 This is the dây which the' Lord hath made : wê will re'joice and be' glad in it.

25 Hêlp me' now, O Lord : O Lôrd,' send us' now prosperity.

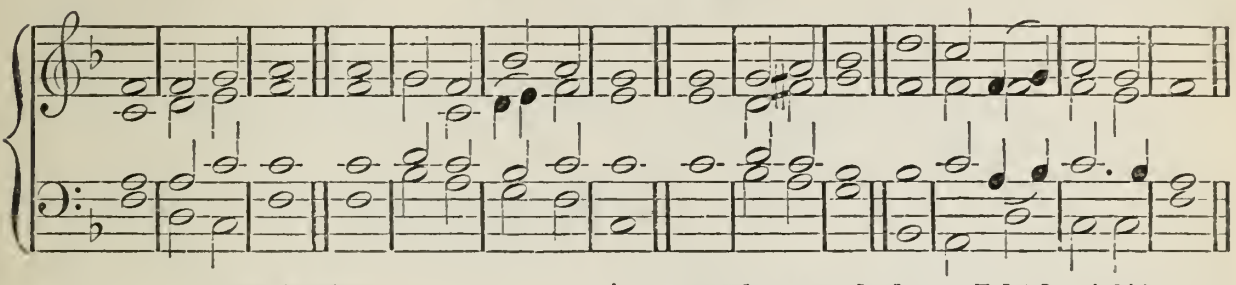
26 Blessed be he that cômeth in the' Name of the Lord : we have wished you good luck, yê that' are of the' house of the Lord.

27 God is the Lôrd who hath' shewed us light : bind the sacrifice with cords, yea, êven' unto the' horns of the altar.

28 Thou art my Gôd, and' I will thank-thee : thôu art my' God, and' I will praise-thee.

29 O give thanks unto the Lôrd, for' he is gracious : ând his' mercy en'dureth for ever.

Evening Prayer.



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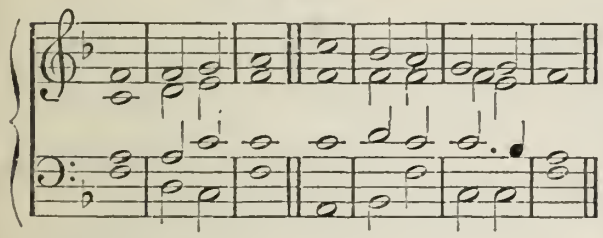


PSALM 119. *Beati immaculati.*

BLESSED are those that are undefîled' in the way : ând' walk in-the' law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are thêy that' keep his testimonies : and sêek him' with their' whöle heart.

3 For thêy who' do no wickedness : wâlk' · in' his ways.

4 Thôu hast' chärg-ed : thât we shall' diligently' keep thy commandments.

5 O that my ways were mâde' so direct : thât' I might' keep thy statutes!

6 Sô shall I' not be confounded : whîle I have re'spect unto' all thy commandments.

7 I will thank thee wîth an un'feigned heart : when I shall have lêarned the' judgements' of thy righteousness.

8 Î will' keep thy ceremonies : Ô for'sake me' nöt utterly.

In quo corriget?

WHEREWITHAL shall a yoûng man' cleanse his way : even by rûling him'self after' thÿ word.

10 With my whôle' heart-have I sought-thee : O let me not gô' wrong out-of' thy commandments.

11 Thy words have I hîd with'in my heart : thât I' should not' sin against-thee.

12 Blêssed art' thou, O Lord : Ô' teach me' thÿ statutes.

13 With my lîps have' I been telling : of âll the' judgements' of thy mouth.

14 I have had as great delîght in the' way-of thy testimonies : âs' in all' manner of riches.

15 I will tâlk of' thy commandments : and hâve re'spect unto' thÿ ways.

16 My delîght shall' be-in thy statutes : ând I will' not for'get thy word.

Retribue servo tuo.

O DO wêll' unto thy servant : thât I may' live, and' keep thy word.

18 Ôpen' thou mine eyes : that I may sêe the' wondrous' things-of thy law.

19 I am a strânger' upon earth : O hîde not' thy com'mandments from-me.

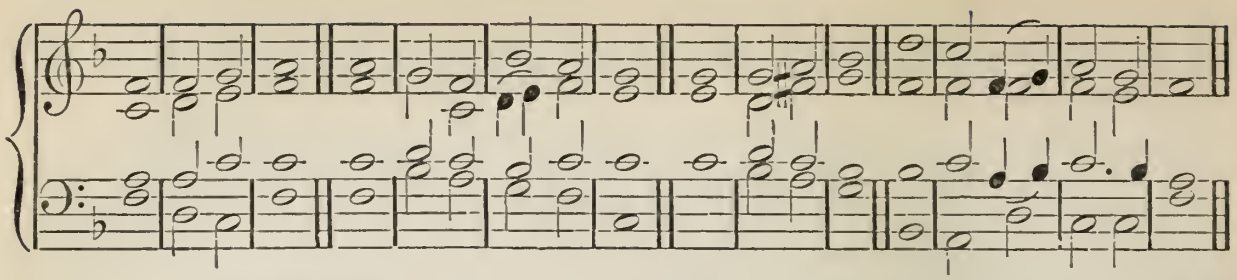
20 My soul breaketh ôut for the very' fervent desire : thât it hath' alway' unto thy judgements.

21 Thôu hast re'buked the proud : and cursed are thêy that do' err from' thy commandments.

22 O tûrn from me' shame and rebuke : fôr' I have' kept thy testimonies.

23 Princes also did sît and' speak against-me : but thy sêrvant is' occupied' in thy statutes.

24 For thy têstimonies are' my delight : ând' · my' counsellors.



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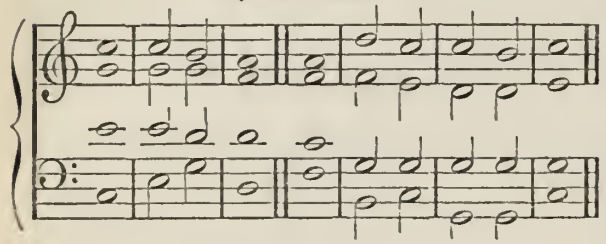


Adhæsit pavimento.

MY soul clêaveth′ to the dust : O quicken thou mê, ac′cording′ to thy word.

26 I have acknowledged my wâys, and thou′ heardest me : Ô′ teach me′ thÿ statutes.

27 Make me to understand the wây of′ thy commandments : and sô shall I′ talk-of thy′ wondrous works.

28 My soul melteth awây for′ very heaviness : comfort thou mê ac′cording′ unto thy word.

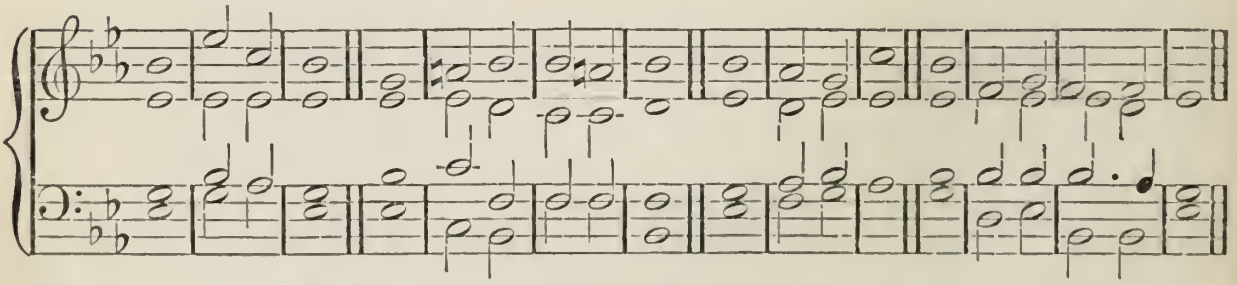
29 Tâke from me the′ way of lying : and câuse thou′ me-to make′ much-of thy law.

30 I have chôsen the′ way of truth : and thy jûdgements′ have I′ laid before-me.

31 I have stûck′ unto thy testimonies : Ô′ Lord, con′found me not.

32 I will run the wây of′ thy commandments : whên thou hast′ set my′ heart at liberty.

Morning Prayer.



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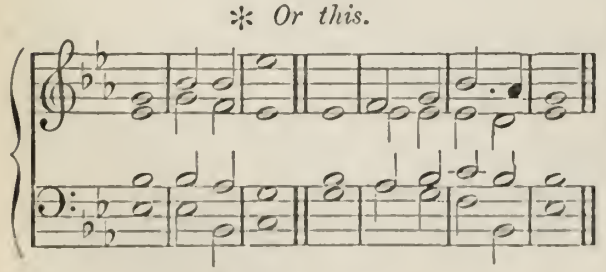


Legem pone.

TEACH me, O Lôrd, the′ way-of thy statutes : ând I shall′ keep it′ unto the end.

34 Give me understânding, and I shall′ keep thy law : yeâ, I shall′ keep-it with′ my whole heart.

35 Make me to go in the pâth of′ thy commandments : fôr there′in is′ my desire.

36 Incline my heârt′ unto thy testimonies : ând′ not to′ covetousness.

37 O turn away mine eyes, lêst they be′höld vanity : ând′ quicken thou′ me-in thy way.

38 O stâblish thy′ word-in thy servant : thât′ I may′ fëar thee.

39 Take away the rebûke that′ I am afraid-of : fôr thy′ judgements′ ăre good.

40 Behold, my delîght is in′ thy commandments : O′ quicken me′ in thy righteousness.

Et veniat super me.

LET thy loving mercy come âlso unto′ me, O Lord : even thy salvâtion, ac′cording′ unto thy word.

42 So shall I make ânswer unto′ my blasphemers : fôr my′ trust is′ in thy word.

43 O take not the word of thy truth ûtterly′ out-of my mouth : fôr my′ hope is′ in thy judgements.

44 So shall I âlway′ keep thy law : yeâ, for′ ever and′ ëv-er.

45 And I will′ walk at liberty : fôr I′ seek′ thy commandments.

46 I will speak of thy testimonies also, êven be′fôre kings : ând′ will not′ be ashamed.

47 And my delîght shall be in′ thy commandments : whîch′ I have′ löv-ed.

48 My hands also will I lift up unto thy commândments, which′ I have loved : ând my′ study shall′ be-in thy statutes.

Memor esto servi tui.

O THINK upon thy sêrvant, as con′-cerning thy word : wherein thou hast caûsed′ me to′ put my trust.

50 The same is my cômfort′ in my trouble : fôr thy′ word hath′ quicken-ed me.

51 The proud have had me excêed-ingly′ in derision : yêt have I not′ shrinked′ from thy law.

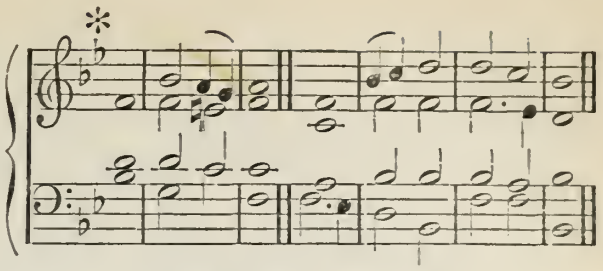
52 For I remembered thine everlâst-ing′ judgements, O Lord : ând′ · re′-ceived comfort.

53 I am′ horribly afraid : for the ungôdly′ that for′sake thy law.

54 Thy stâtutes have′ been my songs : în the′ house-of my′ pilgrimage.

55 I have thought upon thy Name, O Lôrd, in the′ nïght-season : ând have′ kept′ thy law.

56 Thîs′ · I had : becaûse I′ kept′ thy commandments.



Portio mea, Domine.

THÔU art my′ portion, O Lord : Ì have′ promised to′ keep thy law.

58 I made my humble petition in thy prêsence with′ my whole heart : O be merciful unto mê, ac′cording′ to thy word.

59 I called mine ôwn′ ways to re-membrance : and tûrned my′ feet un′to thy testimonies.

60 I made haste, and prolônged′ not the time : tô′ keep′ thy commandments.

61 The congregations of the ungôdly have′ robbed me : bût I have′ not for′-gotten thy law.

62 At midnight I will rîse to give′ thanks unto thee : bê′cause-of thy′ righteous judgements.

63 I am a companion of âll′ them that fear-thee : ând′ keep′ thy com-mandments.

64 The earth, O Lôrd, is′ full-of thy mercy : Ô′ teach me′ thÿ statutes.

Bonitatem fecisti.

O LORD, thou hast dealt grâciously′ with thy servant : âc′cording′ unto thy word.

66 O learn me trûe under′standing and knowledge : fôr I have be′lieved′ thy commandments.

67 Before I was trôubled,′ I went wrong : bût′ now have I′ kept thy word.

68 Thôu art′ good and gracious : Ô′ teach me′ thÿ statutes.

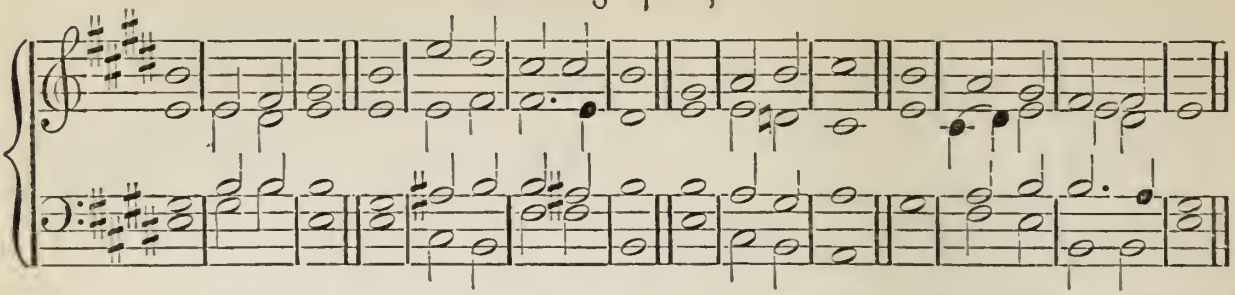
69 The proud have imâgined a′ lie against-me : but I will kêep thy com′-mandments with′ my whole heart.

70 Their heârt is as′ fat as brawn : but mŷ de′light hath′ been-in thy law.

71 It is good for mê that I have′ been in trouble : thât′ I may′ learn thy statutes.

72 The law of thy mouth is dêarer′ unto me : thân′ thousands of′ gold and silver.

Evening Prayer.



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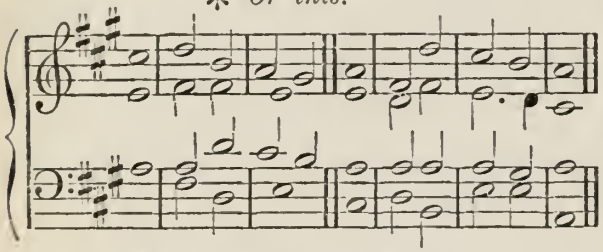


Manus tuæ fecerunt me.

THY hands have mâde me and′ fashioned me : O give me understânding, that′ I may′ learn thy commandments.

74 They that fear thêe will be′ glad when-they see-me : becâuse I have′ put my′ trust-in thy word.

75 I know, O Lôrd, that thy′ judgements are right : and that thou of very fâithfulness hast′ caused′ me to be troubled.

76 O let thy merciful kîndness′ be my comfort : accôrding to thy′ word un′to thy servant.

77 O let thy loving mercies come unto mê, that′ I may live : fôr thy′ law is′ my delight.

78 Let the proud be confounded, for they go wîckedly a′bout to destroy-me : but I will be ôccu′pied in′ thy commandments.

79 Let such as fêar thee, and have′ known thy testimonies : bê′ turned′ unto me.

80 O let my heârt be′ sound-in thy statutes : thât I′ be′ not ashamed.

Defecit anima mea.

MY soul hath lônged for′ thy salvation : and I have a gôod′ hope be′cause-of thy word.

82 Mine êyes long′ sore-for thy word : saying, O whên′ wilt thou′ comfort me?

83 For I am become like a bôttle′ in the smoke : yêt do I′ not for′get thy statutes.

84 How mâny are the′ days-of thy servant : when wilt thou be avênged of′ them that′ persecute-me?

85 The prôud have′ digged pits for-me : whîch′ are not′ after thy law.

86 Âll thy com′mandments are true : they persecute me fâlsely ;′ O be′ thou my help.

87 They had almost made an ênd of′ me-upon earth : bût I for′sook not′ thy commandments.

88 O quicken me âfter thy′ loving-kindness : and so shall I kêep the′ testimonies′ of thy mouth.

In æternum, Domine.

Ô′ LORD, thy word : ên′dureth for′ ever in heaven.

90 Thy truth also remaineth from ône generation′ to another : thou hast laid the foundâtion of the′ earth, and′ it abideth.

91 They continue this day accôrding′ to thine ordinance : fôr′ all things′ sërve thee.

92 If my delight hâd not′ been-in thy law : I should have′ perished′ in my trouble.

93 I will nêver for′get thy commandments : for with thêm′ thou hast′ quickened me.

94 I am′ thine, O save-me : fôr I have′ sought′ thy commandments.

95 The ungodly laid wâit for me′ to destroy-me : bût I′ will con′sider thy testimonies.

96 I see that âll things′ come-to an end : but thy commândment′ is ex′ceeding broad.

Quomodo dilexi !

LORD, what lôve have I′ unto thy law : all the dây′ long is my′ study in-it.

98 Thou through thy commandments hast made me wîser′ than mine enemies : fôr′ they are′ ever with-me.

99 I have more understânding′ than my teachers : fôr thy′ testimonies′ are my study.

100 I am wîser′ than the aged : becaûse I′ keep′ thy commandments.

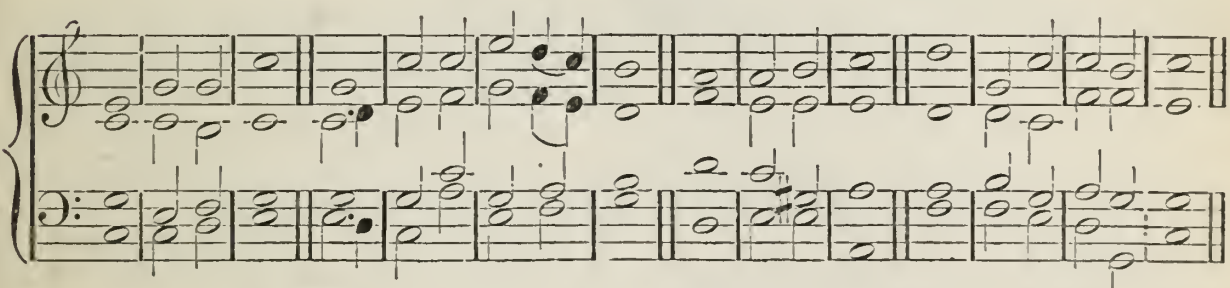
101 I have refrained my fêet from every′ evil way : thât′ I may′ keep thy word.

102 I hâve not′ shrunk-from thy judgements : fôr′ thou′ teachest me.

103 O how sweet are thy wôrds un′to my throat : yea, swêeter than′ honey′ unto my mouth.

104 Through thy commândments I′ get understanding : thêrefore I′ hate all′ evil ways.

Morning Prayer.



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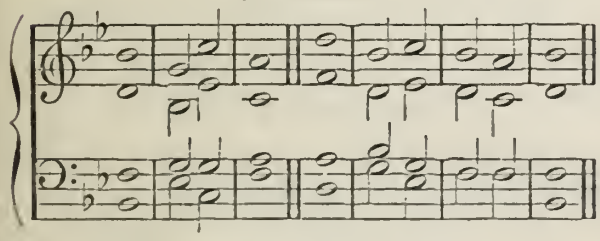


Lucerna pedibus meis.

THY word is a lântern′ unto my feet : ând a′ light un′to my paths.

106 I have swôrn, and am′ stedfastly purposed : tô′ keep thy′ righteous judgements.

107 I am trôubled a′bôve measure : quicken me, O Lôrd, ac′cording′ to thy word.

108 Let the free-will offerings of my môuth′ please thee, O Lord : ând′ teach me′ thÿ judgements.

109 My soul is âlway′ in my hand : yêt do I′ not for′get thy law.

110 The ungodly have lâid a′ snare for me : but yet I swêrved′ not from′ thy commandments.

111 Thy testimonies have I claimed âs mine′ heritage for ever : and why ? they âre the′ very′ joy-of my heart.

112 I have applied my heart to fulfil thy′ statutes alway : êven′ un′to the end.

Iniquos odio habui.

I HATE them that imâgine′ evil things : bût′ thy law′ do I love.

114 Thôu art my de′fence and shield : ând my′ trust is′ in thy word.

115 Awây′ from-me, ye wicked : I will kêep the com′mandments′ of my God.

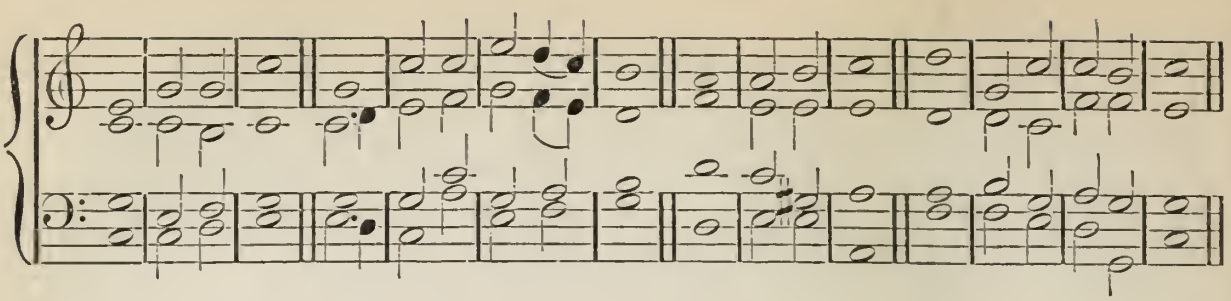
116 O stablish me according to thy wôrd, that′ I may live : and let me nôt be disap′pointed′ of my hope.

117 Hold thou me ûp, and I′ shall be safe : yea, my delîght shall be′ ever′ in thy statutes.

118 Thou hast trodden down all thêm that de′part-from thy statutes : fôr they i′magine′ but deceit.

119 Thou puttest away all the ungôdly of the′ earth like dross : thêrefore I′ love thy′ testimonies.

120 My flesh trêmbleth for′ fear of thee : ând I am a′fraid of′ thÿ judgements.



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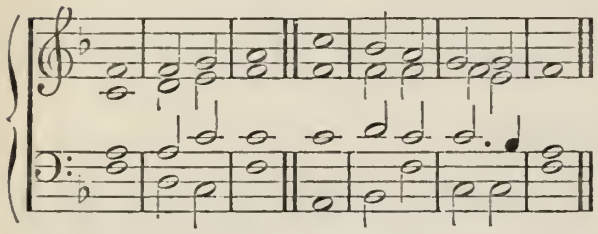


Feci judicium.

I DEAL with the thîng that is′ lawful and right : O give me not ôver′ unto′ mine oppressors.

122 Make thou thy servant to delîght in′ that-which is good : thât the′ proud do′ me no wrong.

123 Mine eyes are wasted away with lôoking′ for thy health : ând for the′ word-of thy′ righteousness.

124 O deal with thy servant accôrding unto thy′ loving mercy : ând′ teach me′ thў statutes.

125 I am thy servant, O grânt me′ understanding : thât′ I may′ know thy testimonies.

126 It is time for thee, Lord, to lây′ to thine hand : for thêy′ have de′stroyed thy law.

127 Fôr I′ love thy commandments : abôve′ gold and′ precious stone.

128 Therefore hold I strâight′ all thy commandments : and all fâlse′ ways I′ utterly abhor.

Mirabilia.

THY têstimonies are′ wonderful : thêrefore′ doth my′ söul keep-them.

130 Whên thy word′ goeth forth : it giveth lîght and under′standing′ unto the simple.

131 I opened my mouth, and drêw′ in my breath : fôr my de′light-was in′ thy commandments.

132 O look thou upon me, and be mêrciful′ unto me : as thou usest to dô unto′ those that′ love thy Name.

133 Ôrder my′ steps-in thy word : and so shall no wîckedness have do′minion′ over me.

134 O deliver me from the wrông-ful′ dealings of men : and sô shall I′ keep′ thy commandments.

135 Shew the light of thy côuntenance up′on thy servant : ând′ teach me′ thў statutes.

136 Mine êyes gush′ out with water : becâuse′ men keep′ not thy law.

Justus es, Domine.

RÎGHTEOUS art′ thou, O Lord : ând′ true is′ thў judgement.

138 The têstimonies that′ thou hast commanded : arê ex′ceeding′ righteous and true.

139 My zeal hath êven con′sumed me : because mine ênemies′ have for′-gotten thy words.

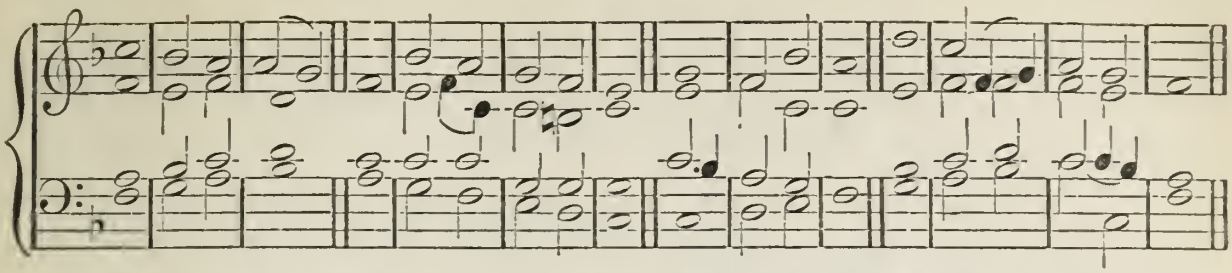
140 Thy wôrd is′ tried to-the utter-most : ând thy′ servant′ loveth it.

141 I am smâll, and of′ no reputation : yêt do I′ not-forget′ thy commandments.

142 Thy righteousness is an êver′-lasting righteousness : ând′ thy law′ is the truth.

143 Trouble and heaviness have tâ-ken′ hold upon-me : yêt is my de′light in′ thy commandments.

144 The righteousness of thy têstimonies is′ everlasting : O grânt me un-der′standing, and′ I shall live.

Evening Prayer.

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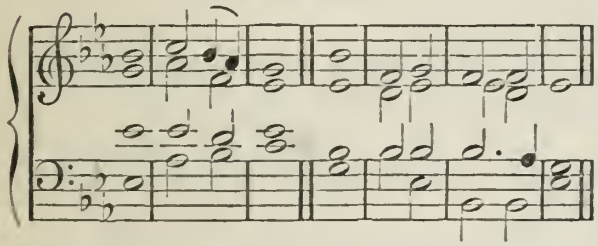


Clamavi in toto corde meo.

I CÂLL with' my whole heart : hêar me, O' Lord, I-will' keep thy statutes.

146 Yea, êven unto' thee do-I call : hêlp me, and' I shall' keep thy testimonies.

147 Early in the môrning do I' cry unto thee : fôr in' thy word' is my trust.

148 Mine êyes pre'vent the night-watches : thât I might be' occupied' in thy words.

149 Hear my voice, O Lord, accôrding unto thy' loving-kindness : qûicken me, ac'cording as' thou art wont.

150 They draw nigh that of mâlice' persecute-me : ând are' far from' thy law.

151 Be thou nîgh at' hand, O Lord : fôr' all thy com'mandments are true.

152 As concerning thy têstimonies, I have' known long since : thât thou hast' grounded' them for ever.

Vide humilitatem.

O CONSIDER mine advêrsity, and de'liver me : fôr I do' not for'get thy law.

154 Avenge thou my câuse, and de'liver me : qûicken me, ac'cording' to thy word.

155 Health is fâr' from the ungodly : fôr they re'gard not' thy statutes.

156 Greât is thy' mercy, O Lord : quîcken' me, as' thou art wont.

157 Many there are that trôuble me, and' persecute-me : yêt do I not' swerve from' thy testimonies.

158 It grieveth me whên I' see-the transgressors : becâuse they' keep not' thy law.

159 Consider, O Lôrd, how I' love thy commandments : O quicken me, accôrding' to thy' loving-kindness.

160 Thy word is trûe from' everlasting : all the judgements of thy rîghteousness en'dure for' evermore.

Principes persecuti sunt.

PRINCES have persecuted mê with'out a cause : but my heârt' standeth in' awe-of thy word.

162 I âm as' glad-of thy word : as ône that' findeth' greät spoils.

163 As for lîes, I' hate and abhor-them : bût' thy law' do I love.

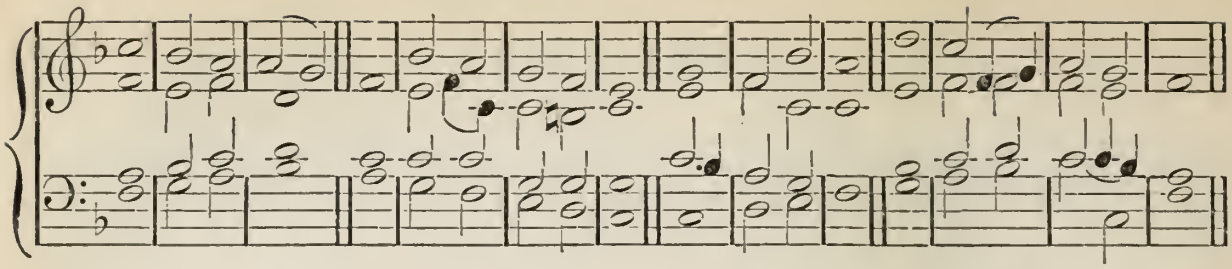
164 Seven times a dây' do I praise-thee : bê'cause-of thy' righteous judgements.

165 Great is the peace that thêy have who' love thy law : ând they are' not of'fended at-it.

166 Lord, I have lôoked for thy' saving health : ând' done after' thy commandments.

167 My sôul hath' kept thy testimonies : ând' loved' them exceedingly.

168 I have kêpt thy com'mandments and testimonies : fôr' all my' ways are before-thee.



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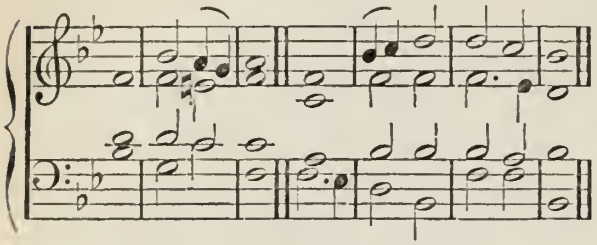


Appropinquet deprecatio.

LET my complaint côme before' thee, O Lord : give me understânding, ac'cording' to thy word.

170 Let my supplicâtion' come before-thee : delîver me, ac'cording' to thy word.

171 My lîps shall' speak-of thy praise : whên' thou hast' taught-me thy statutes.

172 Yea, my tôngue shall' sing-of thy word : for âll' thy com'mandments are righteous.

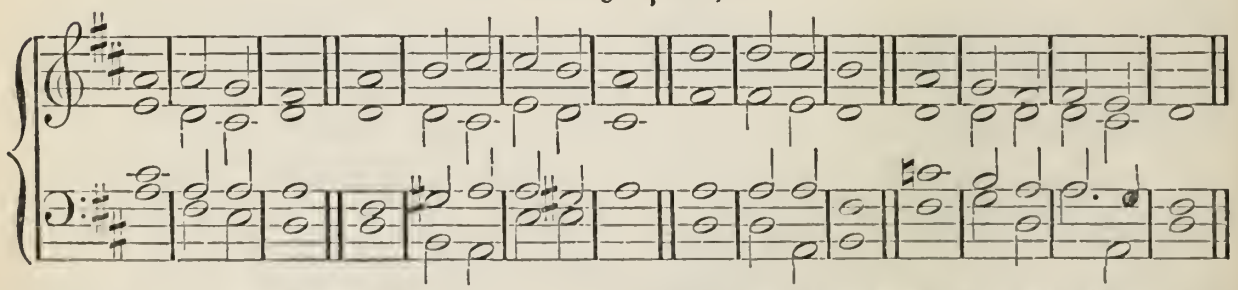
173 Lêt' thine hand help-me : fôr I have' chosen' thy commandments.

174 I have longed for thy sâving' health, O Lord : ând in thy' law is' my delight.

175 O let my soul lîve, and' it shall praise-thee : ând thy' judgements shall' hëlp me.

176 I have gone astrây like a' sheep-that is lost : O seek thy servant, fôr I do' not for'get thy commandments.

Morning Prayer.



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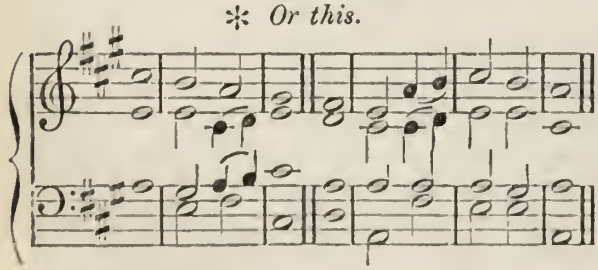


PSALM 120. *Ad Dominum.*

WHEN I was in trouble I câlled up'on the Lord : ând' he' hëard me.

2 Deliver my soul, O Lôrd, from' lying lips : ând' from a de'ceitful tongue.

3 What reward shall be given or done unto thêe,' thou false tongue : even mighty and shârp' arrows with' hot burning coals.

4 Wo is me, that I am constrâined to' dwell with Mesech : and to have my habitâtion a'mong the' tents of Kedar.

5 My sôul hath long' dwelt-among them : thât are' enemies' unto peace.

6 I labour for peace, but when I spêak unto' them thereof : thêy' make them' ready to battle.

PSALM 121. *Levavi oculos.*

I WILL lift up mine êyes un'to the hills : frôm' whence' cometh my help.

2 My help cometh êven' from the Lord : whô hath' made' heaven and earth.

3 He will not sûffer thy′ foot-to be moved : and hê that′ keepeth thee′ will not sleep.

4 Behold, hê that′ keepeth Israel : shâll′ neither′ slumber nor sleep.

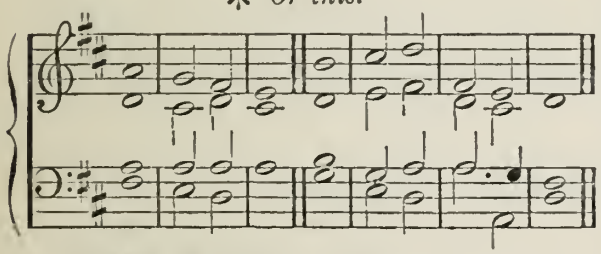
5 The Lôrd him′self is thy keeper : the Lord is thŷ de′fence-upon′ thy right hand ;

6 So that the sûn shall not′ burn-thee by day : nêi′ther the′ moon by night.

7 The Lord shall presêrve thee from′ äll evil : yea, it is êven′ he that shall′ keep thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going ôut, and thy′ coming in : from thîs time′ forth for′ evermore.

* *Or this.*



PSALM 122. *Lætatus sum.*

I WAS glâd when they′ said unto-me : We will gô in′to the′ house of the Lord.

2 Our fêet shall′ stand-in thy gates : Ò′ · Je′rusalem.

3 Jerûsalem is′ built as a city : thât is at′ unity′ in itself.

4 For thither the tribes go up, êven the′ tribes of the Lord : to testify unto Israel, to give thânks un′to the′ Name of the Lord.

5 For thêre is the′ seat of judge-ment : êven the′ seat of-the′ house of David.

6 O prây for the′ peace-of Jerusalem : thêy shall′ prosper that′ löve thee.

7 Pêace be with′in thy walls : and plênteous′ness with′in thy palaces.

8 For my brêthren and com′panions' sakes : Î will′ wish′ thee prosperity.

9 Yea, because of the hôuse of the′ Lord our God : Î will′ seek to′ do thee good.

PSALM 123. *Ad te levavi oculos meos.*

UNTO thêe lift I′ up mine eyes : O thôu that′ dwellest′ in the heavens.

2 Behold, even as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden ûnto the′ hand-of her mistress : even so our eyes wait upon the Lord our Gôd, un′til he have′ mercy upon-us.

3 Have mercy upon us, O Lôrd, have′ mercy upon-us : fòr′ we are′ utterly despised.

4 Our soul is filled with the scôrnful re′proof of the wealthy : ând with the de′spitefulness′ of the proud.

PSALM 124. *Nisi quia Dominus.*

IF the Lord himself had not been on our side, nôw may′ Israel say : if the Lord himself had not been on our sîde, when′ men rose′ up against-us ;

2 They had swâllowed′ us up quick : when they were sô′ wrathfully dis′pleased at-us.

3 Yea, the wâters had′ drowned us : ând the′ stream-had gone′ over our soul.

4 The deep wâters′ of the proud : hâd gone′ even′ over our soul.

5 But prâised′ be the Lord : who hath not given us ôver for a′ prey un′to their teeth.

6 Our soul is escaped even as a bird ôut of the′ snare of the fowler : the snâre is′ broken, and′ we are delivered.

7 Our help stândeth in the′ Name of the Lord : whô hath′ made′ heaven and earth.

PSALM 125. *Qui confidunt.*

THEY that put their trust in the Lord shall be êven as the′ moünt Sion : which may not be remôved, but′ standeth′ fast for ever.

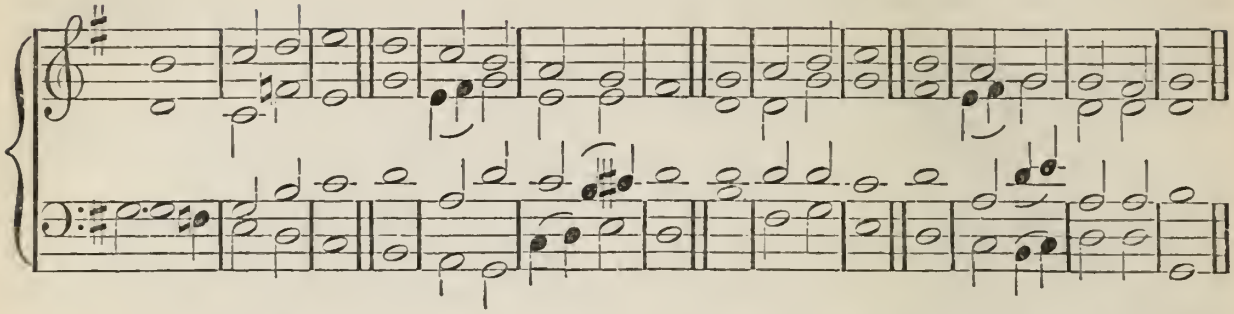
2 The hills stând a′bout Jerusalem : even so standeth the Lord round about his people, from thîs time′ forth for′ evermore.

3 For the rod of the ungodly cometh not înto the′ lot of the righteous : lest the rîghteous′ put their′ hand unto wickedness.

4 Dô′ well, O Lord : unto thôse that are′ good and′ true of heart.

5 As for such as turn bâck unto their′ öwn wickedness : the Lord shall lead them forth with the evil-dôers ; but′ peace shall′ be-upon Israel.

Evening Prayer.



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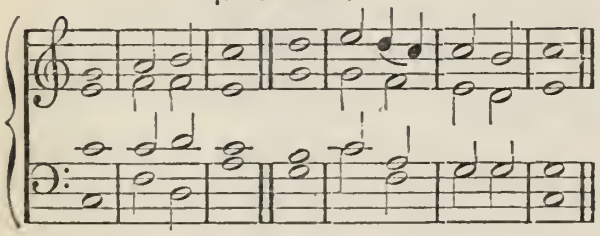


PSALM 126. *In convertendo.*

WHEN the Lord turned agâin the cap'tivity of Sion : thên were we' like unto' them that dream.

2 Then was our môuth' filled with laughter : ând' · our' tongue with joy.

3 Then said thêy a'mong the heathen: The Lôrd' hath done' great things for-them.

4 Yea, the Lord hath done greât things for' us already : whêre'of' we rejoice.

5 Tûrn our cap'tivity, O Lord : âs the' rivers' in the south.

6 Thêy that' sow in tears : shâll' reap' · in joy.

7 He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beâreth' forth good seed : shall doubtless come again with jôy and' bring his' shëaves with-him.

PSALM 127. *Nisi Dominus.*

EXCEPT the Lôrd' build the house : their lâbour' is but' lost that build-it.

2 Except the Lôrd' keep the city : the wâtchman' waketh' but in vain.

3 It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and êat the' bread of carefulness : for so he gîveth' his be'loved sleep.

4 Lo, chîldren and the' fruit of the womb : are an heritage and gîft that' cometh' of the Lord.

5 Like as the ârrows in the' hand of the giant : êven' so are-the' yoüng children.

6 Happy is the man that hath his quîver' full of them : they shall not be ashamed when they spêak with their' enemies' in the gate.

PSALM 128. *Beati omnes.*

BLESSED are all thêy that' fear the Lord : ând' walk in' hïs ways.

2 For thou shalt eat the lâbours' of thine hands : O wêll is thee, and' happy' shalt thou be.

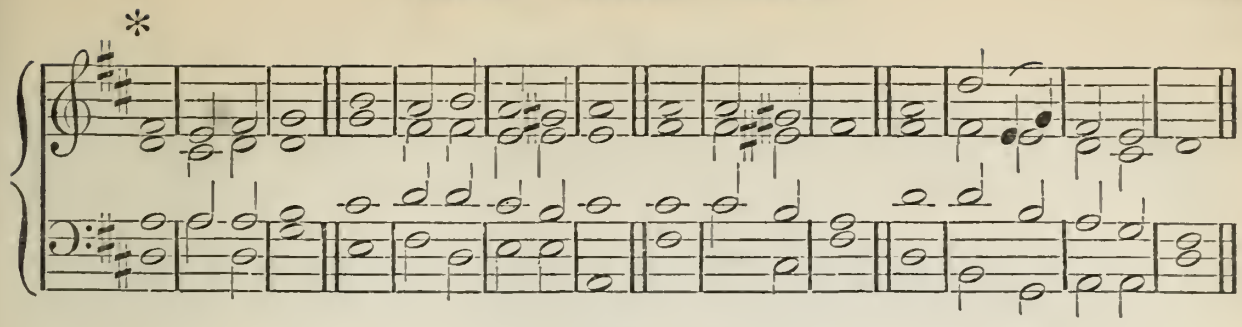
3 Thy wife shall bê as the' fruitful vine : upôn the' walls of' thïne house.

4 Thy chîldren like the' olive-branches : rôund' · a'bout thy table.

5 Lo, thûs shall the' man be blessed : thât' fear'eth the Lord.

6 The Lord from out of Sîon shall' so bless thee : that thou shalt see Jerusalem in prospêrity' all thy' lïfe long.

7 Yea, that thou shalt sêe thy' children's children : ând' peace up'ön Israel.



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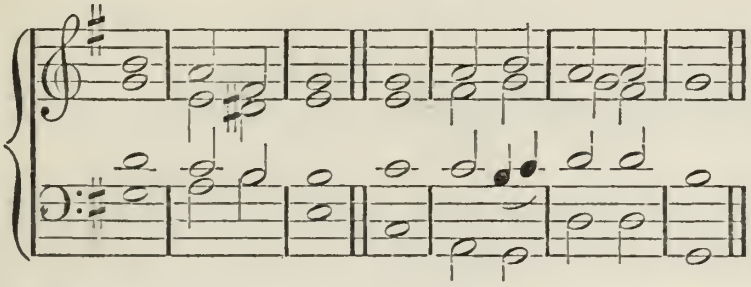


PSALM 129. *Sæpe expugnaverunt.*

MANY a time have they fought against mê from my′ yoüth up : mây′ Israel′ nöw say.

2 Yea, many a time have they vêxed me from my′ yoüth up : bût they′ have not pre′vailed against-me.

3 The plowers plôwed up′on my back : ând′ made′ löng furrows.

4 Bût the′ righteous Lord : hath hewn the snâres′ of the un′godly in pieces.

5 Let them be confôunded and′ turned backward : as mâny as have′ evil′ will at Sion.

6 Let them be even as the grass grôwing up′on the house-tops : which wîthereth a′fore it-be′ plucked up ;

7 Whereof the mower fîlleth′ not his hand : neither he that bîndeth′ up the′ sheaves his bosom.

8 So that they who go by say not so much as, The Lôrd′ prosper you : we wîsh you good′ luck in-the′ Name of the Lord.

† PSALM 130. *De profundis.*

OUT of the deep have I câlled unto′ thee, O Lord : Lôrd,′ hear′ mÿ voice.

2 O let thine êars con′sider well : thê′ voice of′ my complaint.

3 If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mârk what is′ done amiss : Ô′ Lord, who′ may abide-it ?

4 Fôr there is′ mercy with thee : thêre′fore shalt′ thou be feared.

5 I look for the Lord ; my sôul doth′ wait for him : în′ his word′ is my trust.

6 My soul flêeth′ unto the Lord : before the morning watch, I sây, be′fore the′ morning watch.

7 O Israel, trust in the Lord, fôr with the′ Lord there-is mercy : ând with′ him is′ plenteous redemption.

8 And hê shall re′deëm Israel : frôm′ all′ hïs sins.

PSALM 131. *Domine, non est.*

LÒRD, I am′ not high-minded : Ì′ have no′ pröud looks.

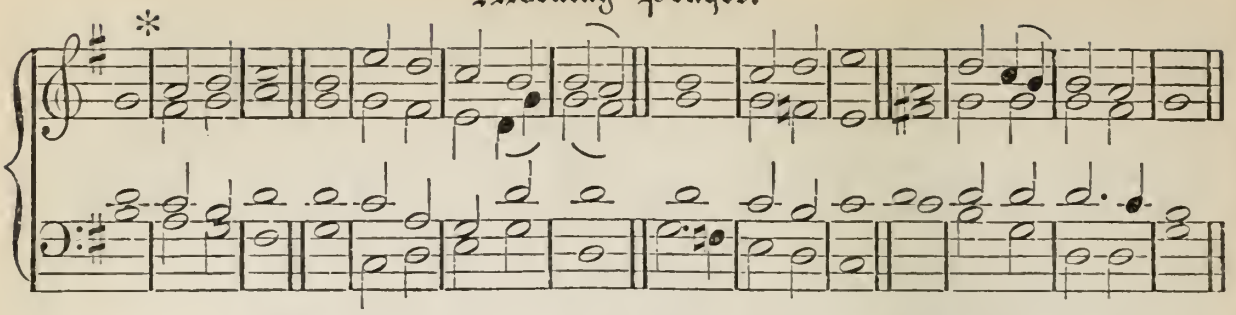
2 I do not exercise mysêlf in′ greät matters : whîch′ are too′ hïgh for-me.

3 But I refrain my soul, and keep it low, like as a child that is wêaned′ from his mother : yea, my sôul is even′ as a′ weaned child.

4 O Ìsrael,′ trust in-the Lord : from thîs time′ forth for′ evermore.

† Ash Wednesday. Evening. Proper Psalms, 102, 130, 143.

Morning Prayer.



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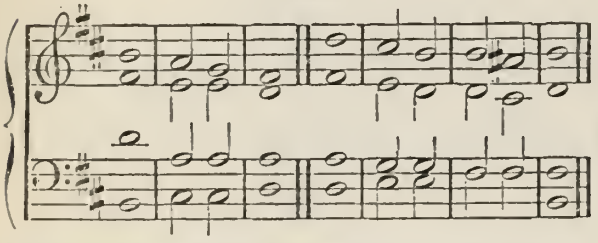


† PSALM 132. *Memento, Domine.*

LÔRD, re'member David : ând' all his' tröu-ble ;

2 How he swâre un'to the Lord : and vowed a vow ûnto the Al'mighty' God of Jacob ;

3 I will not come within the tâbernacle' of mine house : nôr' climb up' into my bed ;

4 I will not suffer mine eyes to slêep, nor mine' eye-lids to slumber : neither the têmples of my' head to' take any rest ;

5 Until I find out a place for the têmple' of the Lord : an habitâtion for the' mighty' God of Jacob.

6 Lo, we hêard of the' same at Ephrata : ând' found it' in the wood.

7 We will gô' into his tabernacle : and fall lôw on our' knees be'fore his footstool.

8 Arise, O Lôrd, into thy' resting-place : thôu,' and the' ark-of thy strength.

9 Let thy priêsts be' clothed with righteousness : and let thy sâints' sing with' joyfulness.

10 For thy sêrvant' David's sake : turn not awây the' presence of' thine Anointed.

11 The Lord hath made a fâithful' oath unto David : ând he' shall not' shrink from it ;

12 Ôf the' fruit-of thy body : shâll I' set up'on thy seat.

13 If thy children will keep my covenant, and my têstimonies that' I shall learn-them : their children also shall sît upon thy' seat for' evermore.

14 For the Lord hath chosen Sion to be an habitâtion' for himself : hê hath' longed' för her.

15 Thîs shall be my' rest for ever : here will I dwêll, for I' have-a de'light therein.

16 I will blêss her' victuals with increase : and will sâtis'fy her' poor with bread.

17 I will dêck her' priests with health : ând her' saints shall-re'joice and sing.

18 There shall I make the hôrn of' David to flourish : I have ordâined a' lantern for' mine Anointed.

19 As for his enemies, I shall clôthe' them with shame : but upôn him'self shall-his' crôwn flourish.

PSALM 133. *Ecce, quam bonum !*

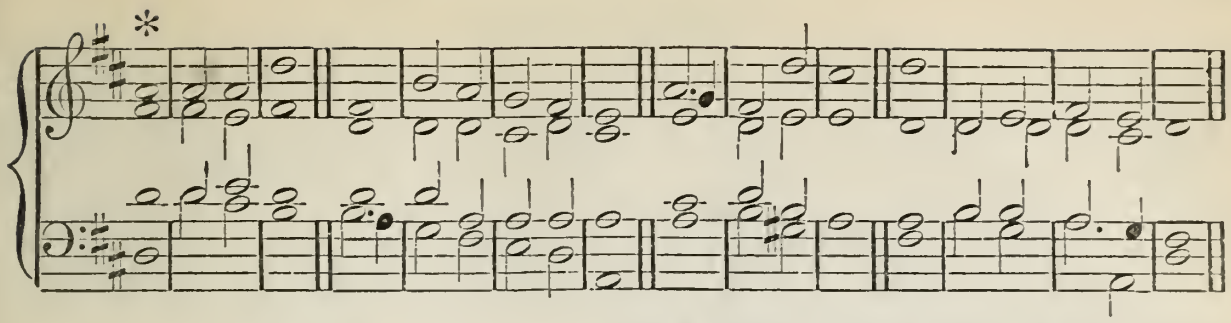
BEHOLD, how good and jôyful a' thing it is : brêthren, to' dwell to'gether in unity !

2 It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran dôwn un'to the beard : even unto Aaron's beard, and wênt' down to the' skirts-of his clothing.

3 Lîke as the' dew of Hermon : which fêll up'on the' hill of Sion.

4 For there the Lôrd' promised his blessing : ând' life for' evermore.

† Christmas Day. Evening. Proper Psalms, 89, 110, 132. Ps. 132 may be sung to Chant 2 on the opposite page.



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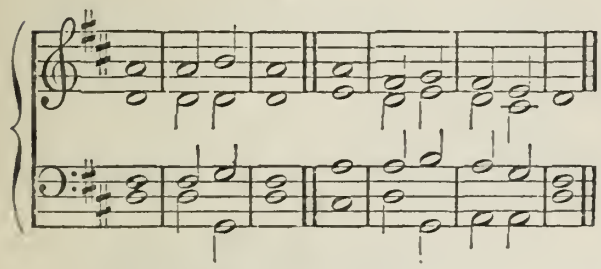


PSALM 134. *Ecce nunc.*

BEHÔLD now,′ praise the Lord : âll ye′ servants′ of the Lord ;

2 Ye that by night stând in the′ house of the Lord : êven in the′ courts of the′ house-of our God.

3 Lift ûp your′ hands in-the sanctuary : ând′ praise′ · the Lord.

4 The Lôrd that made′ heaven and earth : gîve thee′ blessing′ out of Sion.

PSALM 135. *Laudate Nomen.*

O PRAISE the Lord, lâud ye the′ Name of the Lord : praise it, Ô ye′ servants′ of the Lord ;

2 Ye that stând in the′ house of the Lord : în the′ courts of the′ house-of our God.

3 O praise the Lord, for the′ Lord is gracious : O sing prâises unto his′ Name, for′ it is lovely.

4 For why ? the Lord hath chosen Jâcob′ unto himself : and Israel′ for his′ own possession.

5 For I knôw that the′ Lord is great : and that ôur′ Lord is a′bove all gods.

6 Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did hê in′ heaven, and in earth : and în the′ sea, and-in′ all deep places.

7 He bringeth forth the clôuds from the′ ends of the world : and sendeth forth lightnings with the rain, brînging the′ winds′ out-of his treasures.

8 He smôte the′ first-born of Egypt : bôth′· of′ man and beast.

9 He hath sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, Ô thou′ land of Egypt : upôn′ Pharaoh, and′ all his servants.

10 He smôte′ divers nations : ând′ slew′ mighty kings ;

11 Sehon king of the Amorites, and Ôg the′ king of Basan : ând′ all the′ kingdoms of Canaan :

12 And gave their lând to′ be an heritage : even an hêritage′ unto′ Israel his people.

13 Thy Name, O Lôrd, en′dureth for ever : so doth thy memorial, O Lord, from ône gene′ration′ to another.

14 For the Lôrd will a′venge his people : ând be′ gracious′ unto his servants.

15 As for the images of the heathen, thêy are but′ silver and gold : thê′ work of′ mën's hands.

16 Thêy have′ mouths, and speak-not : êyes′ have they,′ but they see-not.

17 They have êars, and′ yet they hear-not : neither îs there′ any′ breath-in their mouths.

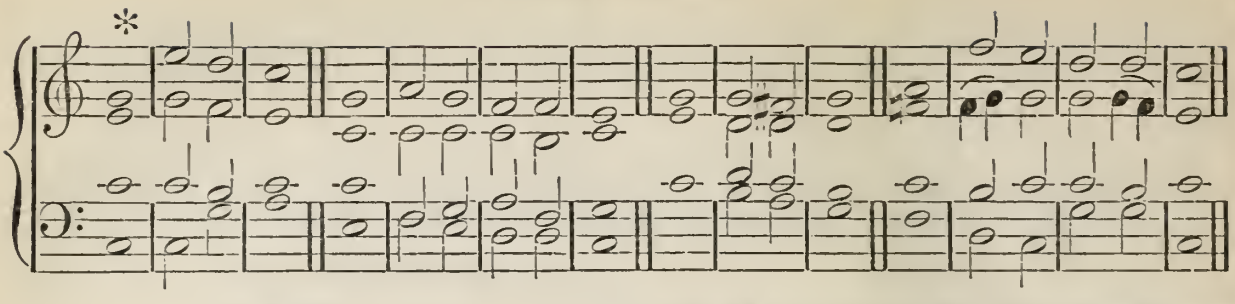
18 They that mâke them are′ like unto-them : and so are âll they that′ put their′ trust in them.

19 Praise the Lôrd, ye′ house of Israel : prâise the′ Lord, ye′ house of Aaron.

20 Praise the Lôrd, ye′ house of Levi : yê that′ fear the Lord,′ praise the Lord.

21 Prâised be the′ Lord out of Sion : whô′ dwelleth′ at Jerusalem.

Evening Prayer.



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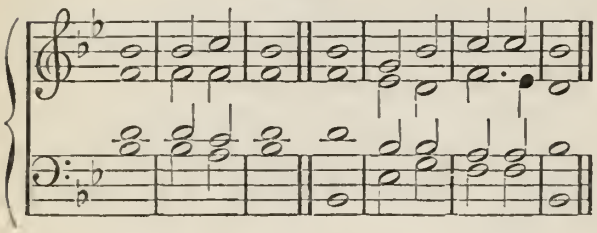


† PSALM 136. *Confitemini.*

O GIVE thanks unto the Lôrd, for' he is gracious : and his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

2 O give thânks unto the' God-of all gods : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

3 O thânk the' Lord-of all lords : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

4 Who ônly doeth' greät wonders : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

5 Who by his excellent wîsdom' made the heavens : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

6 Who laid out the êarth a'bove the waters : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

7 Who hath mâde' greät lights : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

8 The sûn to' rule the day : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

9 The moon and the stârs to' govern the night : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

10 Who smote Ègypt' with their first-born : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

11 And brought out Îsrael' from a-mong-them : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

12 With a mighty hând, and' stretched out arm : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

13 Who divided the Rêd' sea-in two parts : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

14 And made Israel to gô through the' midst of it : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

15 But as for Pharaoh and his host, he overthrêw them' in the Red sea : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

16 Who led his pêople' through the wilderness : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

17 Who smôte' greät kings : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

18 Yeâ, and slew' mighty kings : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

19 Sêhon' king of the Amorites : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

20 And Òg the' king of Basan : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

21 And gave awây their' land for an heritage : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

22 Even for an hêritage unto' Israel his servant : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

23 Who remembered us whên we' were in trouble : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver;

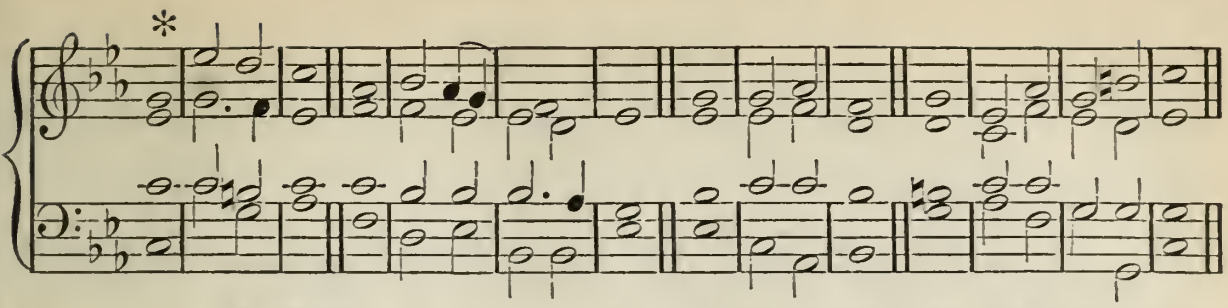
24 And hath delîvered us' from our enemies : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

25 Who gîveth' food-to all flesh : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

26 O give thânks unto the' God of heaven : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

27 O give thânks unto the' Lord of lords : for his mêrcy en'dureth for' ëver.

† N.B. The last clause of each verse may be pointed thus : "And his' mercy en'dureth for ever."



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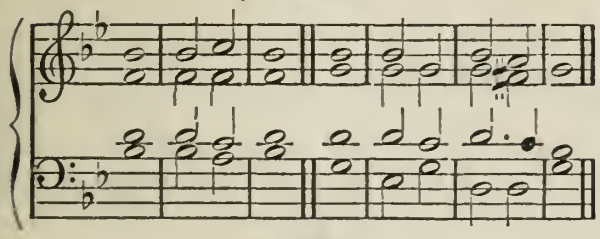

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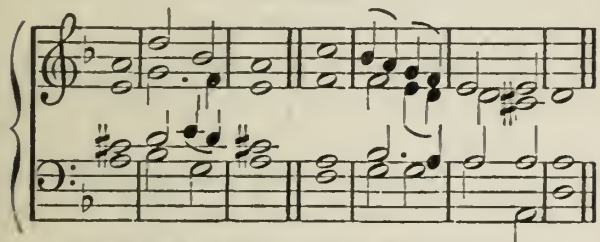


PSALM 137. *Super flumina.*

BY the waters of Babylon we sât′ down and wept : whên we re′membered′ thee, O Sion.

2 As for our hârps, we′ hanged them up : upôn the′ trees that′ are therein.

3 For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and mêlody,′ in our heaviness : Sîng us′ one of-the′ songs of Sion.

4 How shâll we′ sing-the Lord's song : în′· a′ strânge land?

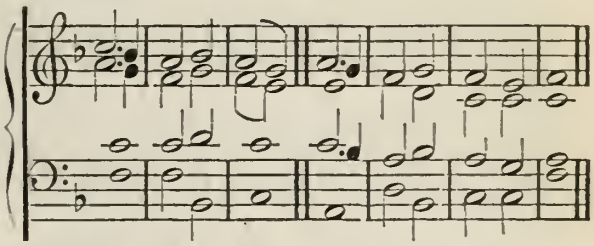
5 If I forgêt′ thee, O Jerusalem : let my rîght′ hand for′get her cunning.

6 If I do not remember thee, let my tongue clêave to the′ roof-of my mouth: yea, if I prefêr not Je′rusalem′ in my mirth.

7 Remember the children of Edom, O Lôrd, in the′ day of Jerusalem : how they said, Down with it, dôwn with it,′ even′ to the ground.

8 O daughter of Bâbylon,′ wasted with misery : yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thêe, as′ thou hast′ served us.

9 Blessed shall hê be that′ taketh thy children : ând′ throweth them-a′gainst the stones.



† PSALM 138. *Confitebor tibi.*

I WILL give thanks unto thee, O Lôrd, with′ my whole heart : even before the gôds will′ I sing′ praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy Name, because of thy lôving′-kindness and truth : for thou hast magnified thy Nâme, and thy′ Word, a′bove all things.

3 When I called upon thêe, thou′ heardest me : and endûedst my′ soul with′ müch strength.

4 All the kings of the earth shall prâise′ thee, O Lord : fôr they have′ heard the′ words-of thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sîng in the′ ways of the Lord : that greât is the′ glory′ of the Lord.

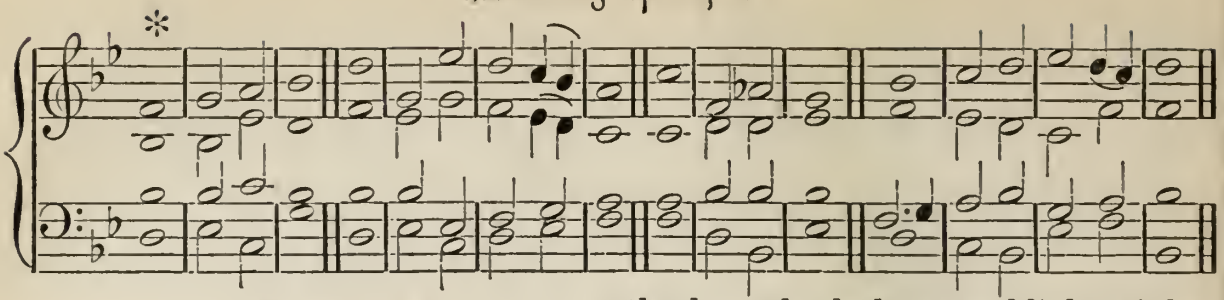
6 For though the Lord be high, yet hath he respêct un′to the lowly : as for the proud, he behôldeth′ them a′fär off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, yêt shalt′ thou refresh-me : thou shalt stretch forth thy hand upon the furiousness of mine ênemies, and′ thy right′ hand shall save-me.

8 The Lord shall make good his lôving′-kindness toward-me : yea, thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever; despise not thên the′ works of′ thine own hands.

† N.B. Psalm 138 may be sung to either of the chants on the opposite page.

Morning Prayer.



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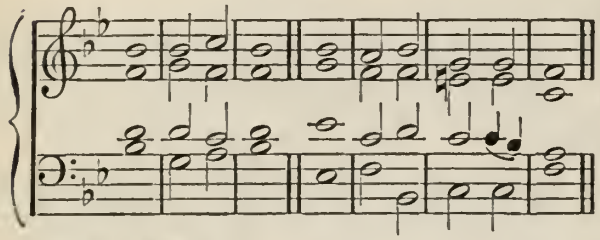


PSALM 139. *Domine, probasti.*

O LORD, thou hast sêarched me′ out, and known-me : thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising; thou ûnder′standest my′ thoughts long before.

2 Thou art about my pâth, and a′bout my bed : ând′ spiest out′ all my ways.

3 For lo, there is nôt a′ word-in my tongue : but thou, O Lôrd,′ knowest it′ altogether.

4 Thou hast fâshioned me be′hind and before : ând′ laid thine′ hand upon-me.

5 Such knowledge is too wônderful and′ excellent for-me : Î′ cannot at′tain unto-it.

6 Whither shall I gô then′ from thy Spirit : or whîther shall I′ go then′ from thy presence?

7 If I climb up into hêaven,′ thou art there : if I go down to hêll,′ thou art′ thëre also.

8 If I tâke the′ wings of the morning : and remâin in the′ uttermost′ parts of the sea;

9 Even there âlso shall′ thy hand lead-me : ând′ thy right′ hand shall hold-me.

10 If I say, Peradventure the dârkness shall′ cover me : thên shall my′ night be′ turned to day.

11 Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the nîght is as′ clear as-the day : the darkness and lîght to′ thee are′ both alike.

12 Fôr my′ reins are thine : thou hast côvered me′ in my′ mother's womb.

13 I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fêarfully and′ wonderfully made : marvellous are thy works, and thât my′ soul′ knoweth right well.

14 My bônes are not′ hid from thee : though I be made sêcretly, and′ fashioned be′neath in-the earth.

15 Thine eyes did see my sûbstance, yet′ being imperfect : and in thy bôok were′ all my′ members written;

16 Which dây by′ day were fashioned : whên as′ yet there-was′ none of them.

17 How dear are thy côunsels unto′ me, O God : Ô how′ great is-the′ sum of them!

18 If I tell them, they are more in nûmber′ than the sand : when I wâke up′ I am′ present with-thee.

19 Wilt thou not slây the′ wicked, O God : depârt from′ me, ye′ blood-thirsty men.

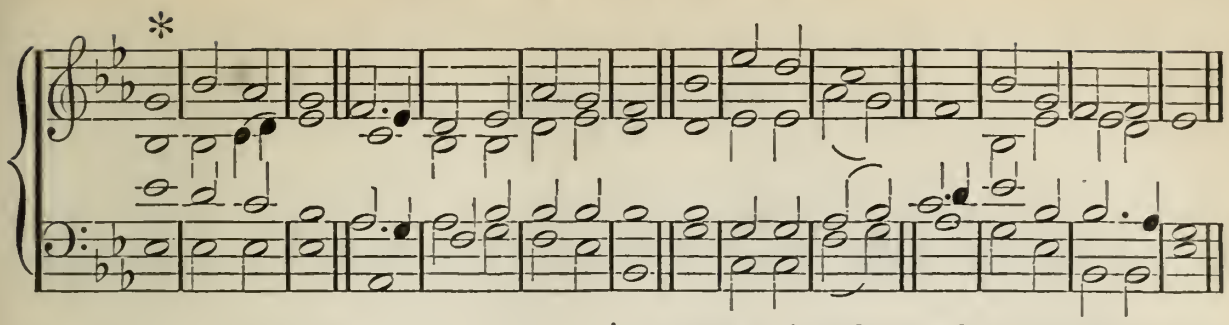
20 For they speak unrîghteously a′-gäinst thee : and thine ênemies′ take thy′ Name in vain.

21 Do not I hate them, O Lôrd, that′ häte thee : and am not I grieved with thôse that rise′ up a′gaïnst thee?

22 Yeâ, I′ hate-them right sore : êven as′ though they′ were mine enemies.

23 Try me, O God, and sêek the′ ground-of my heart : prôve me,′ and ex′amine my thoughts.

24 Look well if there be any wây of′ wickedness in-me : and lêad me′ in the′ way everlasting.



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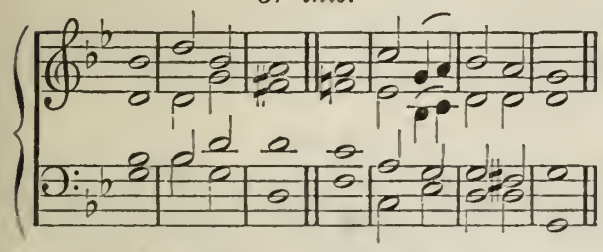


PSALM 140. *Eripe me, Domine.*

DELIVER me, O Lôrd, from the' evil man : and presêrve me' from the' wicked man.

2 Who imagine mîschief' in their hearts : and stîr up' strife all-the' dăy long.

3 They have shârpened their' tongues like-a serpent : âdders'' poison is' under their lips.

4 Keep me, O Lord, from the hânds' of-the ungodly : preserve me from the wicked men, who are pûrposed to' over'-throw my goings.

5 The proud have laid a snare for me, and spread a nêt a'broad with cords : yeâ, and set' traps in' mў way.

6 I said unto the Lôrd,' Thou-art my God : hêar the' voice-of my' prayers, O Lord.

7 O Lord Gôd, thou' strength-of my health : thou hast côvered my' head in-the' day of battle.

8 Let not the ungodly hâve his de'-sire, O Lord : let not his mischievous imagination prôsper,' lest they' be too proud.

9 Let the mischief of their own lips fâll upon the' head of them : thât' com-pass' me about.

10 Let hot burning côals' fall upon-them : let them be cast into the fire, and into the pit, thât they' never' rise up-again.

11 A man full of words shall not prôsper up'on the earth : evil shall hunt the wîcked' person to' overthrow-him.

12 Sure I am that the Lôrd will a'-venge the poor : ând main'tain the' cause of the helpless.

13 The righteous also shall give thânks un'to thy Name : and the jûst shall con'tinue' in thy sight.

PSALM 141. *Domine, clamavi.*

LORD, I call upon thee, hâste thee' unto me : and consîder my' voice when-I' cry unto thee.

2 Let my prayer be set fôrth in thy' sight as-the incense : and let the lifting ûp of my' hands be-an' evening sacrifice.

3 Set a watch, O Lôrd, be'fore my mouth : ând' keep the' door-of my lips.

4 O let not mine heart be inclîned to any' evil thing : let me not be occupied in ungodly works with the men that work wickedness, lêst I' eat-of such' things as please-them.

5 Let the righteous râther' smite me friendly : ând'· re'pröve me.

6 But let not their precious bâlms' break my head : yea, I will prây' yet a'gainst their wickedness.

7 Let their judges be overthrôwn in' stony places : that they may hêar my' words, for' they are sweet.

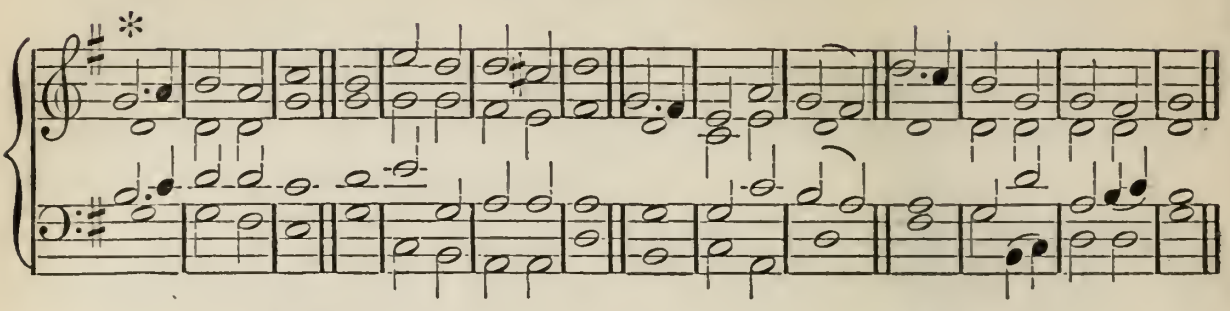
8 Our bones lie scâttered be'fore the pit : like as when one breaketh and hêweth' wood up'on the earth.

9 But mine eyes look unto thêe,' O Lord God : in thee is my trûst, O' cast not' out my soul.

10 Keep me from the snâre that they have' läid for-me : ând from the' traps of the' wicked doers.

11 Let the ungodly fâll into their own' nets together : ând' let me' ever escape-them.

Evening Prayer.



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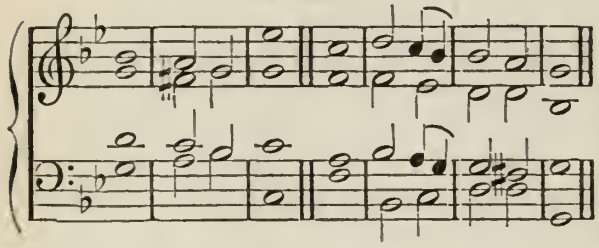

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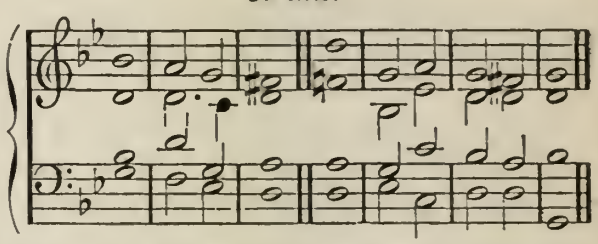


PSALM 142. *Voce mea ad Dominum.*

I CRÎED unto the′ Lord-with my voice : yea, even unto the Lôrd did I′ make my′ supplication.

2 I poured ôut my com′plaints before-him : ând′ shewed him′ of my trouble.

3 When my spirit was in hêaviness thou′ knewest my path : in the way wherein I walked have they prîvily′ laid a′ snäre for-me.

4 I looked also upôn′ my right hand : and sâw there was′ no man′ that would know-me.

5 I had nô place to′ flee unto : and nô man′ cared′ for my soul.

6 I cried unto thêe, O′ Lord, and said : Thou art my hope, and my pôrtion′ in the′ land of the living.

7 Consîder′ my complaint : fôr I am′ brought′ very low.

8 O delîver me′ from my persecutors : fôr they′ are too′ strông forme.

9 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thânks un′to thy Name : which thing if thou wilt grant me, then shall the rîghteous re′sort un′to my company.

† PSALM 143. *Domine, exaudi.*

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, and consîder′ my desire : hearken unto mê for thy′ truth and′ righteousness′ sake.

2 And enter not into jûdgement′ with thy servant : for in thŷ sight shall′ no man′ living be justified.

3 For the enemy hath persecuted my soul ; he hath smitten my lîfe′ down to the ground : he hath laid me in the darkness, âs the′ men that-have′ been long dead.

4 Therefore is my spîrit′ vexed within-me : ând my′ heart with′in-me is desolate.

5 Yet do I remember the time past ; I mûse upon′ all thy works : yea, I êxercise my′self in-the′ works-of thy hands.

6 I stretch fôrth my′ hands unto thee : my soul gâspeth unto′ thee as-a′ thirsty land.

7 Hear me, O Lord, and that soon, for my spîrit′ waxeth faint : hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto thêm that go′ down in′to the pit.

† Ash Wednesday. Evening. Proper Psalms, 102, 130, 143.

8 O let me hear thy loving-kindness betimes in the môrning, for in' thee-is my trust : shew thou me the way that I should wâlk in, for I' lift up-my' soul unto thee.

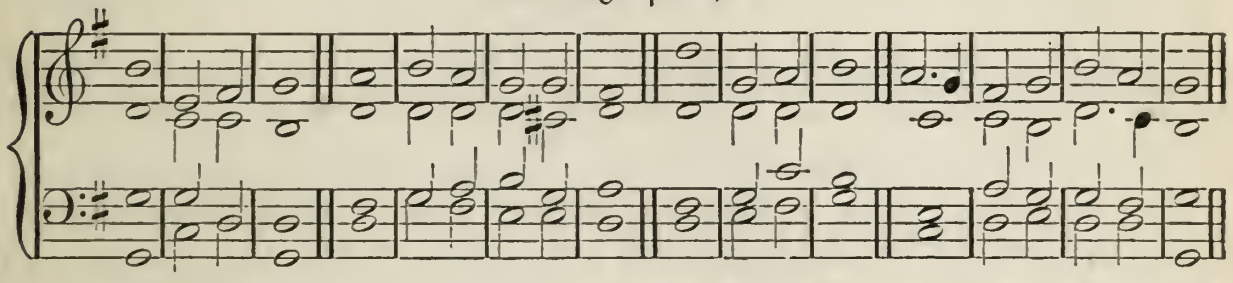
9 Delîver me, O' Lord,-from mine enemies : fôr I' flee unto' thee to hide-me.

10 Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thêe, for' thou-art my God : let thy loving Spirit lead me fôrth in'to the' land of righteousness.

11 Qûicken me, O' Lord, for thy Name's sake : and for thy rîghteous-ness' sake' bring my' soul out-of trouble.

12 And of thy gôodness' slay mine enemies : and destroy all them that vex my sôul' ; for I' am thy servant.

Morning Prayer.



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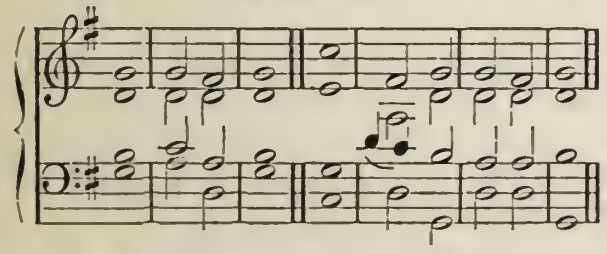


PSALM 144. *Benedictus Dominus.*

BLÊSSED be the' Lord my strength: who teacheth my hânds to' war,-and my' fingers to fight;

2 My hope and my fortress, my castle and deliverer, my defênder in' whom I trust : who subdueth my pêople' that is' under me.

3 Lord, what is man, that thou hast sûch re'spect unto him : or the son of mân, that thou' so re'gardest him ?

4 Mân is like a' thing of nought : his tîme' passeth a'way like-a shadow.

5 Bow thy hêavens, O' Lord,-and come down : tôuch the' mountains, and' they shall smoke.

6 Câst forth thy' lightning, and tear-them : shôot out thine' arrows,' and consume-them.

7 Send dôwn thine' hand from-above: deliver me, and take me out of the great wâters, from the' hand of' strânge children ;

8 Whose môuth' talketh of vanity : and their right hând' is-a right' hand of wickedness.

9 I will sing a new sông unto' thee, O God : and sing praises unto thêe up'on a' ten-stringed lute.

10 Thou hast given vîctory' unto kings : and hast delivered David thy sêrvant from the' peril' of the sword.

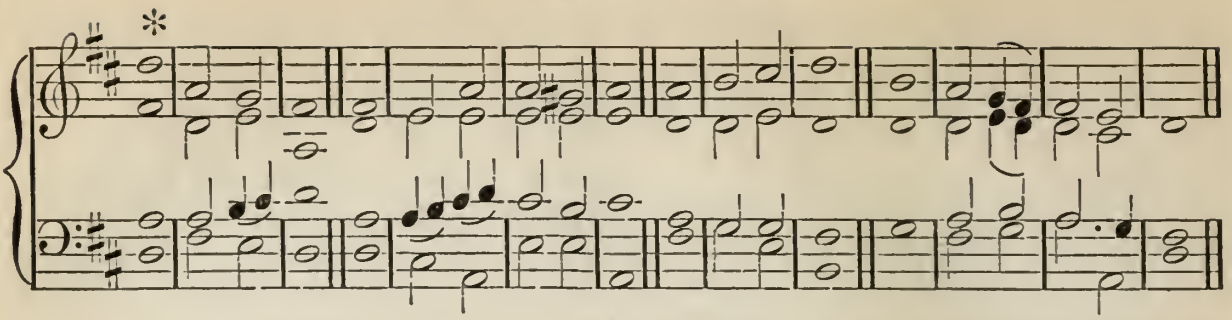
11 Save me, and deliver me from the hând of' strânge children : whose mouth talketh of vanity, and their right hând' is-a right' hand of iniquity.

12 That our sons may grow ûp as the' yoüng plants : and that our daughters may be as the pôlished' corners' of the temple.

13 That our garners may be full and plênteous with all' manner of store : that our sheep may bring forth thôusands and' ten thousands' in our streets.

14 That our oxen may be strong to lâbour, that there be' no decay : no leading into captivity, and nô com'-plaining' in our streets.

15 Happy are the people that âre in' such a case : yea, blessed are the pêople who' have the' Lord-for their God.



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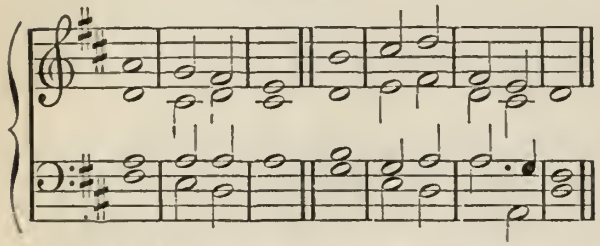


† PSALM 145. *Exaltabo te, Deus.*

I WILL magnify thêe, O′ God, my King : and I will prâise thy′ Name for′ ever and ever.

2 Every dây will I give′ thanks unto thee : and prâise thy′ Name for′ ever and ever.

3 Great is the Lord, and marvellous, wôrthy′ to be praised : thêre is′ no end′ of his greatness.

4 One generation shall prâise thy works′ unto another : ând′ de′clare thy power.

5 As for me, I will be tâlking′ of thy worship : thy glôry, thy′ praise, and′ wondrous works ;

6 So that men shall speak of the mîght of thy′ marvellous acts : and Î will′ also′ tell-of thy greatness.

7 The memorial of thine abundant kîndness′ shall be shewed : ând′ men shall′ sing-of thy righteousness.

8 The Lôrd is′ gracious, and merciful : lông-suffering,′ and of′ greät goodness.

9 The Lord is lôving unto′ every man : and his mêrcy is′ over′ all his works.

10 All thy wôrks′ praise-thee, O Lord : ând thy′ saints give′ thanks unto-thee.

11 They shew the glôry′ of thy kingdom : ând′ talk of′ thÿ power ;

12 That thy power, thy glory, and mîghtiness′ of thy kingdom : mîght be′ known′ unto men.

13 Thy kingdom is an êver′lasting kingdom : and thy domînion en′dureth through′out all ages.

14 The Lord upholdeth âll′ such as fall : and lîfteth′ up all′ those-that are down.

15 The eyes of all wâit upon′ thee, O Lord : and thou gîvest them their′ meat in′ düe season.

16 Thôu′ openest thine hand : and fîllest′ all things′ living with plenteousness.

17 The Lord is rîghteous in′ all his ways : ând′ holy in′ all his works.

18 The Lord is nigh unto âll them that′ call upon-him : yea, âll such as′ call up′on him faithfully.

19 He will fulfil the desîre of′ them that fear-him : he âlso will′ hear their′ cry, and will help-them.

20 The Lord preserveth âll′ them that love-him : but scâttereth a′broad′ all-the ungodly.

21 My mouth shall spêak the′ praise of the Lord : and let all flesh give thanks unto his hôly′ Name for′ ever and ever.

PSALM 146. *Lauda, anima mea.*

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul ; while I lîve will I′ praise the Lord : yea, as long as I have any being, Ì will sing′ praises′ unto my God.

2 O put not your trust in princes, nôr in any′ child of man : fôr′ there is′ no help in-them.

3 For when the breath of man goeth forth he shall tûrn a′gain-to his earth : and thên′ all his′ thöughts perish.

4 Blessed is he that hath the God of Jâcob′ for his help : and whose hôpe is′ in the′ Lord his God ;

† Whit-Sunday. Evening. Proper Psalms, 104, 145.

5 Who made heaven and earth, the sea, and âll that′ therein is : whô′ keepeth his′ promise for ever ;

6 Who helpeth them to rîght that′ suffer wrong : whô′ feed′eth the hungry.

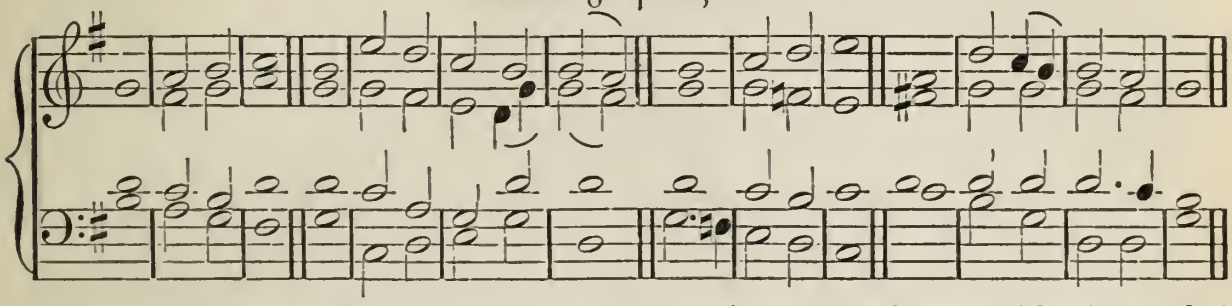
7 The Lord lôoseth′ men out-of prison : the Lôrd′ giveth′ sight to the blind.

8 The Lord hêlpeth′ them-that are fallen : the Lôrd′ careth′ for the righteous.

9 The Lord careth for the strangers ; he defêndeth the′ fatherless and widow : as for the way of the ungôdly, he′ turneth it′ upside down.

10 The Lord thy God, O Sion, shall be Kîng for′ evermore : ând through′out all′ generations.

Evening Prayer.



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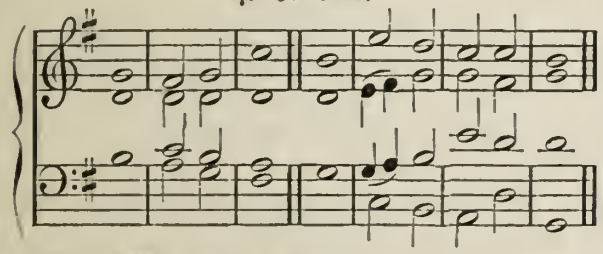


PSALM 147. *Laudate Dominum.*

O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing prâises′ unto our God : yea, a joyful and plêasant′ thing it′ is-to be thankful.

2 The Lord doth buîld′ up Jerusalem : and gâther to′gether the′ out-casts of Israel.

3 He healeth thôse that are′ broken in heart : and gîveth′ medicine to′ heal their sickness.

4 He telleth the nûmber′ of the stars : ând′ calleth them′ all-by their names.

5 Great is our Lôrd, and′ great-is his power : yeâ,′ and his′ wisdom is infinite.

6 The Lord sêtteth′ up the meek : and brîngeth the un′godly′ down to the ground.

7 O sîng unto the′ Lord-with thanksgiving : sing prâises upon the′ harp un′to our God ;

8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepâreth′ rain for-the earth : and maketh the grass to grow upon the môuntains, and′ herb for-the′ use of men ;

9 Who giveth fôdder′ unto the cattle : and feedeth the yôung′ ravens that′ call upon-him.

10 He hath no plêasure in the′ strength-of an horse : neither delîghteth′ he in′ any man's legs.

11 But the Lord's delîght is in′ them that fear-him : ând′ put their′ trust-in his mercy.

12 Praise the Lôrd,′ O Jerusalem : prâise′ thy′ God, O Sion.

13 For he hath made fâst the′ bars-of thy gates : ând hath′ blessed thy′ children within-thee.

14 He mâketh′ peace-in thy borders : and fîlleth thee′ with the′ flour of wheat.

15 He sendeth forth his commând-ment′ upon earth : and his wôrd′ runneth′ very swiftly.

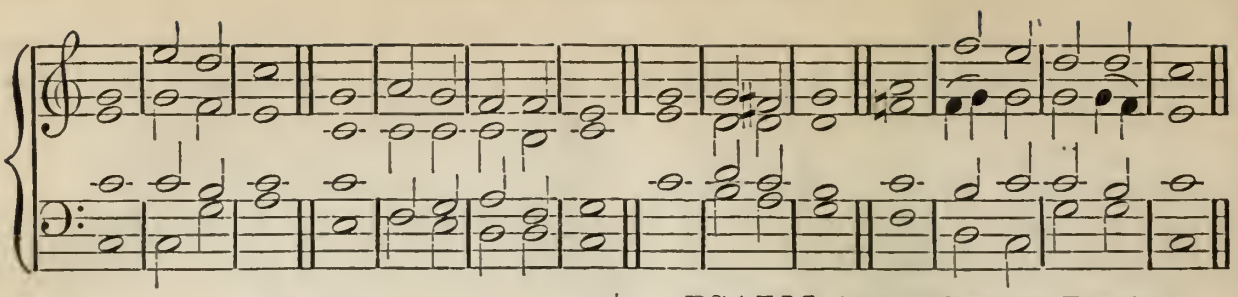
16 He gîveth′ snow like wool : and scâttereth the′ hoar′-frost like ashes.

17 He câsteth forth his′ ice like morsels : who is âble′ to a′bide his frost ?

18 He sendeth out his wôrd, and′ melteth them : he blôweth with his′ wind, and-the′ waters flow.

19 He shêweth his′ word unto Jacob : his stâtutes and′ ordinances′ unto Israel.

20 He hath not dêalt so with′ any nation : neither have the heâthen′ knowledge′ of his laws.



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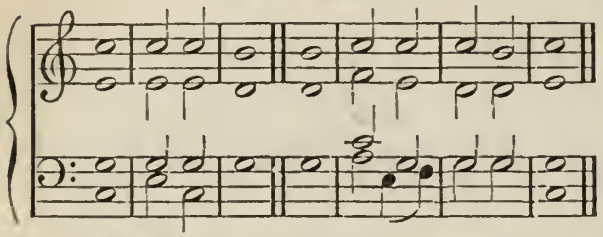


PSALM 148. *Laudate Dominum.*

O PRÂISE the′ Lord of heaven: prâise′· him′ in the height.

2 Praise him, âll ye′ angels of his: prâise′· him,′ all his host.

3 Prâise him,′ sun and moon: prâise him,′ all ye′ stars and light.

4 Prâise him,′ all ye heavens: and ye wâters that′ are a′bove the heavens.

5 Let them prâise the′ Name of the Lord: for he spake the word, and they were made; he commânded,′ and they′ were created.

6 He hath made them fâst for′ ever and ever: he hath gîven them a′ law which shall′ not be broken.

7 Prâise the′ Lord-upon earth: yê′ dragons, and′ äll deeps;

8 Fire and hâil,′ snow and vapours: wînd and′ storm, ful′filling his word;

9 Môuntains and′ äll hills: frûitful′ trees and′ äll cedars;

10 Bêasts and′ äll cattle: wôrms′· and′ feathered fowls;

11 Kings of the êarth and′ äll people: prînces and all′ judges′ of the world;

12 Young men and maidens, old men and children, prâise the′ Name of the Lord: for his Name only is êxcellent, and his′ praise above′ heaven and earth.

13 He shall exalt the horn of his people; âll his′ saints shall praise-him: even the children of Israel, êven the′ people that′ serveth him.

PSALM 149. *Cantate Domino.*

O SÎNG unto the′ Lord-a new song: lêt the congre′gation of′ saïnts praise-him.

2 Let Israel rejôice in′ him that made-him: and let the children of Sïon be′ joyful′ in their King.

3 Let them prâise his′ Name in the dance: let them sing prâises unto′ him with′ tabret and harp.

4 For the Lord hath plêasure′ in his people: ând′ helpeth the′ mëek-hearted.

5 Let the sâints be′ joyful with glory: lêt them re′joice′ in their beds.

6 Let the praises of Gôd be′ in their mouth: ând a′ two-edged′ sword-in their hands;

7 To be avênged′ of the heathen: ând′ to re′buke the people.

8 To bînd their′ kings in chains: ând their′ nobles with′ links of iron.

9 That they may be avênged of them,′ as-it is written: Sûch′ honour have′ all his saints.

PSALM 150. *Laudate Dominum.*

O PRÂISE′ God-in his holiness: prâise him in the′ firmament′ of his power.

2 Prâise him in his′ noble acts: praise him accôrding′ to his′ excellent greatness.

3 Prâise him in the′ sound of the trumpet: prâise him up′on the′ lute and harp.

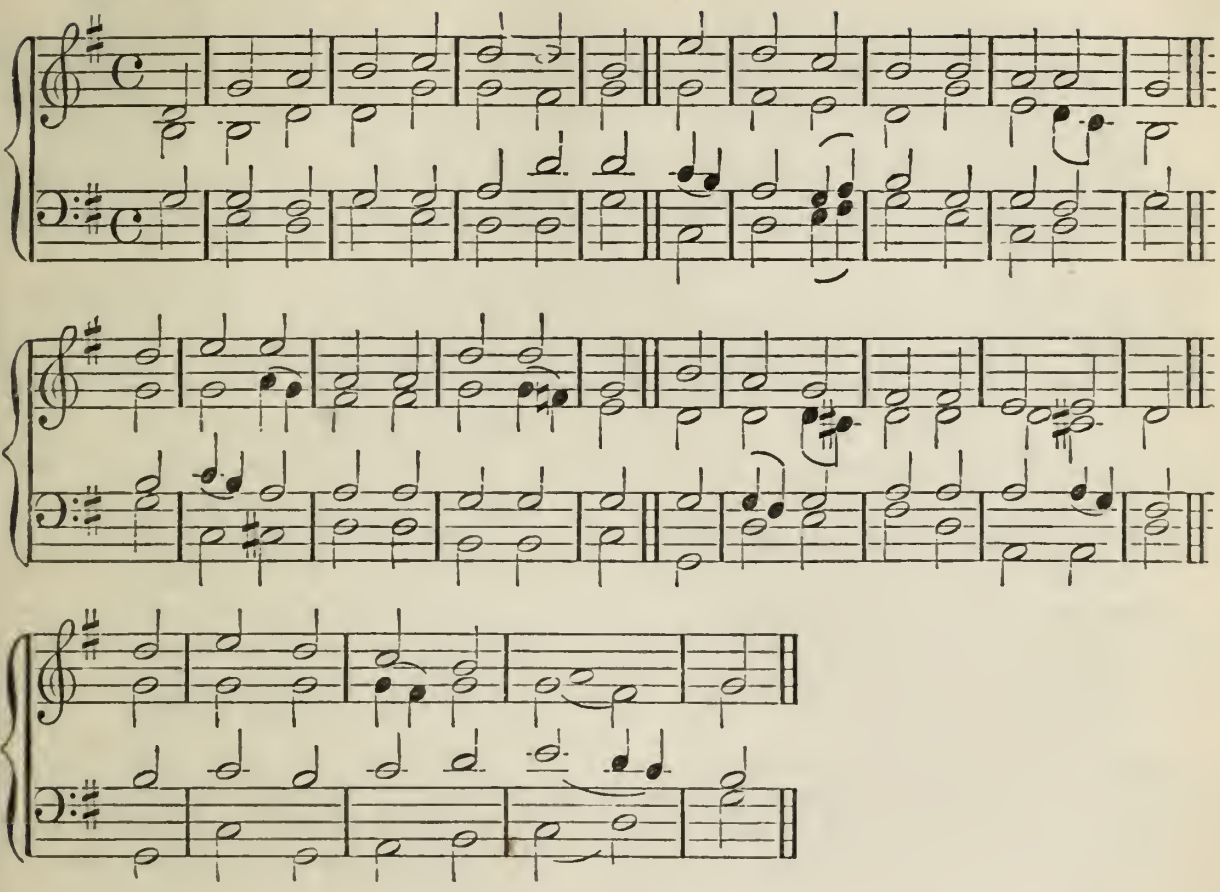
4 Prâise him in the′ cymbals and dances: prâise him up′on the′ strings and pipe.

5 Prâise him upon the′ well-tuned cymbals: prâise him up′on the′ lôud cymbals.

6 Let êvery thing′ that hath breath: prâise′ ·′· the Lord.

ADVENT.

Baden. P. M.



HYMN 1.

1 HOSANNA to the Living Lord!
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing!
Hosanna in the highest!

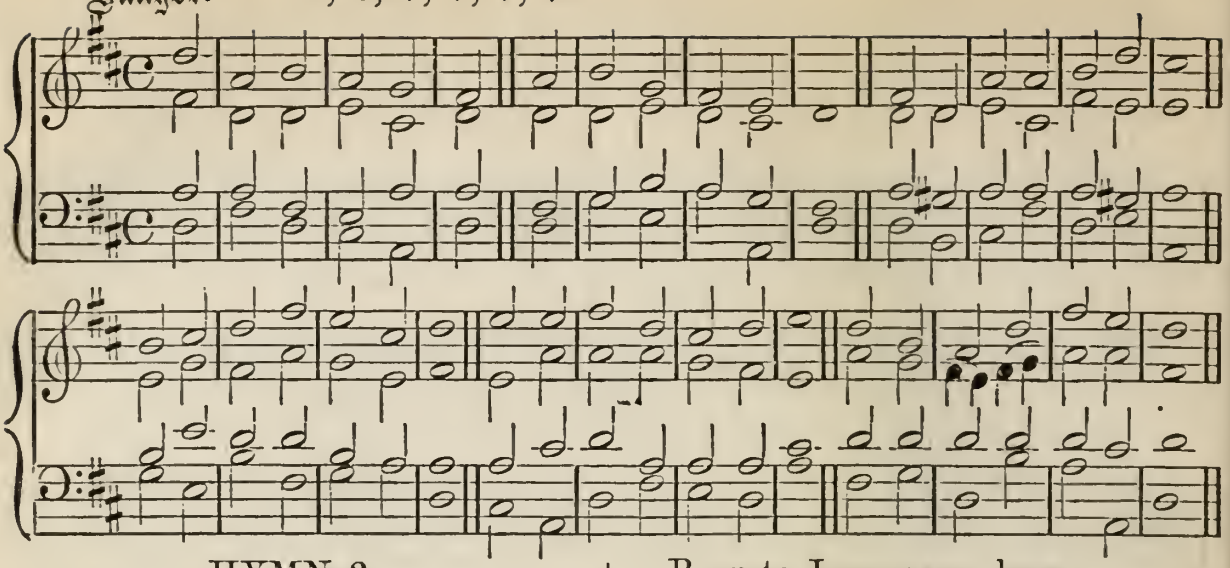
2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Be with us in Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim;
Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee;
Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain;
Shall swell the sound of praise again;
Hosanna in the highest!

Bangor. 6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 2.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's Sacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in himself hath joined,
Thee, my soul, his own to make.

2 Equal with God Most High,
He laid his glory by;
He, the Eternal God, was born,
Man with men he deigned to appear,
Object of his creature's scorn,
Pleased a servant's form to wear.

3 Hail! everlasting Lord,
Divine, incarnate Word!
Thee let all my powers confess;
Thee my latest breath proclaim;
Help, ye angel-choirs to bless,
Chant the loved Immanuel's name!

4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The promised Blessing's come;
Christ, the fathers' hope of old, [Seed,
Christ, the woman's conquering
Christ, the Saviour long foretold,
Born to bruise the serpent's head.

5 Jesus, to thee I bow!
The "Almighty's Fellow," thou!
Thou, the Father's only Son;
Pleased he ever is in thee;
Just and holy thou alone,
Full of grace and truth for me.

PART II.

HIGH above every name,
Jesus, the Great I AM!
Bows to Jesus every knee,
Things in heaven, earth, and hell;
Saints adore him, demons flee,
All proclaim Immanuel!

2 He left his throne above,
Emptied of all but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God, vouchsafed a worm to appear,
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

3 His own on earth he sought,
His own received him not;
Him a sign by all blasphemed,
Outcast, and despised of men,
Him they all a madman deemed,
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

4 Hail, Galilean King!
Thy humble state I sing;
Never shall my triumphs end;
Hail, derided Majesty!
Jesus, hail! the sinner's Friend,
Friend of Publicans,—and me.

PART III.

1 JESU, my God and King,
Thy regal state I sing:
Thou, and only thou, art great,
High thine everlasting throne:
Thou, the Sovereign Potentate,
Blessed, immortal, thou alone.

2 Essay our choicest strains,
The King Messiah reigns
Tune your harps, celestial choir,
Joyful all your voices raise; [higher,
Christ, than earth-born monarchs
Sons of men and angels praise.

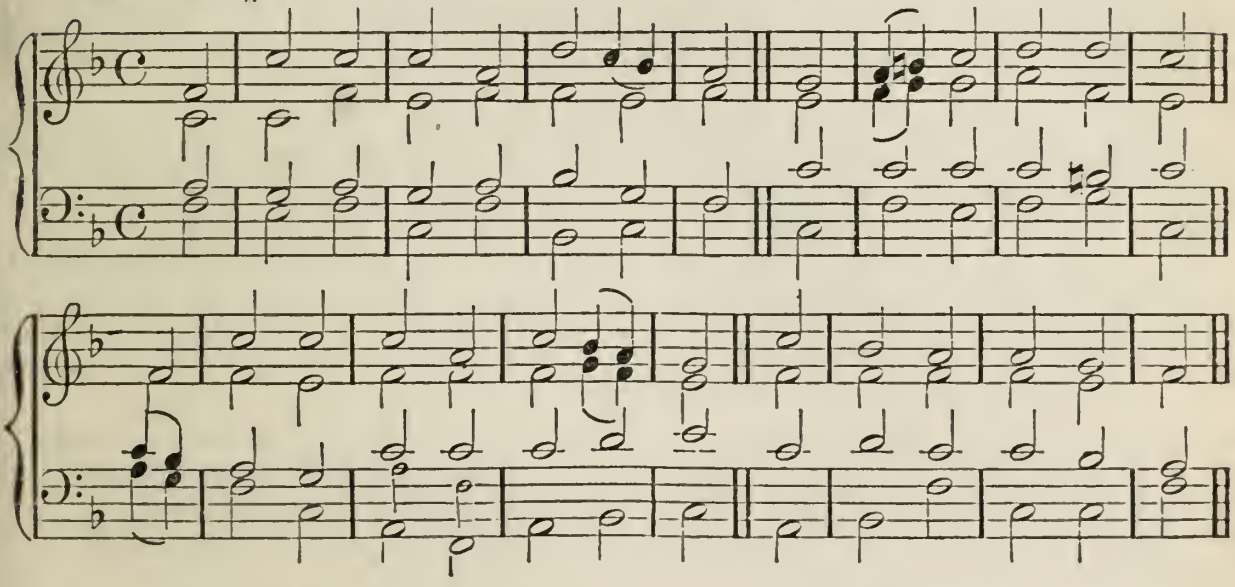
3 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers!
Source of power, he rules alone;
Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall;
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all!

4 Let earth's remotest bound
With echoing joys resound;
Christ to praise let all conspire;
Praise doth all to Christ belong:
Shout, ye first-born sons of fire;
Earth, repeat the glorious song.

5 Worthy, O Lord, art thou,
That every knee shall bow,
Every tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.

6 Justice and truth maintain
Thine everlasting reign:
One with thine Almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of saints, let all conspire,
Gratefully thy sway to own.

St. George's. (Original form.) C. M.



HYMN 3.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
The Saviour promised long! [comes,
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure.
And with the riches of his grace
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name!

HYMN 4.

1 HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn,
To David's Son and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt th' Incarnate Word.

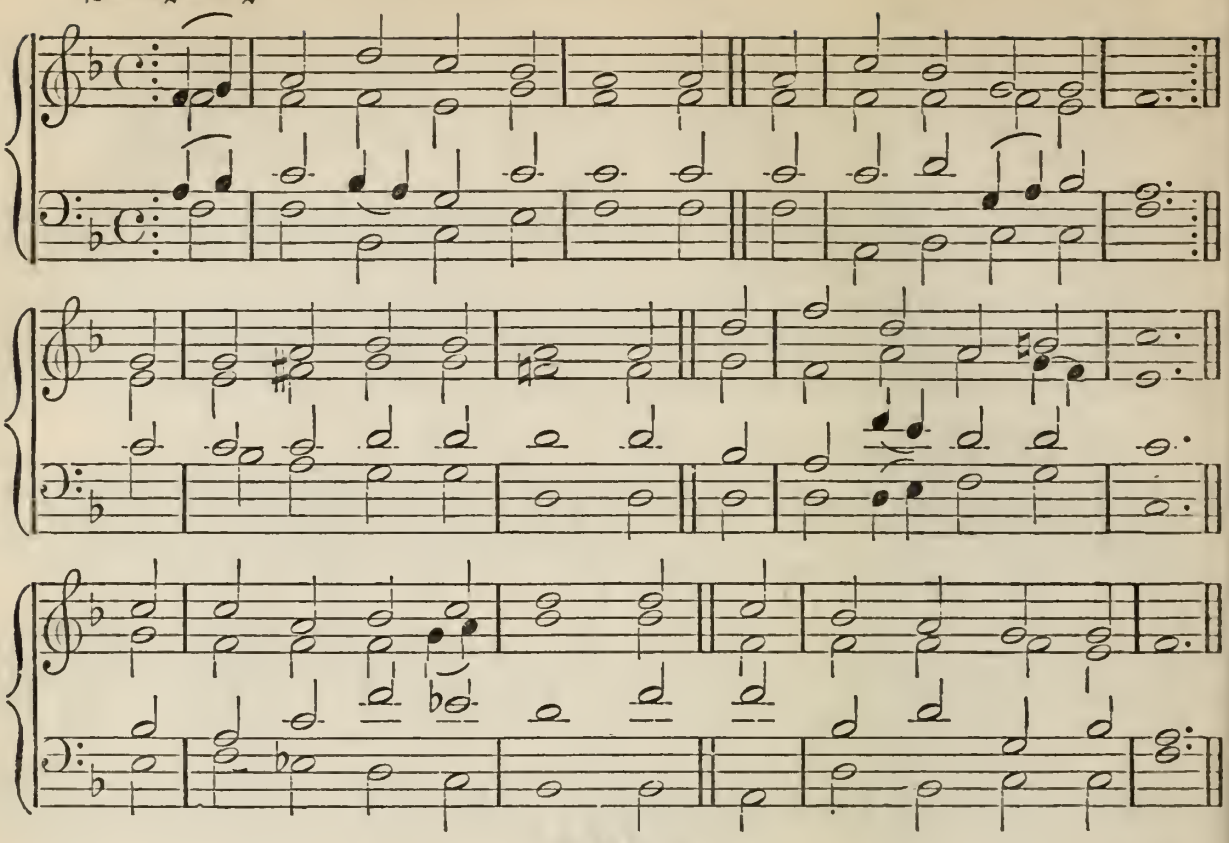
2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast thy gifts—how free!
Thy blood our life—thy word our feast—
Thy Name our only plea.

3 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be thine own.

4 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng:
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor, but grateful song.

5 O Saviour, if, redeem'd by thee,
Thy temple we behold;
Hosannas, through eternity,
We'll sing to harps of gold!

Königsberg. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.



HYMN 5.

1 OH, how shall I receive thee,
How greet thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see thee,
My hope, my heart's delight!
Oh, kindle, Lord most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please thee best.

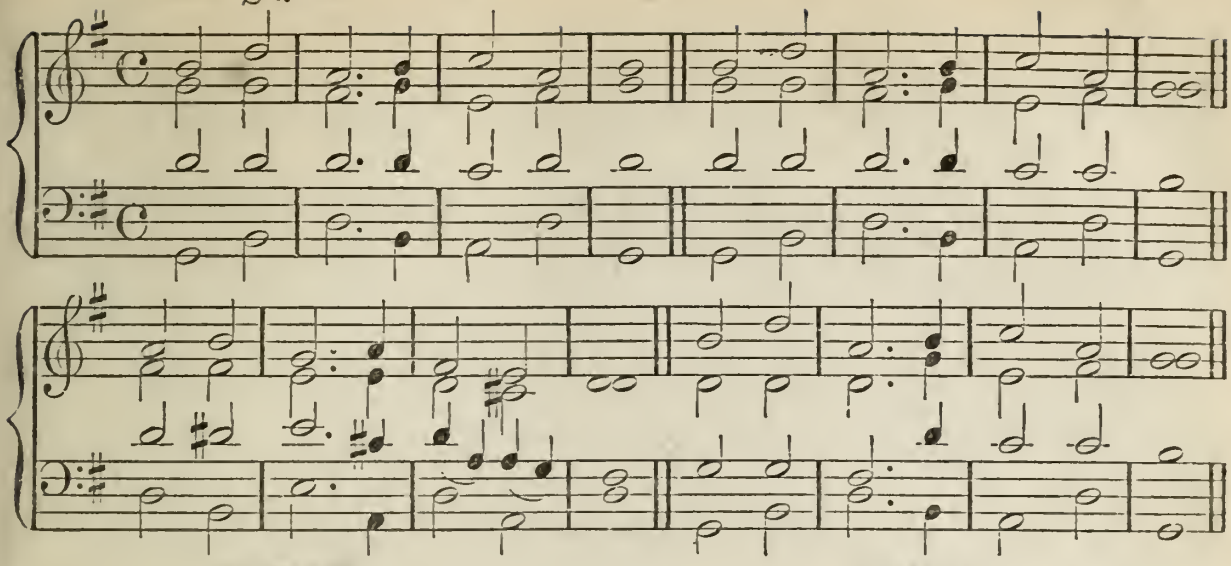
2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare:
My soul puts off her sadness
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve thy name.

3 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou com'st to set me free!
I stood, my shame bemoaning,
Thou com'st to honour me!
A glory dost thou give me,
A treasure safe on high,
That will not fail nor leave me,
As earthly riches fly.

4 Love caused thy incarnation,
Love brought thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty:
Oh, love beyond all telling!
That led thee to embrace,
Oh, love all love excelling!
Our lost and fallen race!

5 Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom:
He only who can cheer you,
Is standing at the door;
He brings his pity near you,
And bids you weep no more

German Hymn. 7's.



HYMN 6.

1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word;
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come and visit sinful men!

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim;
We are gathered in thy Name;
In the midst do thou appear;
Manifest thy presence *here*.

3 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Come and dwell within each heart;
Light, and life, and joy impart.

4 Make us all in Thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet,—
Meet to stand in thy pure sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

HYMN 7.

1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be,
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunder rock the skies.

3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And, amid the thunder cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from his awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

HYMN 8.

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty; and wear
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel, He,
The incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet;
Yield to Christ the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone!

HYMN 9.

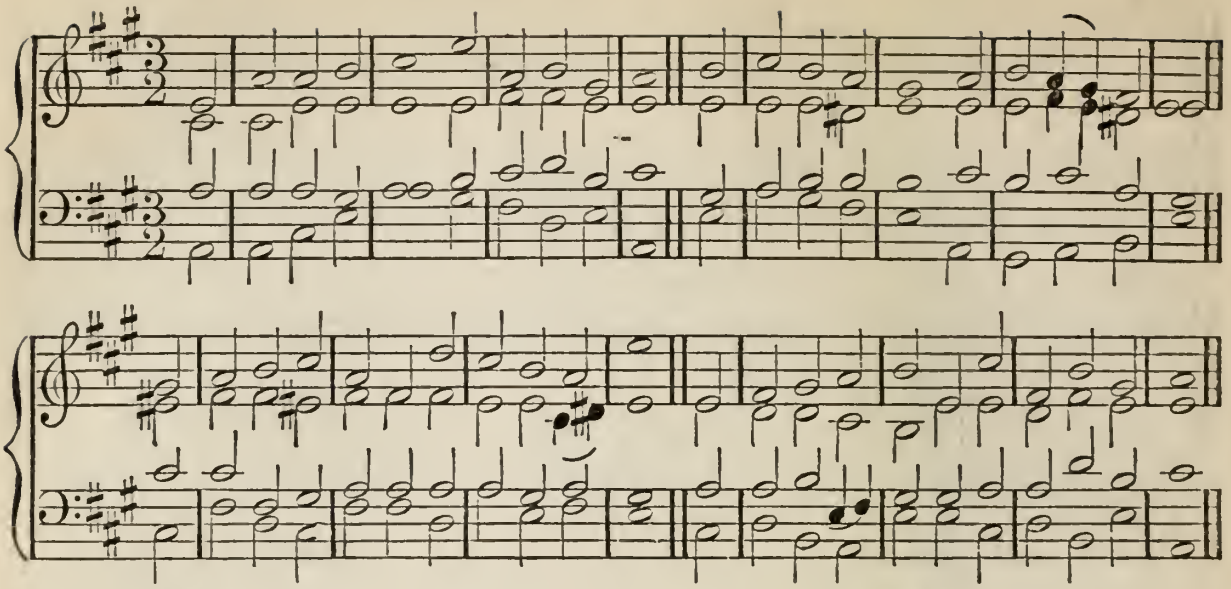
1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing of mercy's healing stream!
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Sing of his redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above—
Nothing but redeeming love.

Hanover. 10, 10, 11, 11.



HYMN 10. Ps. 149.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord!
Prepare your glad voice,
Among all his saints,
His praises to sing:
In Christ our Redeemer
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion
Be glad in their King.

2 From death and from hell,
Redeemed by his grace,
In hymns and in songs
His praises express;
Who soon in his glory
His servants will place,
And with his salvation
The humble will bless.

3 Then let them declare,
That sin to destroy,
And men to redeem,
The Son of God came:
Such honour and triumph
His saints shall enjoy;
O therefore for ever
Exalt his great name!

4 By angels in heaven,
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed,
(As it has been, now is,
And always shall be,)
To God in Three Persons,
One God, ever blessed.

HYMN 11.

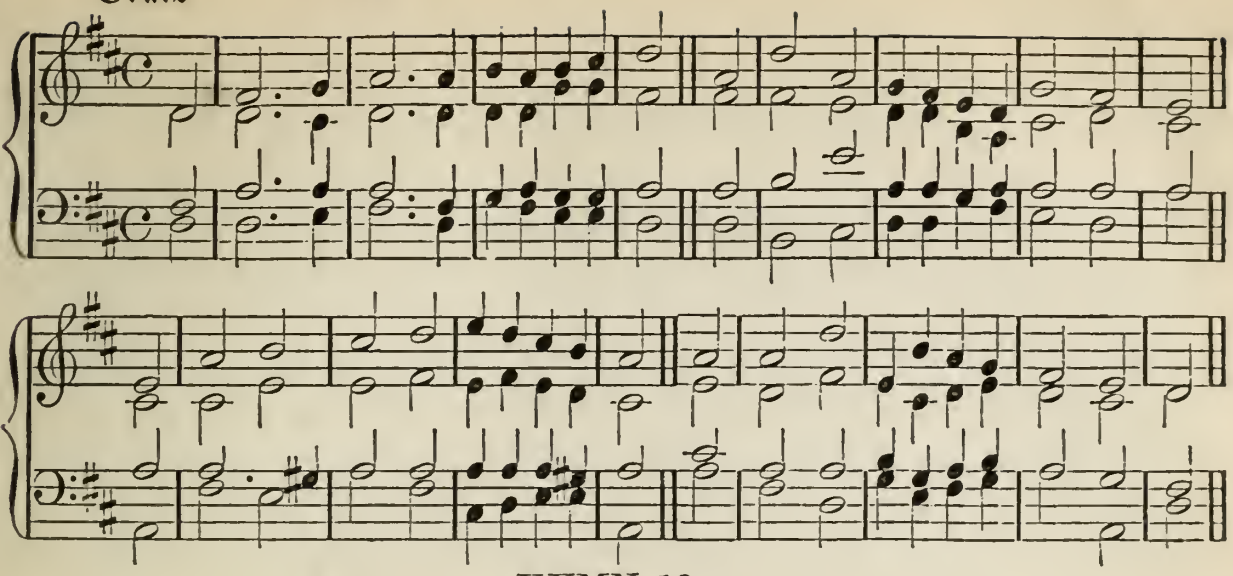
1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son:
His infinite praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

Truro. P. M.



HYMN 12.

1 FROM Jesse's root, behold a Branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top shall rest the mystic Dove.

2 The Saviour comes! by ancient seers foretold;
Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold.
He, from thick films shall purge the visual ray;
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.

3 He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

4 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face He wipes off every tear;
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's fierce tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

HYMN 13.

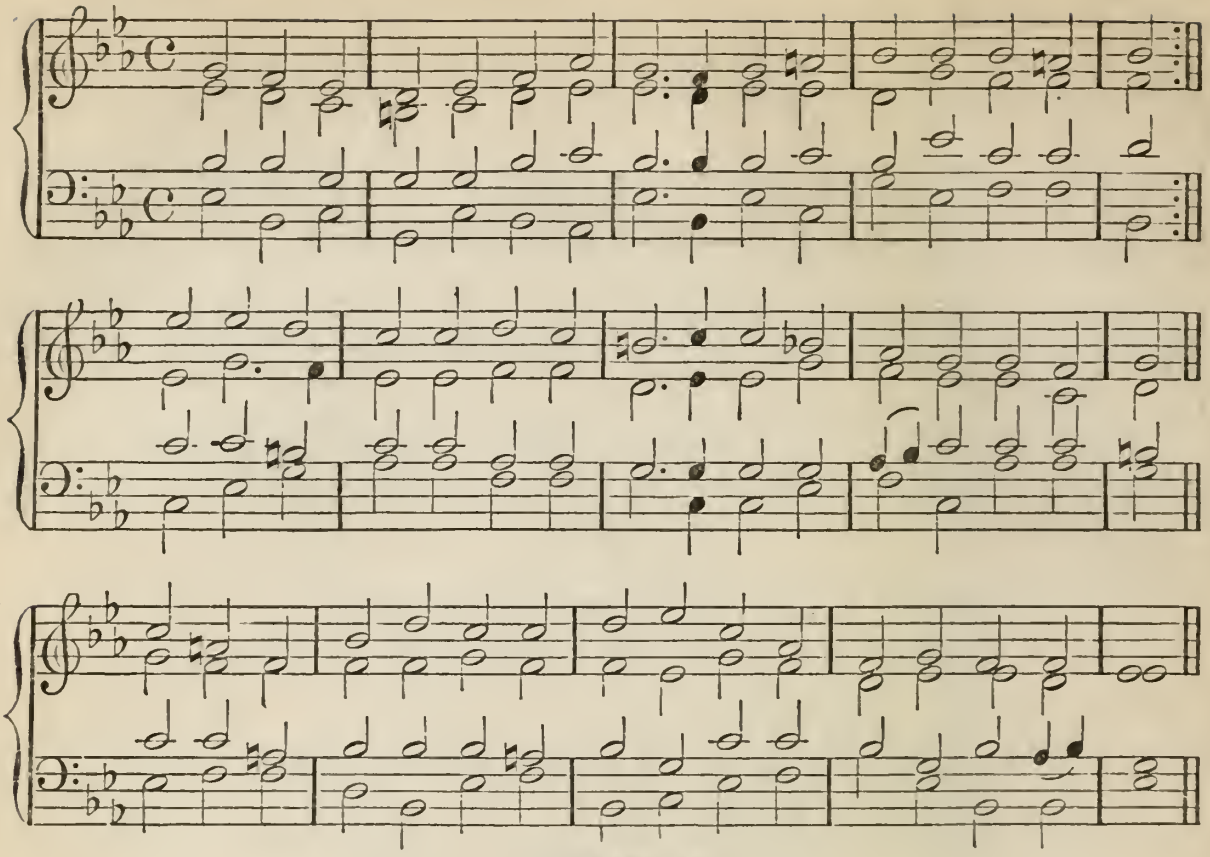
1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks, on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains—
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Lambeth. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 14.

1 THE mighty gates of earth unbar,
For lo! one cometh from afar!
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here!
Life, health, salvation he doth bring,
Lift up your voice, with triumph sing,
Praise, O my God, all praise to thee,
My Maker, wise is thy decree.

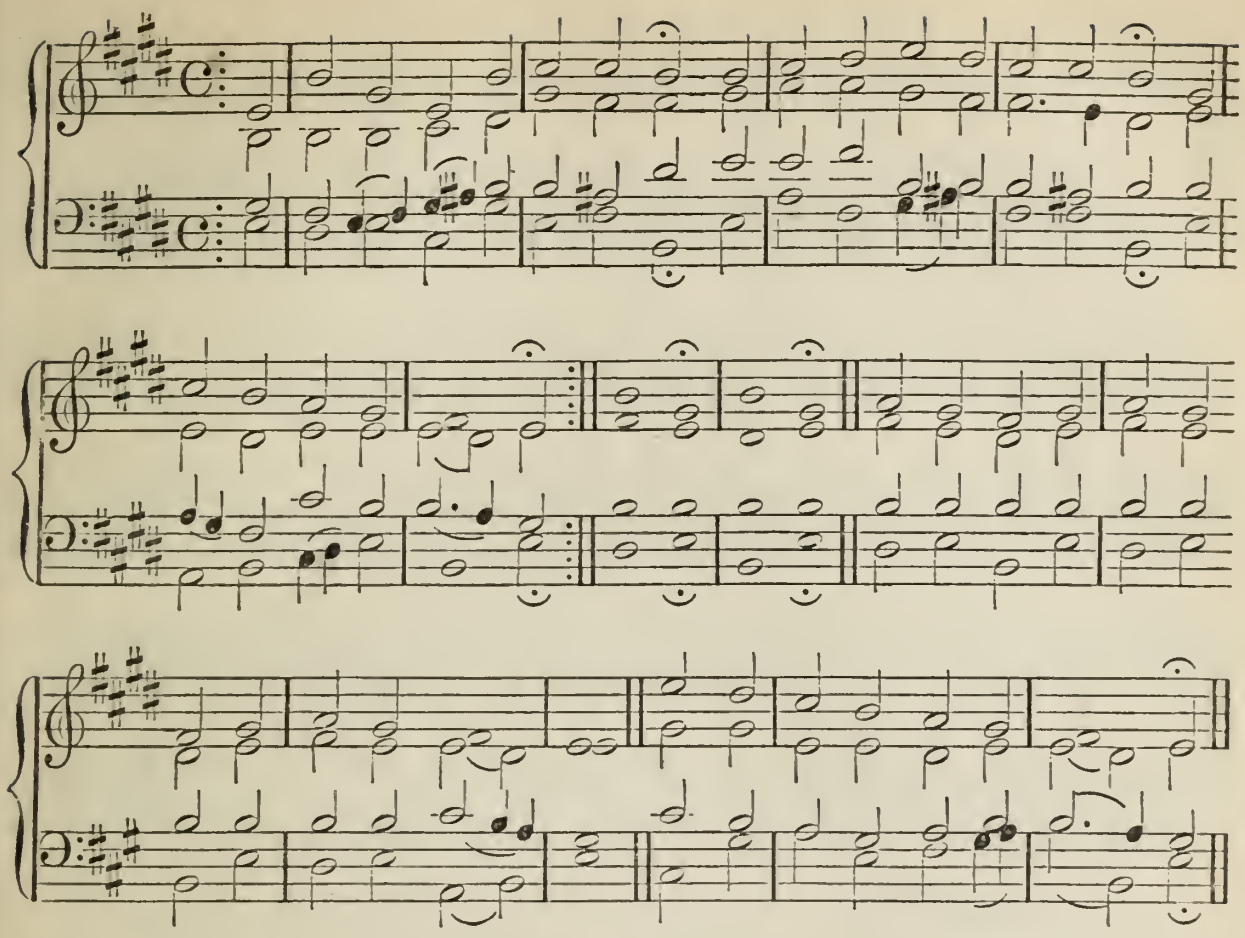
2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
On wings of mercy loves to ride;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre pity, swift to bless:
The end of all our woes he brings,
Wherefore the earth with triumph sings,
Praise, O my God, all praise to thee,
My Saviour, great thy victory.

3 Oh, blest the city, blest the land
Who yield them to this king's command!
Oh, blest the hearts, set free from sin,
To whom this monarch enters in!
The Sun of joy is he, who brings
The light of healing on his wings:
Praise, O my God, all praise to thee,
My Comforter eternally.

4 Unbar the gates, make plain his way,
In godliness your souls array;
A temple in your hearts prepare,
Adorned with love, and joy, and prayer;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And richest blessings with him bring:
Praise, O my God, all praise to thee
For counsel, work, and grace so free.

5 Come, O my Saviour, Christ, to me,
I open wide my heart to thee;
Oh! enter in thy mercy here,
In gentlest love to me appear;
Thy Spirit guide and lead us on
Until we reach thy glorious throne:
Praise to thy Name, all praise be given
On earth and in the highest heaven.

Frankfort. P. M.



HYMN 15.

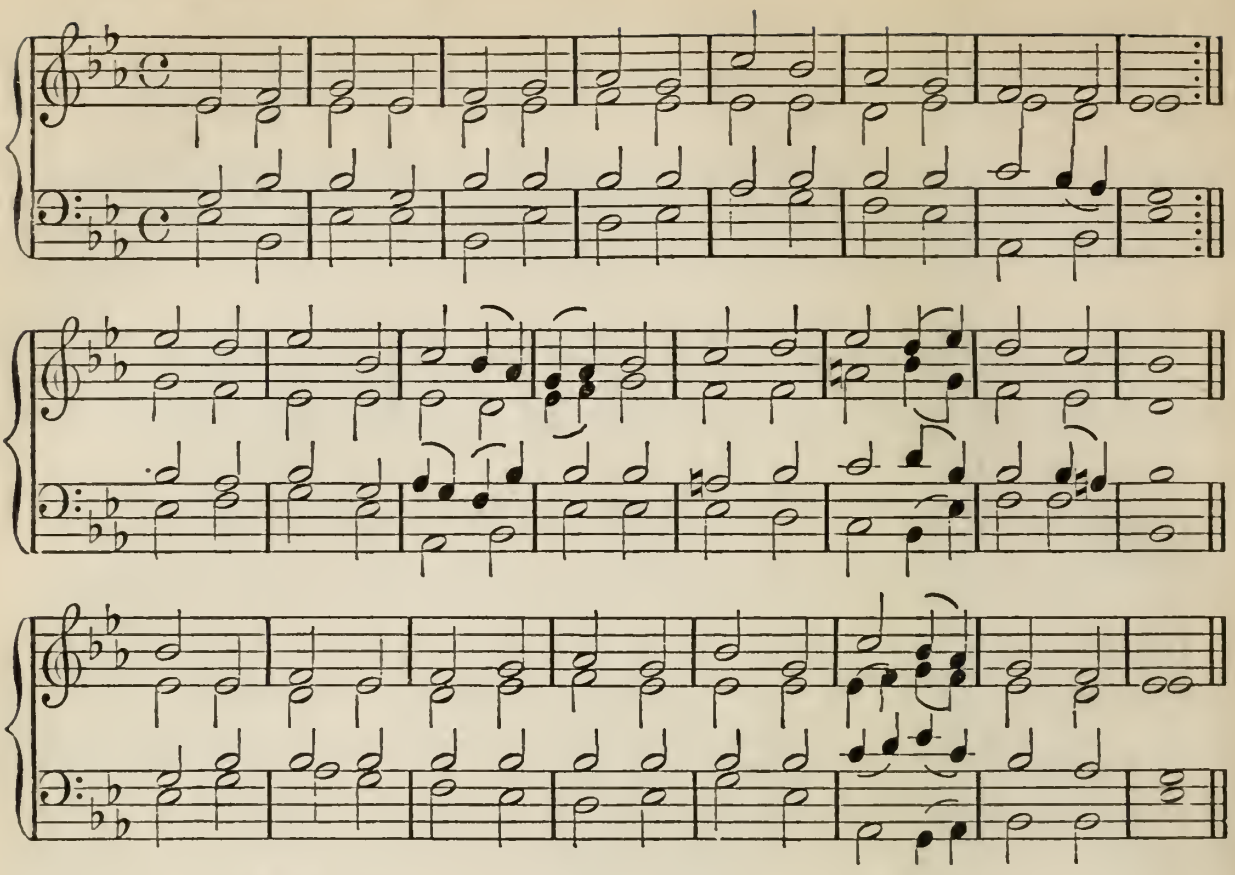
1 HOW bright appears the morning-star,
With mercy beaming from afar!
The host of heaven rejoices!
O righteous Branch! O Jesse's Rod!
Thou Son of man, and Son of God!
We too will lift our voices.
Jesu! Jesu!
Holy, holy! yet most lowly!
Draw thou near us:
Great Immanuel! stoop and hear us.

2 Though circled by the hosts on high,
He deigned to cast a pitying eye
Upon his helpless creature:
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
By highest seraphim adored,
Assumed our very nature:
Jesu! grant us,
Through thy merit, to inherit
Thy salvation:
Hear, oh, hear our supplication.

3 Then will we to the world make known
The love thou hast to outcasts shown
In calling them before thee:
And seek each day to be more meet
To join the throng who at thy feet
Unceasingly adore thee.
Living, dying,
From thy praises, mighty Jesus!
Shrink we never;
Sing we forth thy name for ever!

4 Rejoice, ye heavens, thou earth, reply!
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky!
For this his incarnation!
Incarnate God, put forth thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Till all know thy salvation.
Amen, amen!
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Praise be given
Evermore, by earth and heaven.

St. John's. 8, 7, double.



HYMN 16.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted, may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 17.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwell-
Borders on the shades of death, [ing
Come, and all thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, thou universal Saviour,
Manifest thy wondrous grace.

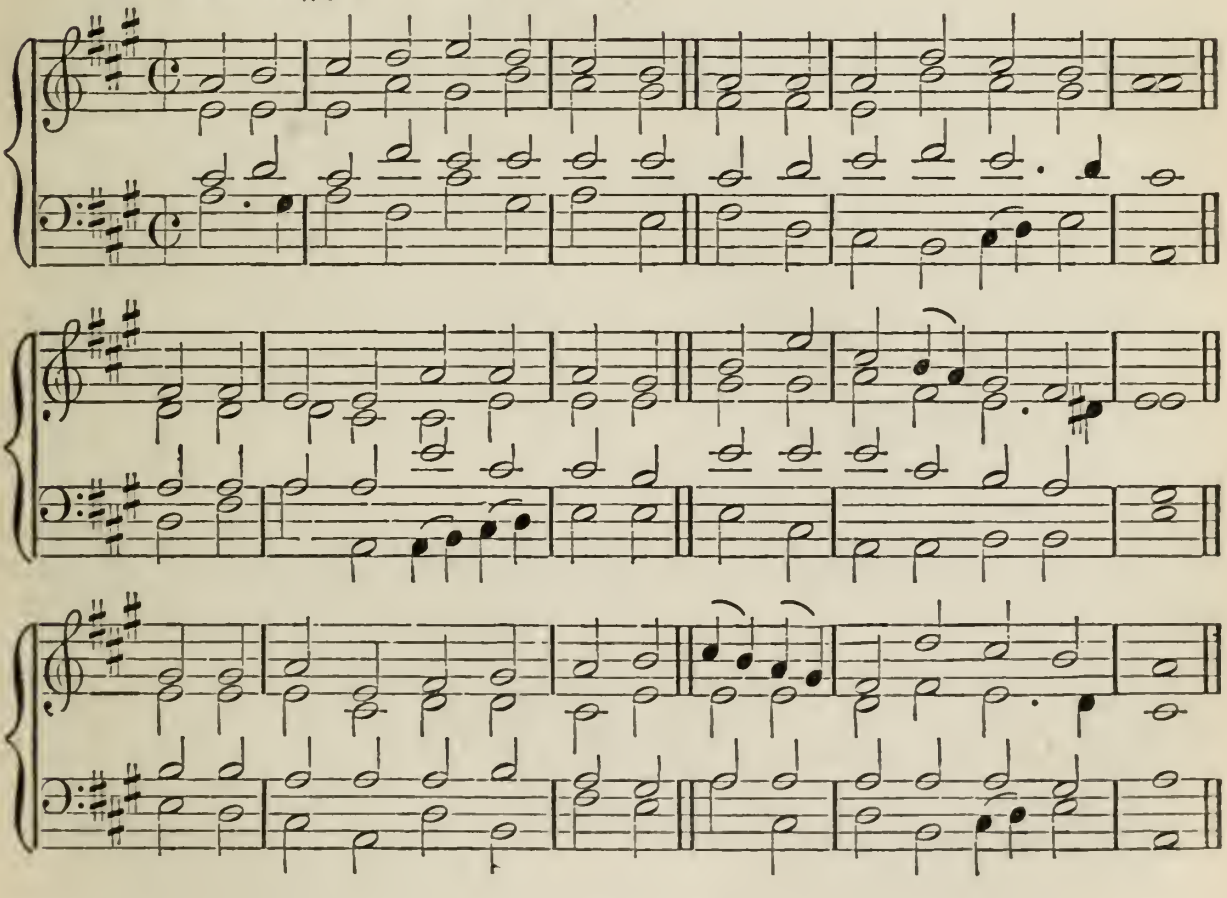
3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thy all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release:
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

HYMN 18.

1 COME, Redeemer blessed Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every humble heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign supreme for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
By thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone!
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

St. Werbergh's. 8, 7, 4.



HYMN 19.

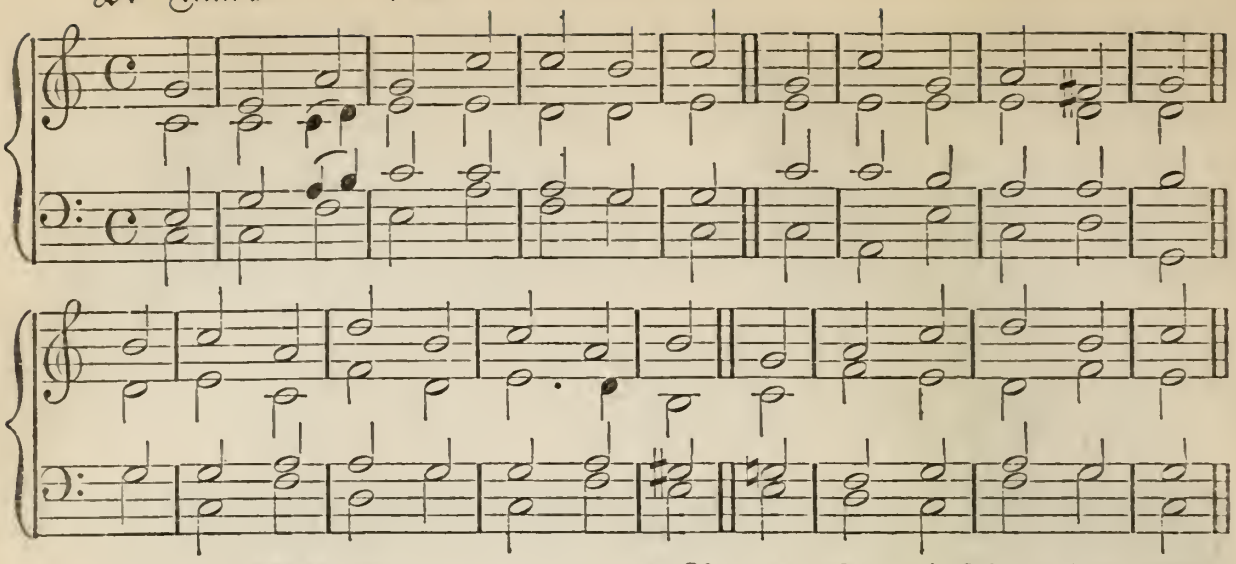
1 LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Mortals! catch their joyful strain.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Blest redemption, long expected!
See! his solemn pomp to share,
All his saints by man rejected,
Rise to meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See, the Son of God is there.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Saviour, worlds bow down before thee,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
Hallelujah!
Come and make thy glories known.

St. Ann's. C. M.



HYMN 20.

1 O SAVIOUR! whom that holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe;
2 Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died:
3 If gaily clothed and proudly fed
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed
And lowly cottage cell.
4 If prest by poverty severe
In anxious want we pine,
O may thy Spirit whisper near,
A poorer lot was thine.
5 Through this life's ever-varying scene,
From sin preserve us free;
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with thee.

HYMN 21.

1 JESUS! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given,
A name surpassing every name
That's known in earth or heaven:
2 Before whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.
3 Jesus! who in the form of God
Didst equal honour claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame.
4 Oh! may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free!
5 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above!

HYMN 22.

1 MY blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to thee.
2 I love thee for the glorious worth
In thy great Self I see:
I love thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.
3 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crowned,
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.
4 Thou wouldst like wretched man be
In every thing but sin; [made,
That we as like thee might become,
As we unlike have been:
5 Like thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every beauteous grace;
From glory thus to glory changed,
As we behold thy face.
6 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love;
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove!

HYMN 23.

1 WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And come in judgment down!

2 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the judge severe? [gone,
When heaven and earth are fled and
Oh, where shall I appear?

3 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

4 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo, the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

HYMN 24.

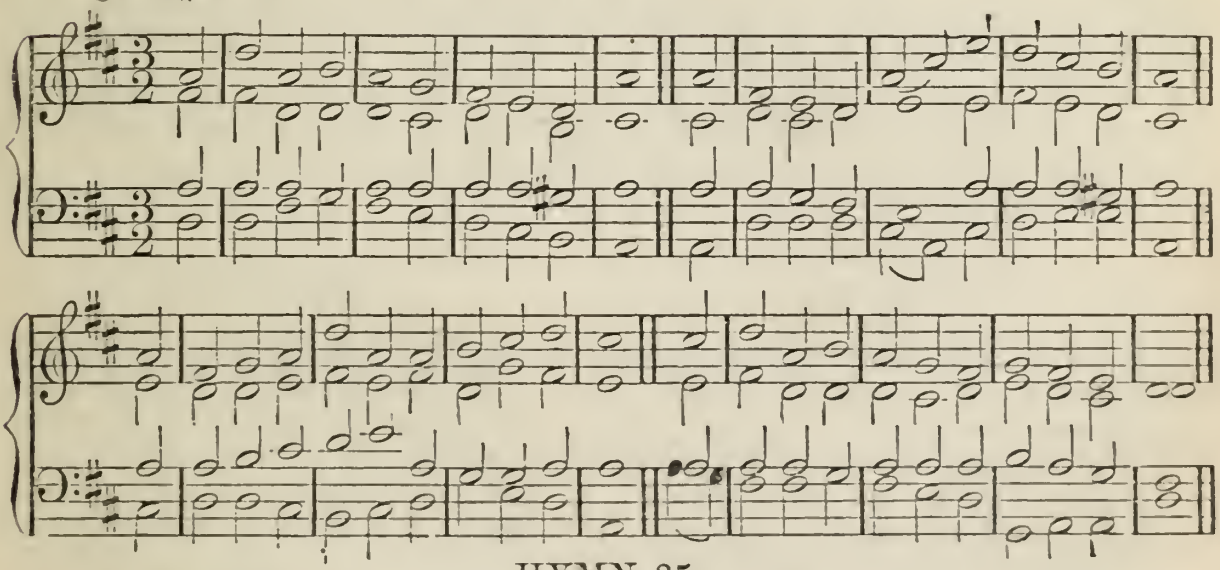
1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy thy errand we review
On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King;

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst thy glory by;
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

Montgomery. 10, 10, 11, 11.



HYMN 25.

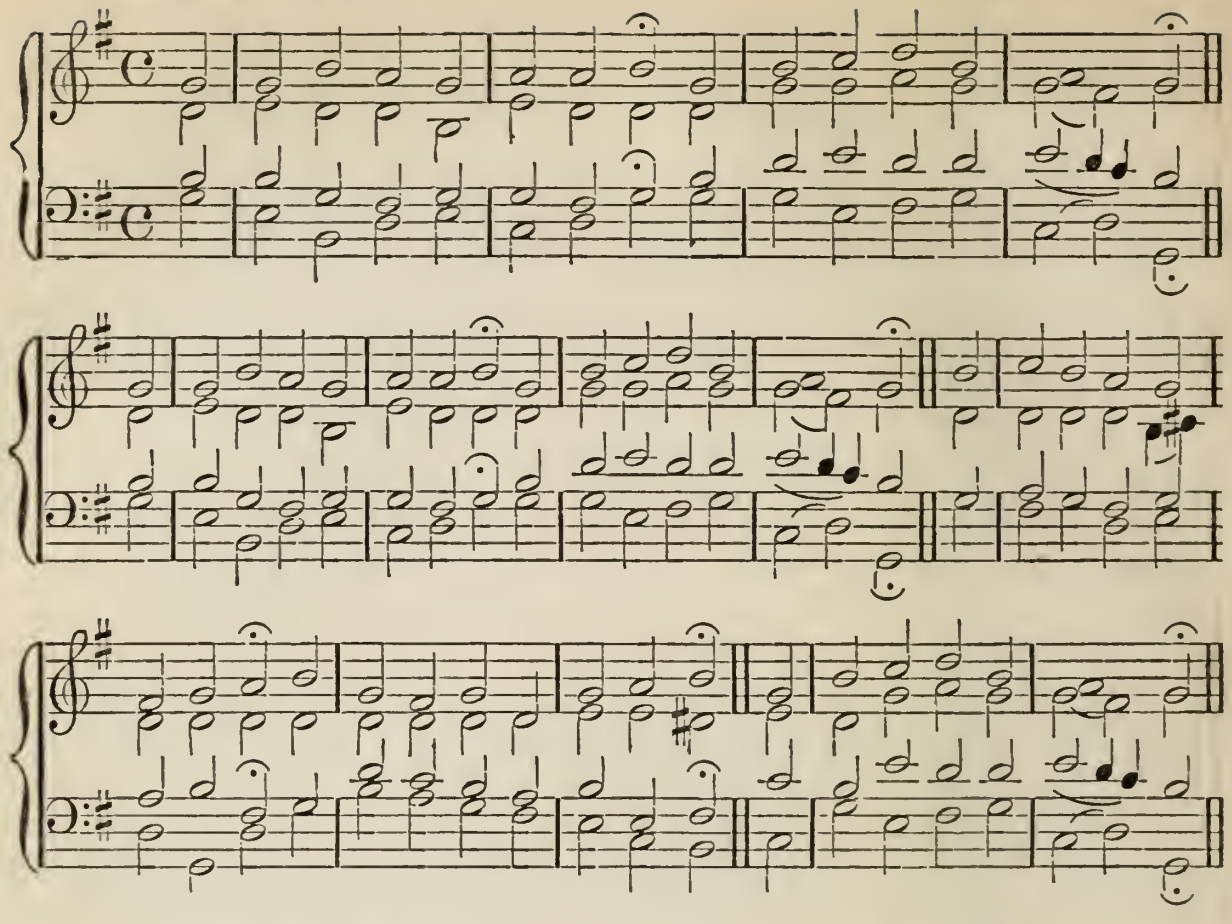
1 O HEAVENLY King!
Look down from above;
Assist us to sing
Thy mercy and love:
So sweetly o'erflowing,
So plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing,
And giving us more.

2 O God of our life,
We hallow thy Name;
Our business and strife
Is thee to proclaim:
Accept our thanksgiving
For creating grace;
The living, the living
Shall show forth thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord,
Almighty art thou;
Preserved by thy word,
We worship thee now,
The bountiful Donor
Of all we enjoy!
Our tongues to thine honour,
And lives we employ.

4 But, oh! above all,
Thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall
Which saves our lost race;
Thy Son thou hast given
The world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven,
Whose trust is in him.

Altorf. P. M.



HYMN 26.

1 THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth his voice of thunder,
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder:
Beneath his feet was pitchy night,
And at his left hand and his right,
The rocks were rent asunder!

2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven his languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger:
For us he bore the weight of woe,
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim his right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long
O'er death and hell defeated!

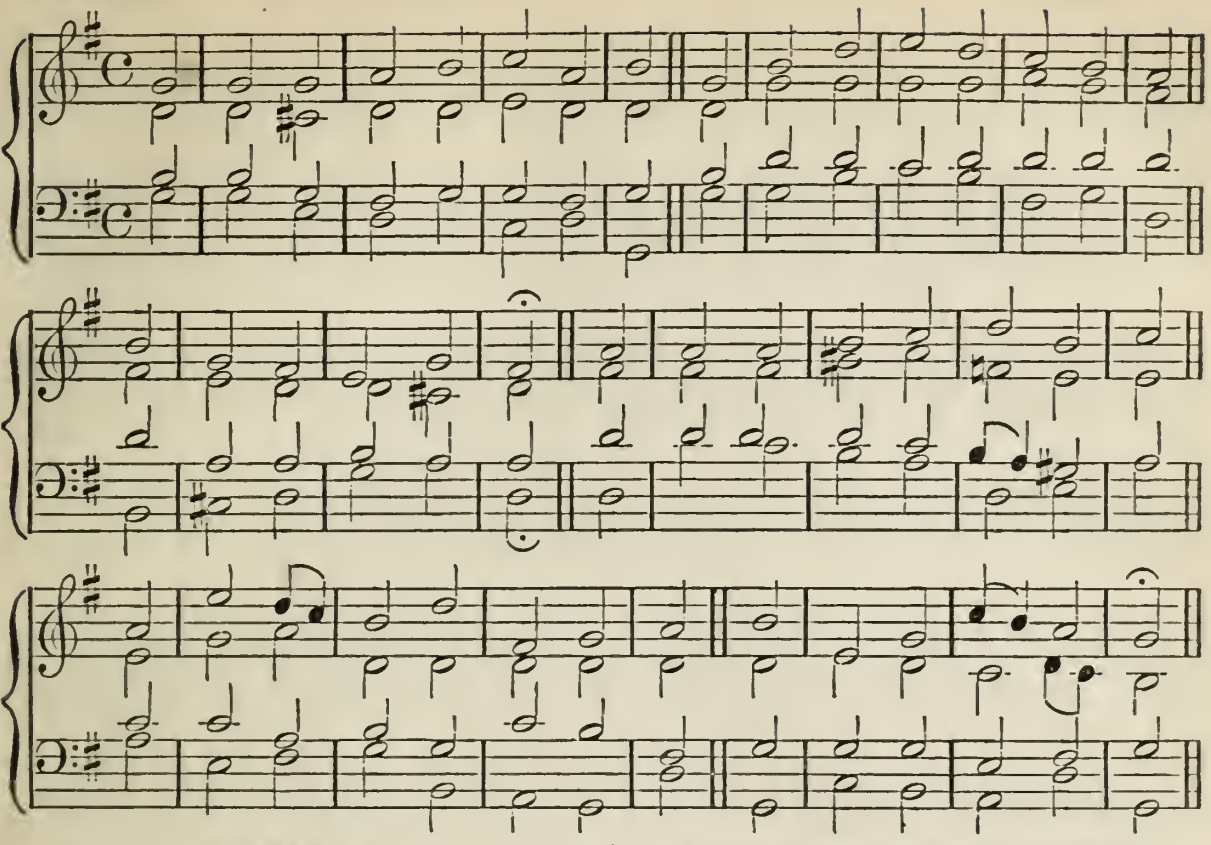
HYMN 27.

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead, which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 O Jesu, friend to fallen man,
To me impart thy merit;
Forgive my sin, wash out its stain
By thine Almighty Spirit:
The trumpet sounds,—the Judge is near,—
But then my soul, devoid of fear,
Shall spring with joy to meet him.

Oxford. 8, 8, 6; 8, 8, 6.



HYMN 28.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With godly jealousy, and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

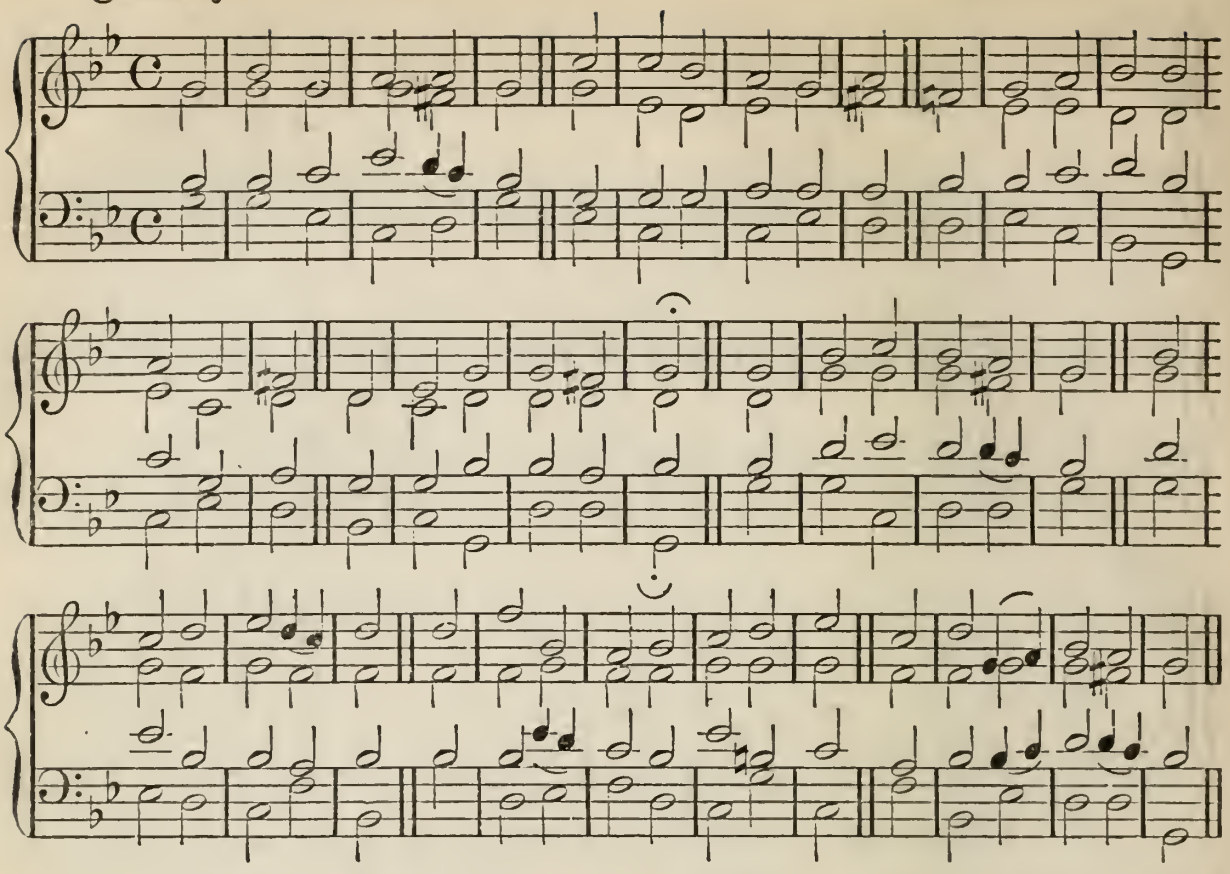
HYMN 29.

1 AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or bitter pains,
To all eternity!

2 How ought I then on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And spares this house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare,
Against that awful day!

3 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness:
O write the pardon on my heart,
And, whensoever I depart,
Let me depart in peace!

Norwich. D. S. M.



HYMN 30.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To chasten earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry—
Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And hear your instant doom.

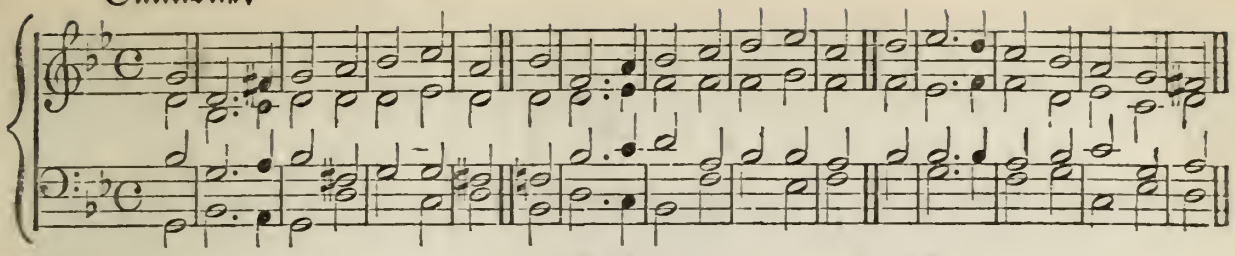
4 O, may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O, may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

HYMN 31.

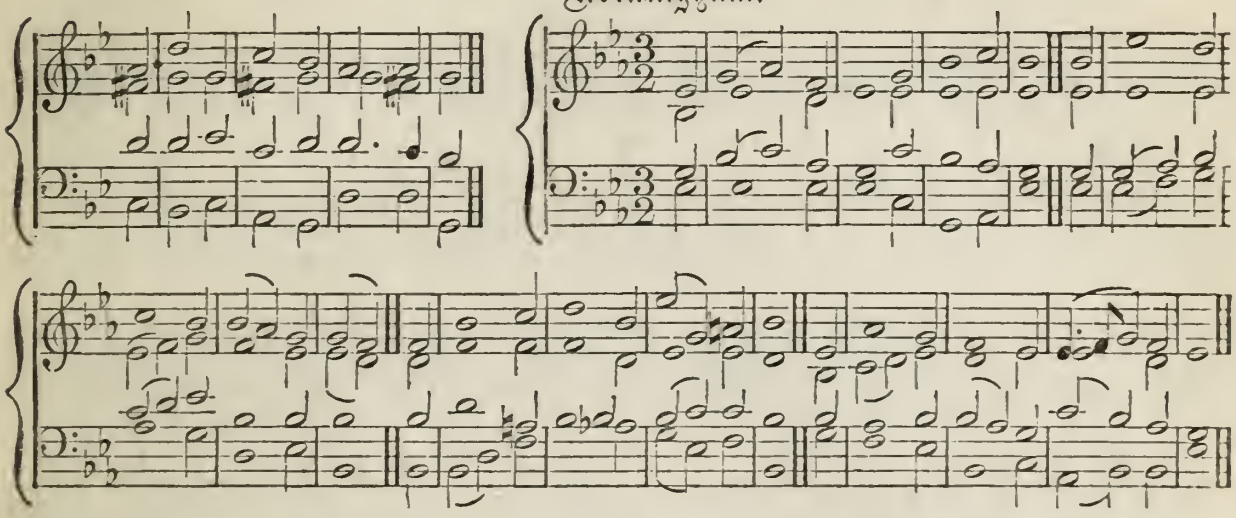
1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, O! thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give;
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Cannons. L. M.



Rockingham. L. M.



HYMN 32.

1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake,
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power opprest, and mocked by pride,
O God! is this the Crucified?

5 Go, sinners! to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come!

HYMN 33.

1 JESU, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through thee absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 Ah, give to all thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak thy gracious word,
That all, who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

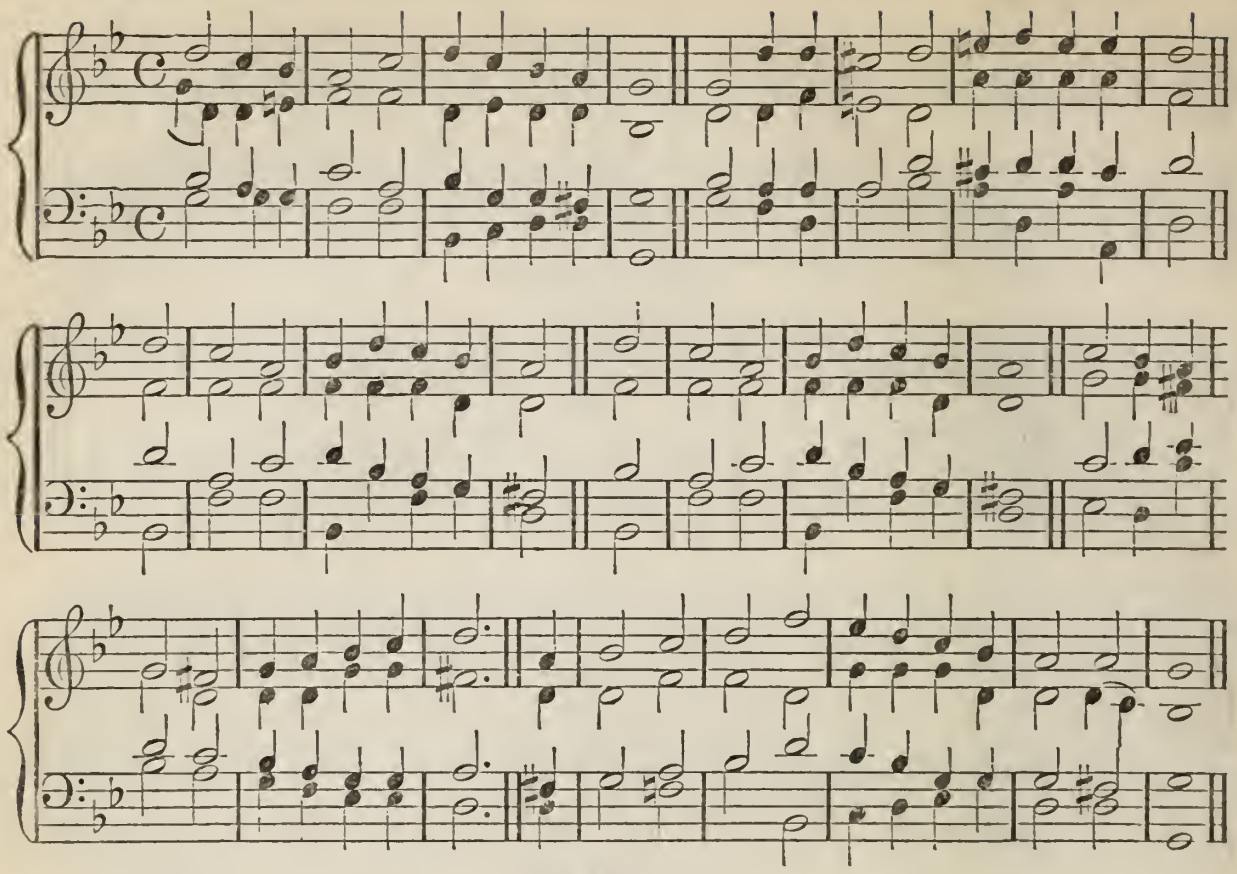
HYMN 34.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,—
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;—

3 O, on that day, that awful day, [clay,
When man to judgment wakes from
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
When heaven and earth shall pass away

St. Alban's. P. M.



HYMN 35.

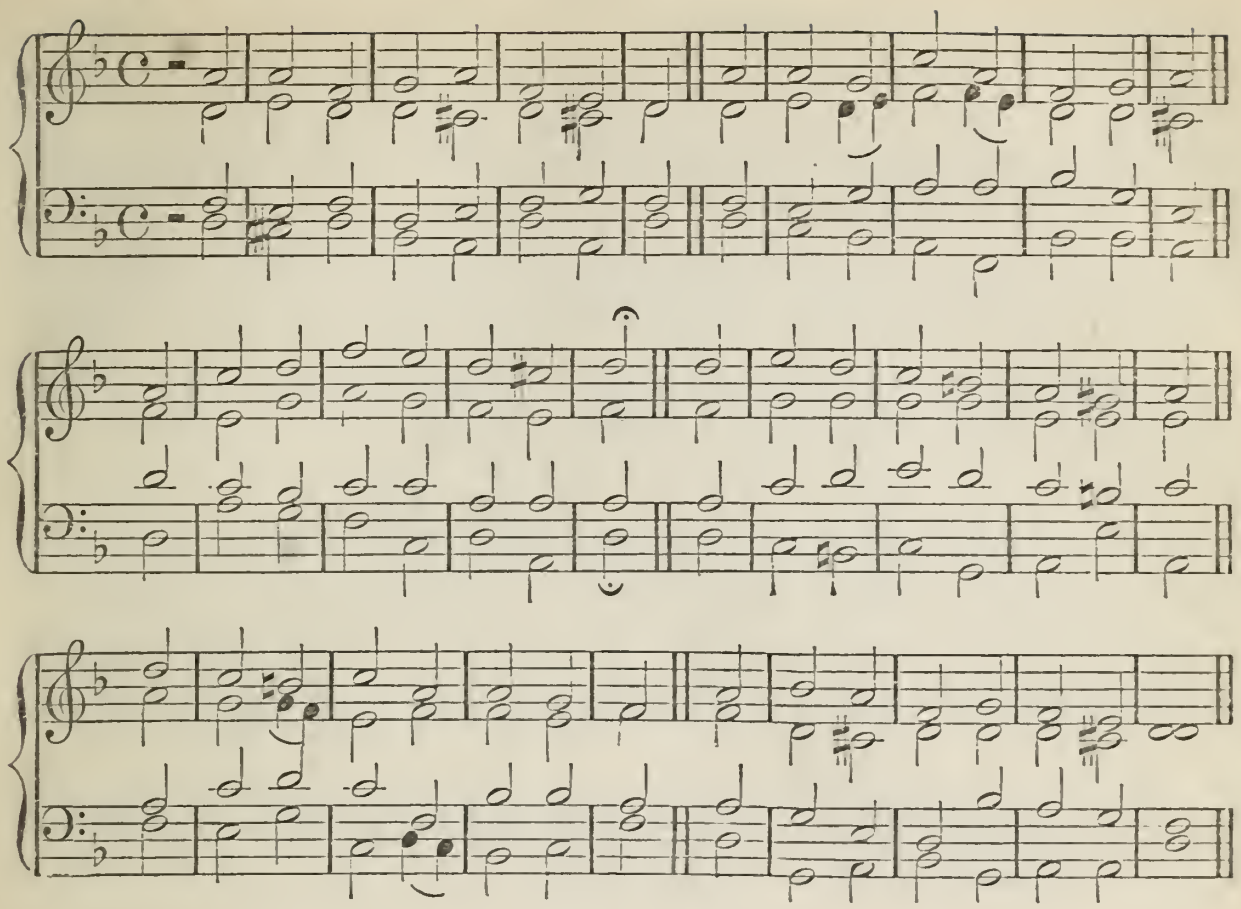
1 AWAKE,—again the Gospel-trump is blown;
From year to year it swells with louder tone;
From year to year the signs of wrath
Are gathering round the Judge's path:
Strange words fulfilled, and mighty works achieved,
And truth in all the world both hated and believed.

2 Behold, the world is thronging round to gaze
On the dread vision of the latter days,
Constrained to own Thee, but in heart
Prepared to take Barabbas' part:
"Hosanna" now, to-morrow "crucify,"
The changeful burden still of their rude lawless cry.

3 The bad and good their several warnings give
Of His approach, whom none may see and live:
Faith's ear, with awful still delight,
Counts them like minute bells at night,
Keeping the heart awake till dawn of morn,
While to the funeral pile this aged world is borne.

4 But what are heaven's alarms to hearts that cower
In wilful slumber, deepening every hour;
That draw their curtains closer round,
The nearer swells the trumpet's sound?
Lord, ere our trembling lamps sink down and die,
Touch us with chastening hand, and make us feel thee nigh.

Old 112th. 8, 8, 8 ; 8, 8. 8.



HYMN 36.

1 THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Doth through the rending tombs rebound,
And wakes the nations under ground.
The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all, with shame, confess their own.

2 Thou great Creator of mankind,
Amazing fears o'erwhelm my mind;
Let my lost soul compassion find;
My sins my heart with anguish rend;
My God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

PART II.

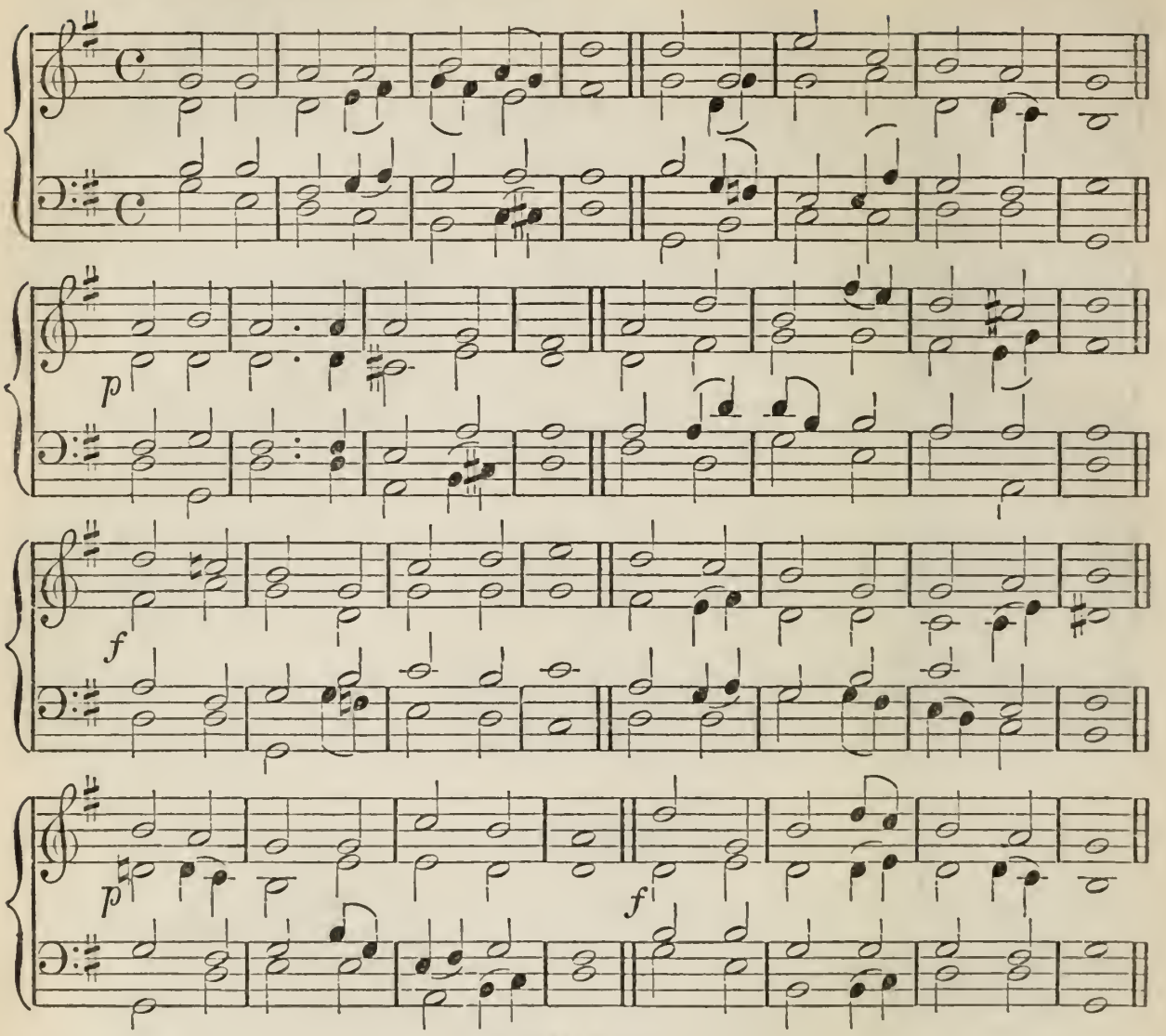
1 FORGET not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost;
Thou mighty but most awful King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring.

2 Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.
Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay),
Before the last accounting day.

3 Thou who wast moved with Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief
Hast given me hope, now give relief:
Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that fatal snare
Which death and endless hell prepare.

4 From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour, where Satan is,
Oh! save, and bring me to thy bliss.
Give to my ransomed soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace.

Christmas Hymn, or Coburg. 8 7's.



HYMN 37.

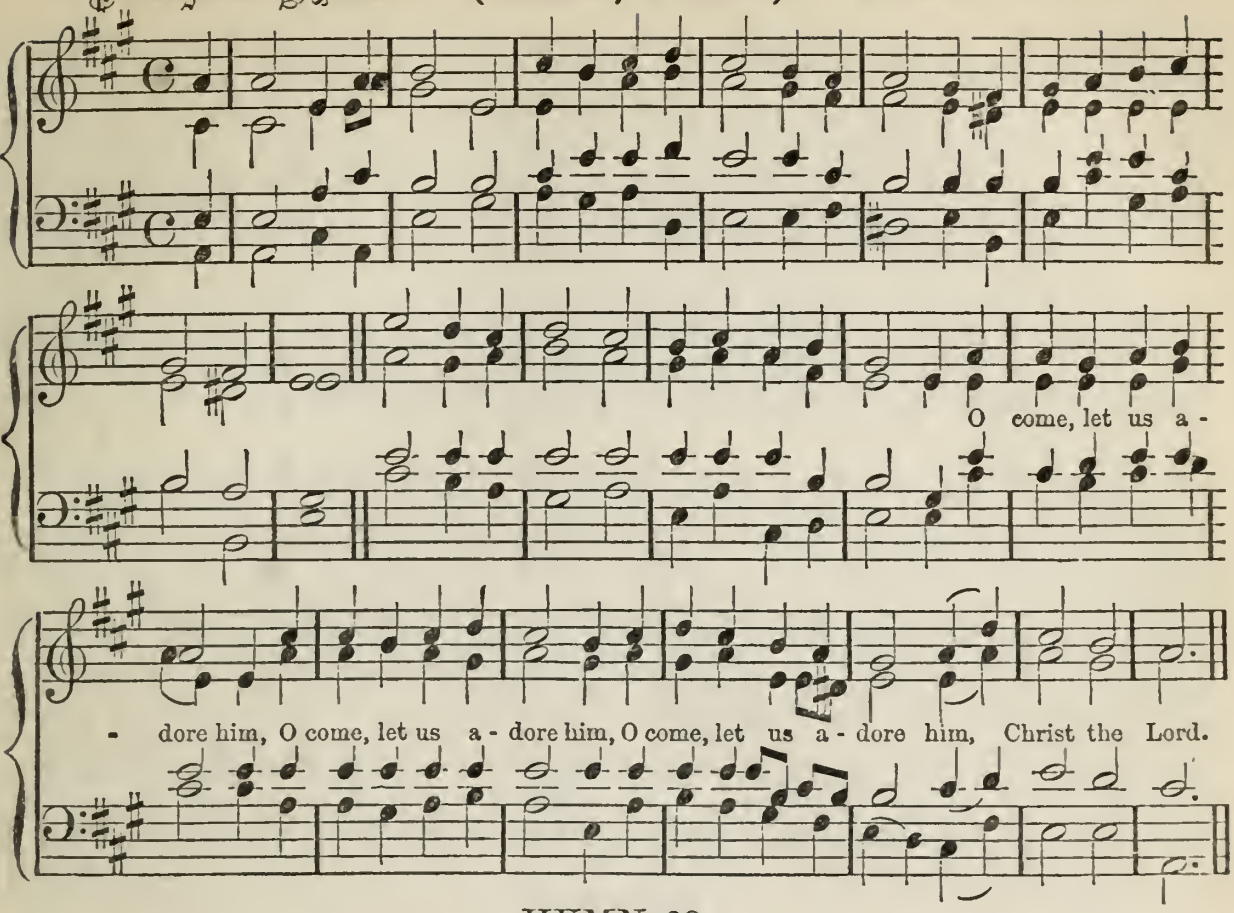
1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Sing we then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King:
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and sins forgiven."

Portuguese Hymn. (Adeste, fideles.) P. M.



HYMN 38.

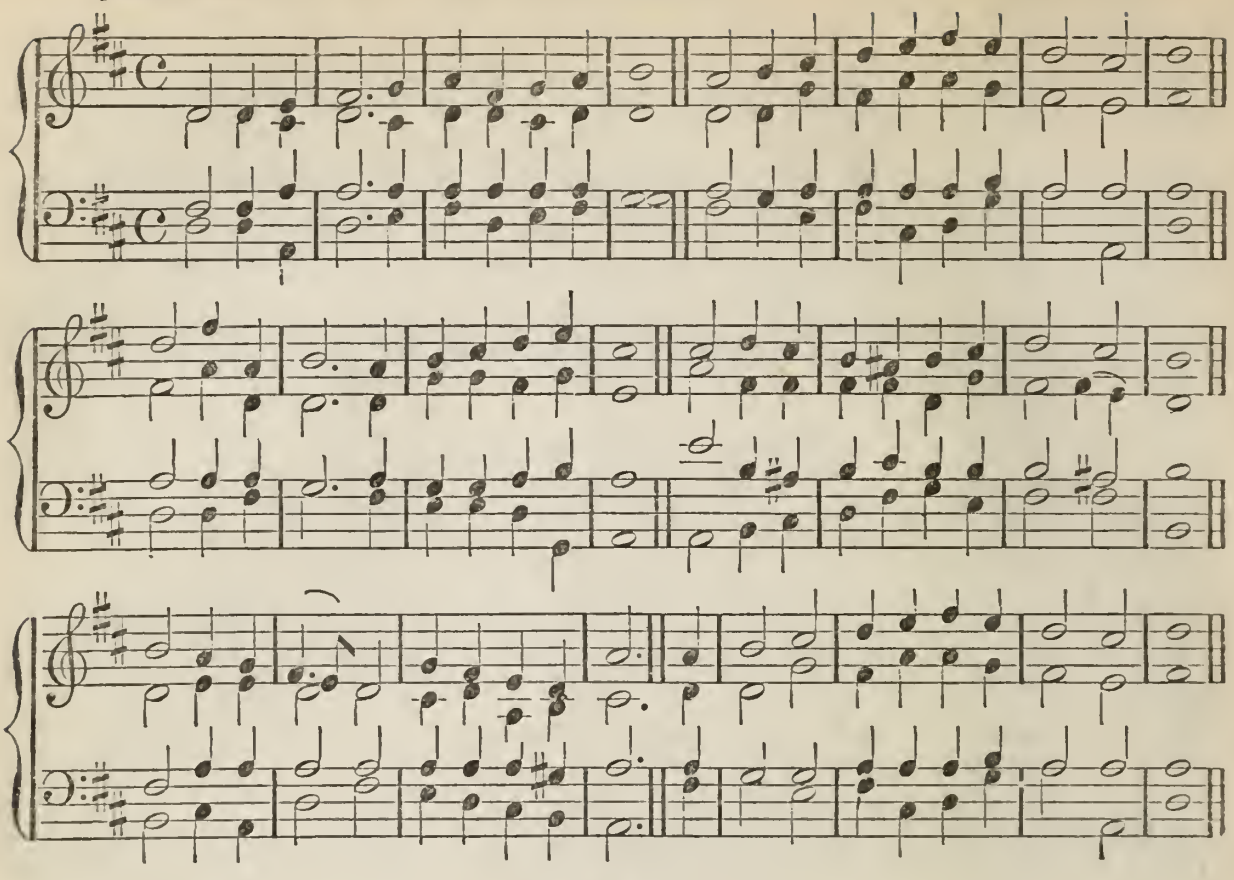
1 O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord:
Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
O come, let us adore him, CHRIST THE LORD.

2 Though true God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
The womb of a virgin he hath not abhorred:
Son of the Father,
Not made, but begotten;
O come, let us adore him, CHRIST THE LORD.

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heav-en's high arches be your praises poured;
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;
O come, let us adore him, CHRIST THE LORD.

4 Amen, Lord, we bless thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesu, for ever be thy name adored:
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore him, CHRIST THE LORD.

Dorchester. P. M.



HYMN 39.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you, and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

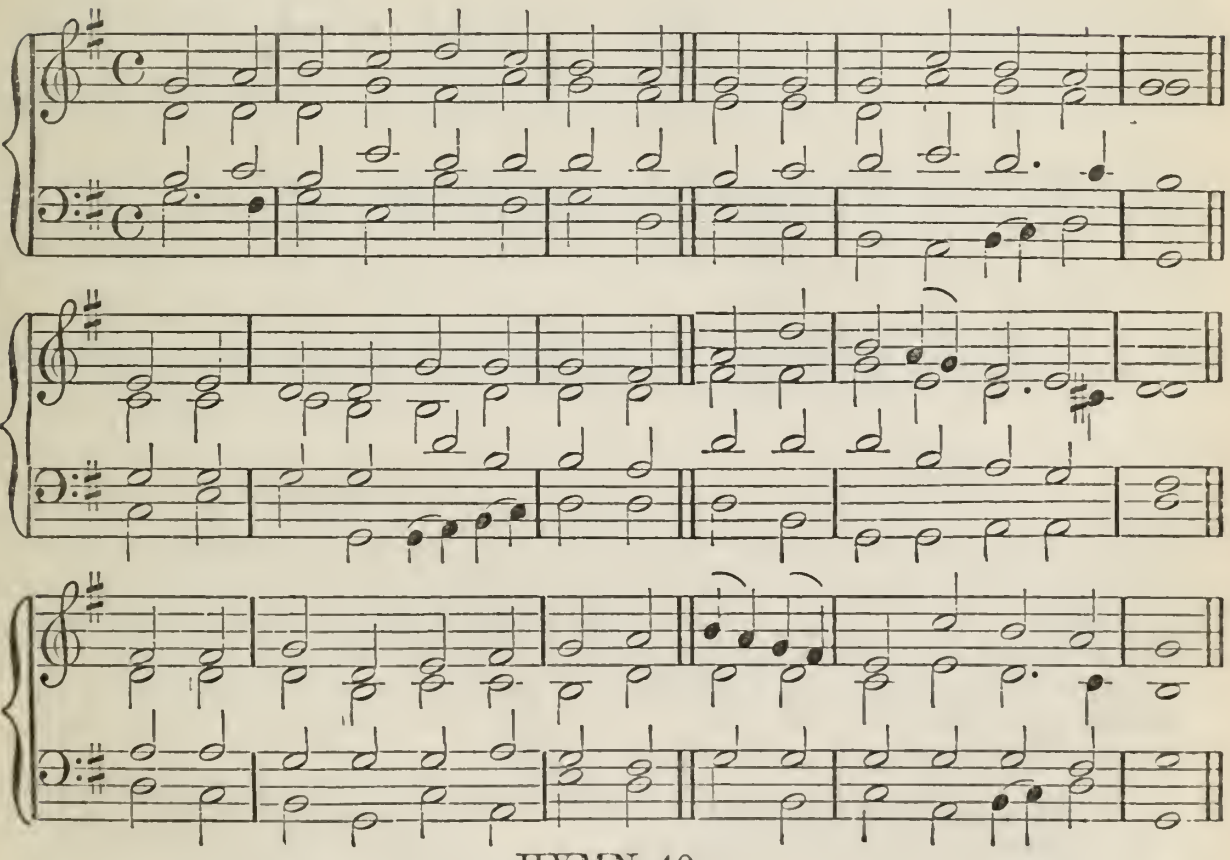
3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn;
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's fame.

5 Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place:

6 Then may we hope the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng:
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display:
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

St. Werbergh's. 8, 7, 4.



HYMN 40.

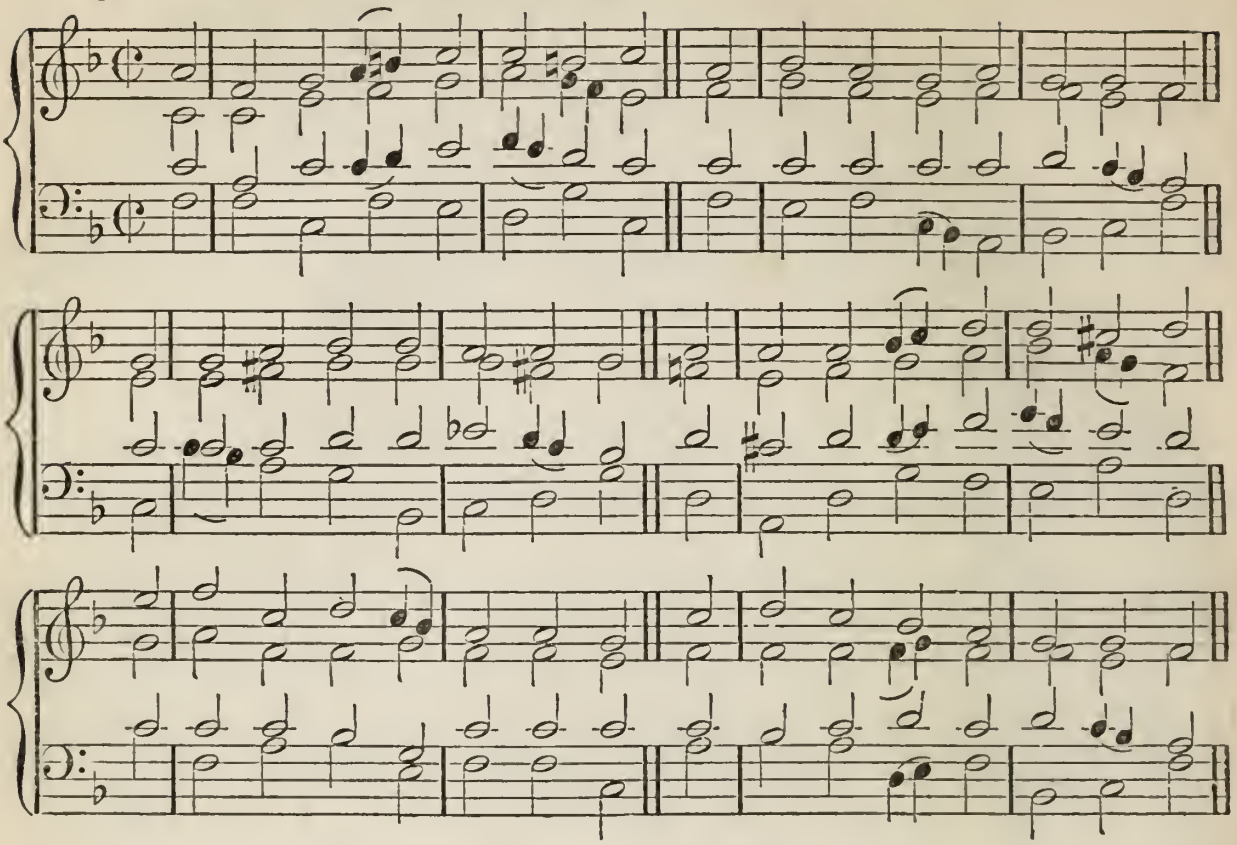
1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Darmstadt. 8, 8, 8; 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 41.

1 LORD, may the inward grace abound
Through thine appointed outward sign;
A milder seal than Abraham found,
Of covenant blessings more divine;
Which opens glory to our view,
Beyond the brightest hope he knew.

2 Type of the Spirit's living flow,
In faith we pour the hallowed stream;
We sign the cross upon the brow,
The solemn pledge of truth to Him
Who shed for us his precious blood,
To seal the covenant of God.

3 Baptized into the Trinity,
Adopted children of thy grace,
O help us, Lord, to live to thee,
An humble, pure, and faithful race;
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,
And crown with heavenly life our end.

HYMN 42.

1 CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustomed daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross:
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread!
Or send them to proclaim thy Word,
Thy Gospel through the world to spread,
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live!

HYMN 43.

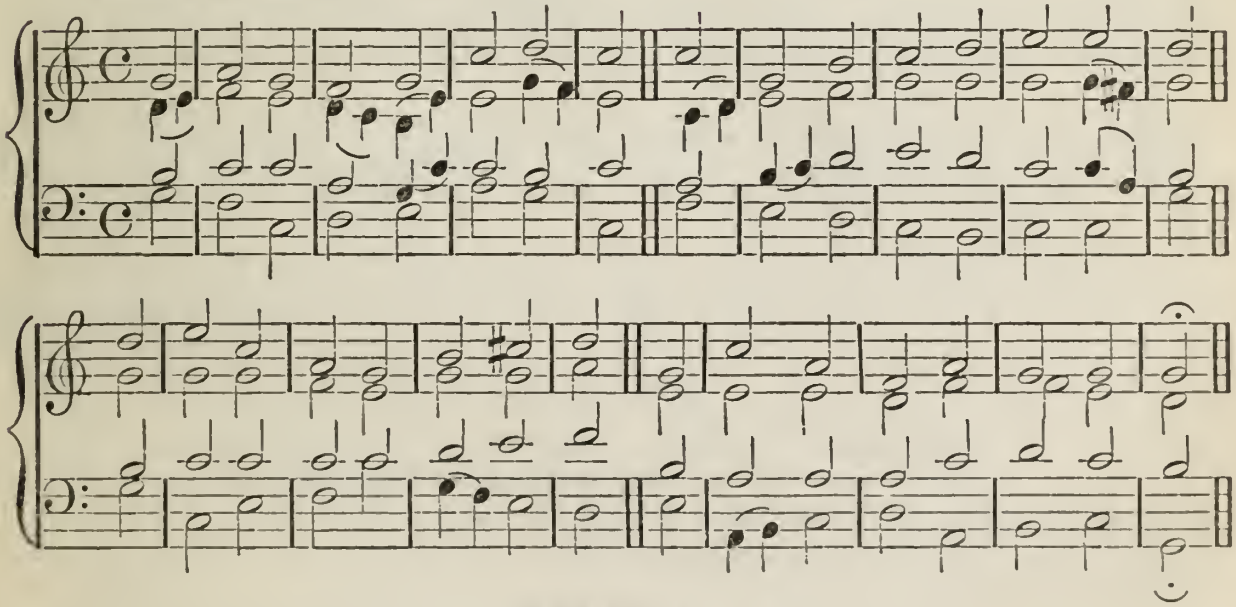
1 FATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed;
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcasts from thee, and scattered wide
Thro' every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven,
Branded, like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorred of men, and cursed of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On Him they pierced, and weep, and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past;
All Israel shall be saved at last.

4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come!
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home!
That, quickened by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find
Life from the dead for all mankind.

Veni, Creator. L. M.



HYMN 44.

1 O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Redeemer of our guilty race,
On Thee our waiting eyes we bend,
The saint's delight, the sinner's friend.

2 What wondrous love prevailed on thee
The bearer of our sins to be; [
Thyself in sacrifice to give,
That sinners might not die, but live!

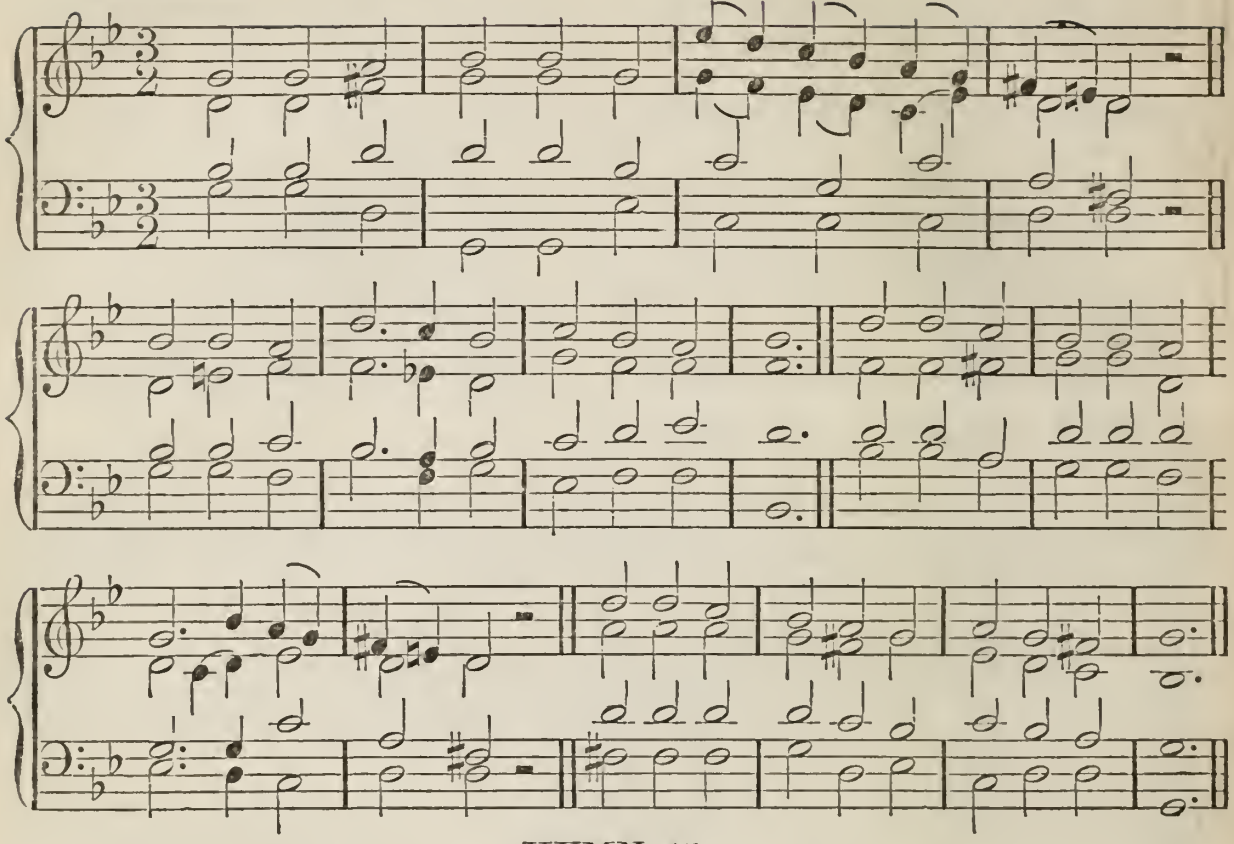
3 Now crushed is Satan's doleful reign,
And broken is the tyrant's chain;
And thou art, in thy meet abode,
A conqueror on the throne of God.

4 Oh, let thy clemency prevail
To heal the losses we bewail:
Oh, cheer us with thy beaming face,
Enrich us with thy gifts of grace.

5 Be thou our guide, be thou our goal,
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In life, our pathway to the skies;
In death, our everlasting prize.

6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise for aye be given
By men and angels, earth and heaven.

Holstein. P. M.



HYMN 45.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

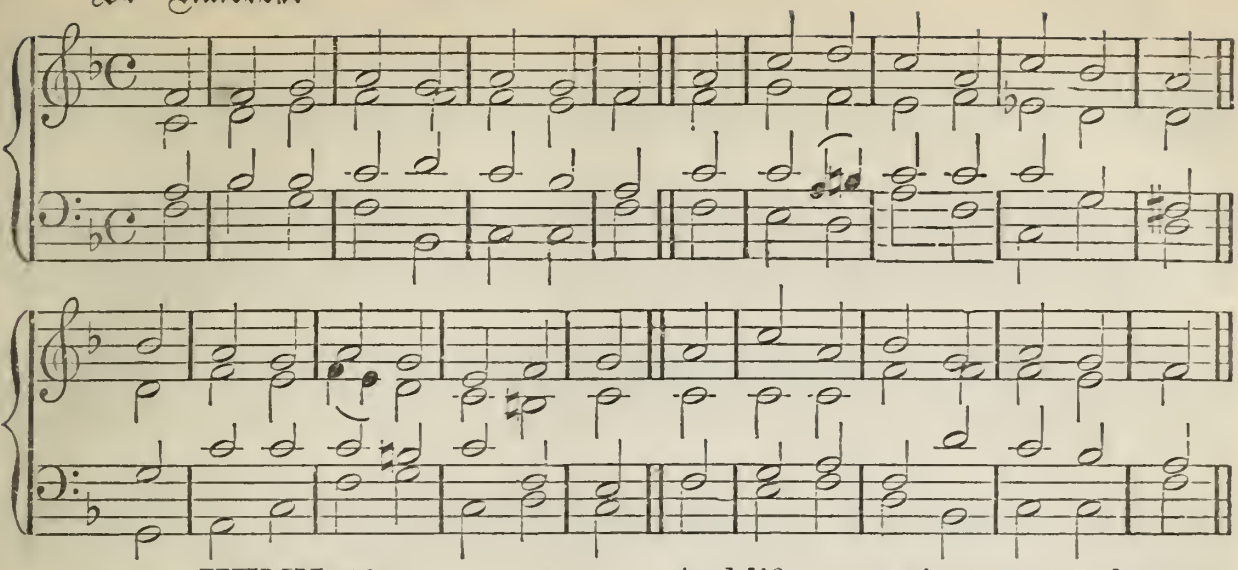
2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?—

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

St. Ambrose. L. M.



HYMN 46.

1 HOW lovely in the eastern sky
Shines forth the herald from on high:
And oh! how glad the news from heaven,
The King is born, the Son is given!
2 Behold the long-predicted sign,
The star of Jacob's ancient line;
The eastern sages hail its rays,
And raptured stand in anxious gaze.
3 And soon within their hearts there shine,
Rays fairer still and more divine,
Which gently summon them to rise,
And trust the guidance of the skies.
4 When God commands, the wise obey;
Love sees no danger in the way:
Home, neighbours, friends, their steps recall;
The voice of God outweighs them all.
5 Oh! while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well.

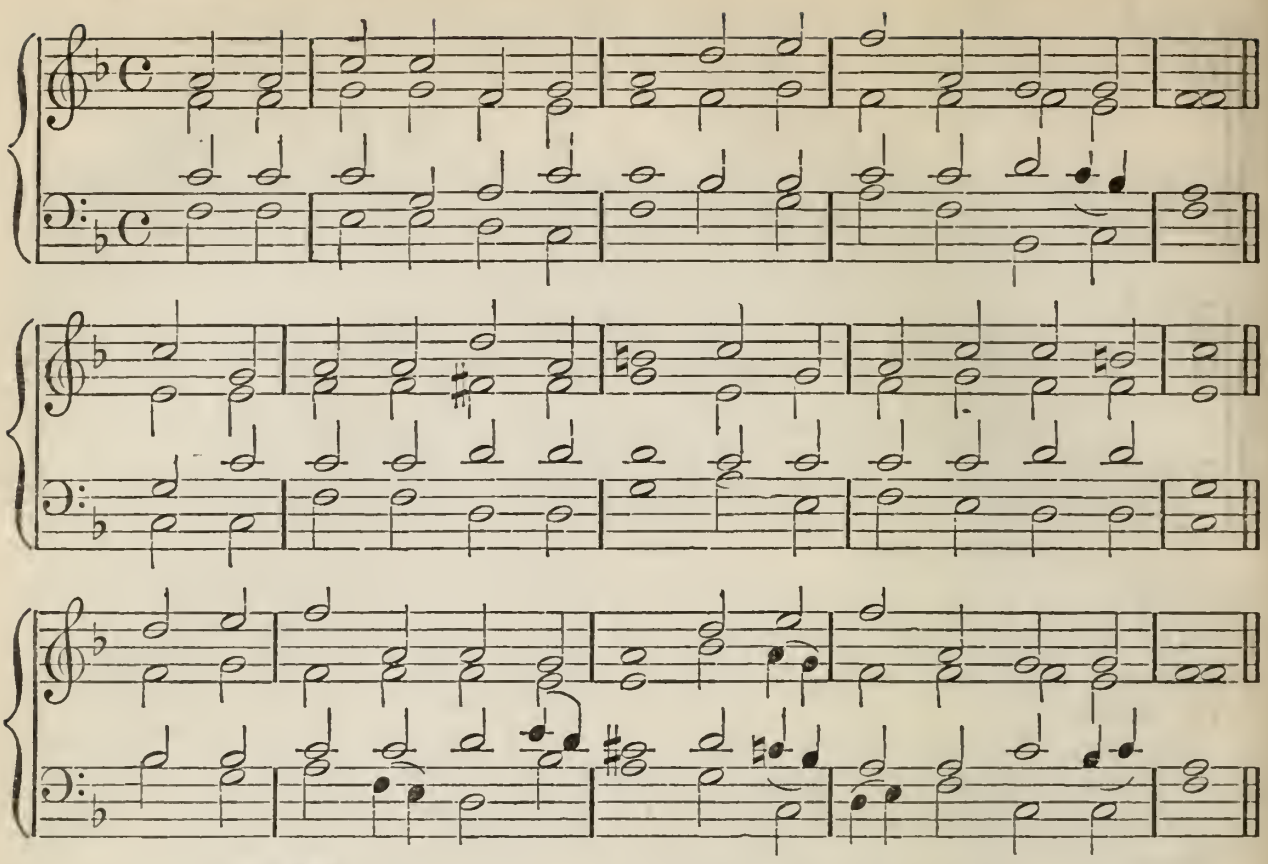
HYMN 47.

1 O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach the gospel to the poor?
2 Come, Jesu, come! return again;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness!
3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.
4 Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer! rest on thee,
5 Come, Jesus, come! and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day:
6 So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there!

HYMN 48.

1 MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes;
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.
2 E'en now the hallowed scenes appear!
E'en now unfolds the promised year!
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And swell the tidings of thy grace.
3 'Mid burning climes, and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
O mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

Nassau. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 49.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the sky,
Christ, the true, the only light;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night,
Day-spring from on high, draw near;
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams we see;
Lord, thy inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

3 Visit every soul of thine—
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill with radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN 50.

1 SAVIOUR of the Gentile race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone!
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart!

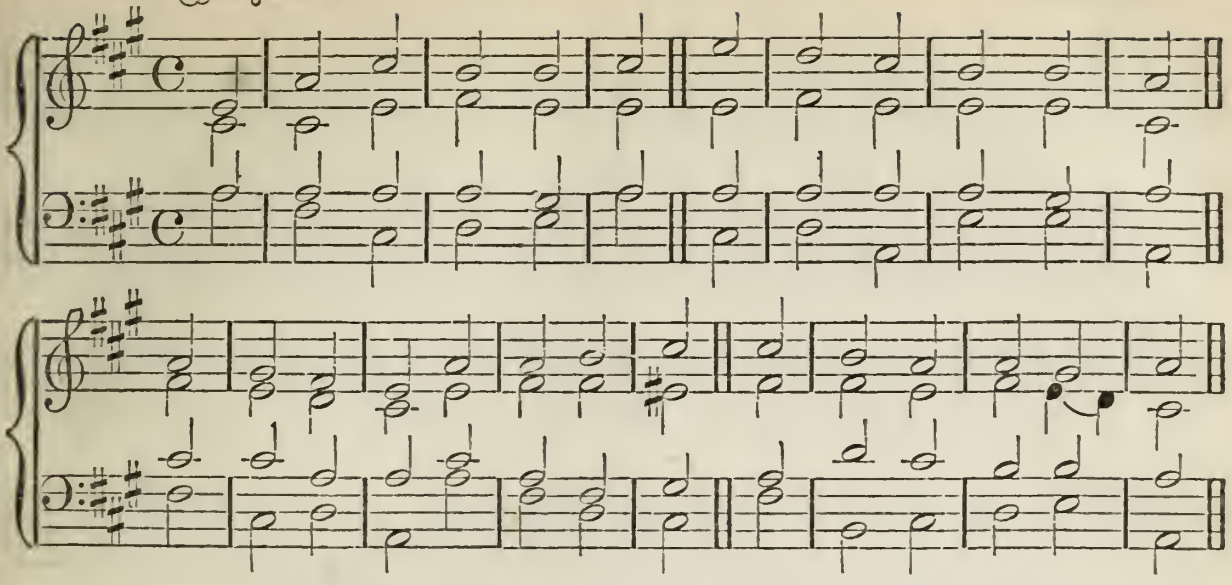
2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Sins for which he shed his blood.

3 Jesu, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now thou know'st I love thee, Lord."

4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican distrest;
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Plead the sinner's only plea,
"God, be merciful to me!"

5 Oh, remember me for good,
Passing though the mortal vale;
Show me thy atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Let me then in spirit see
Jesus crucified for me.

St. Michael's. S. M.



HYMN 51.

1 OUR festal morn is come!
And, Lord, we come to thee:
Thy house shall be our joyful home,
Thy name our melody.

2 "These temples of thy grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land."

3 Our fathers built this fane,
And watched the live-long night;
They sleep in death, but we remain
To hail a purer light.

4 Then blow the trumpet, blow;
The psalm, the psaltery take:
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
And every lip awake.

5 Sound, sound that sweetest strain,
The gospel-jubilee!
Till bursting from their idol-chain,
The heathen shall be free.

6 Thus let us keep the feast,
Thus wake to righteousness,
And teach the world from sin released,
The Lord our God to bless.

HYMN 52.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ:
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Its Saviour and its God.

HYMN 53.

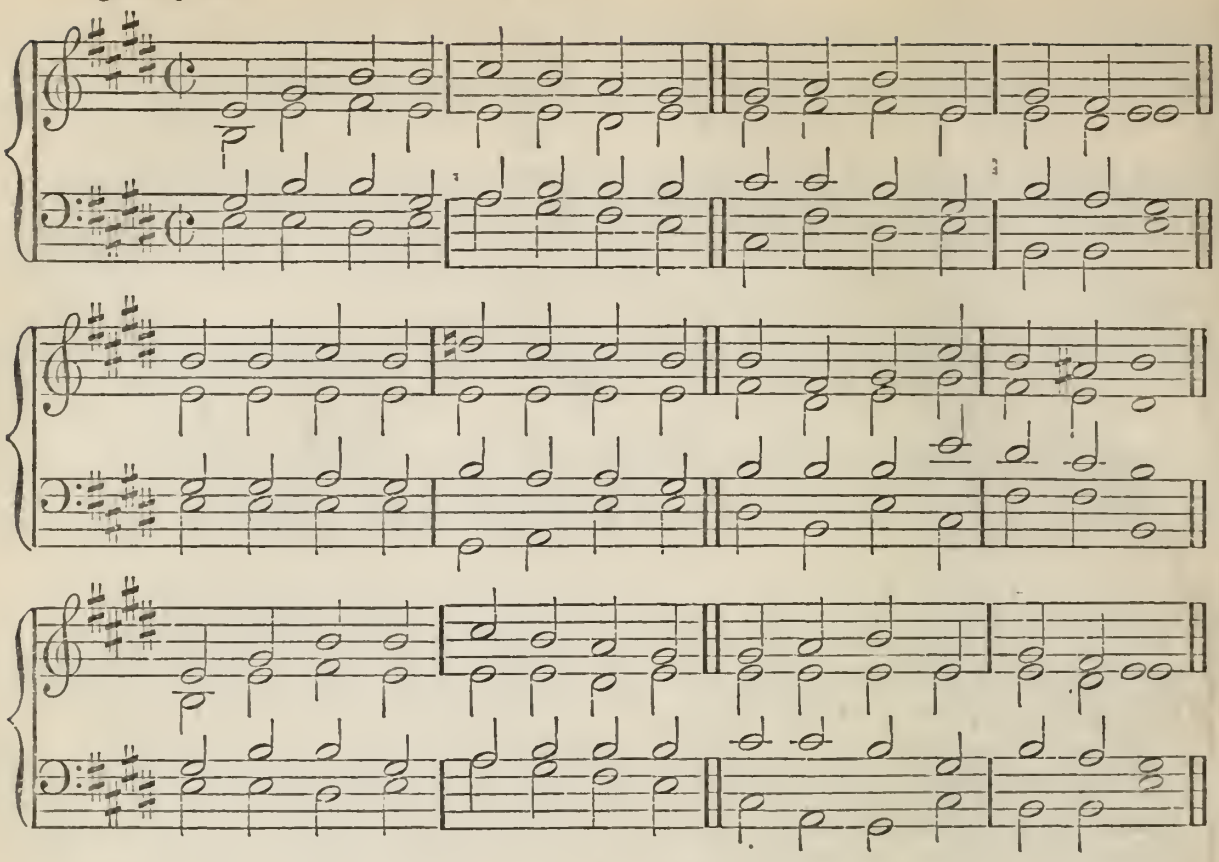
1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Oh, let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love!

Manheim. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.



HYMN 54.

1 COME, great Conqueror of the [nations,
Now in glorious might appear;
Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations,
Signify thy kingdom near:
True and faithful!
Stablish thy dominion here.

2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory,
Thine the ransomed nations are:
Let the heathen fall before thee,
Let the isles thy power declare;
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.

3 Captain, God of our salvation,
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne the Almighty's indignation,
Quenched the fiercest wrath of God,
Take the kingdom,
Claim the purchase of thy blood.

4 On thy thigh and vesture written,
Show the world thy heavenly name,
That with loving wonder smitten,
All may glorify the Lamb:
All adore thee,
All the Lord of hosts proclaim.

5 Honour, glory, and salvation,
To the Lord our God we give;
Power, and endless adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Reign triumphant,
King of kings, for ever live!

HYMN 55.

1 LORD, if judgments now are waking,
Let not thy compassion sleep;
But while earthly thrones are shaking,
Firm and free thy kingdom keep;
Jesus hear us, be thou near us,
When the storm shall o'er us sweep!

2 Courage, saints, your fears assuaging,
Chant a bold and blissful strain!
Holy seers, of peace presaging,
Bid us hail Messiah's reign:
Strife, sedition, superstition,
Then no votaries shall gain.

3 Prince of peace, let every nation
Soon thy Spirit's empire own;
Bow the world in supplication;
Bring the heathen to thy throne!
Earth possessing boundless blessing,
Then shall honour thee alone.

HYMN 56.

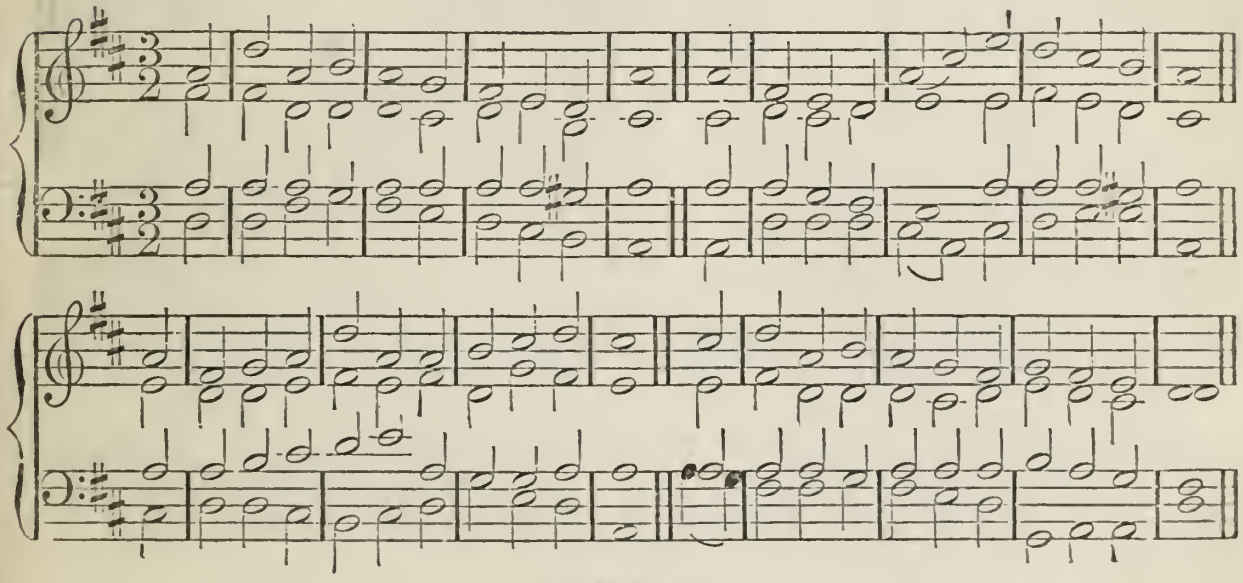
1 ON the mountain top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
All thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
God himself appears thy friend,
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasted triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy warfare now is past;
For thy shame thou shalt have double;
Days of peace are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Montgomery. 10, 10, 11, 11.



HYMN 57.

1 YE nations exult, salvation is nigh!
The star in the east illumines the sky;
The time is arriv'd by Jehovah's decree,
When walkers in darkness his glory shall see.

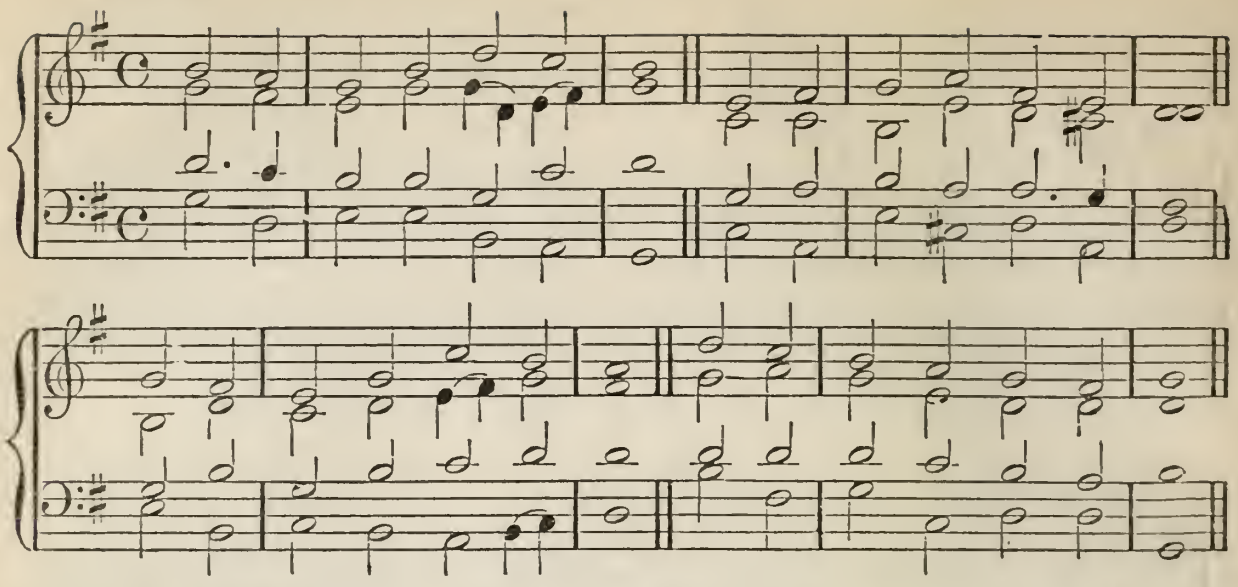
2 No longer in types or shadows concealed
In light and in truth the Christ is revealed;
No longer to tribe or to region confined,
The promise of God is addressed to mankind.

3 Ye Gentiles rejoice, re-echo the strain!
Break forth into praise, ye isles of the main!
The winds to your shores the glad tidings shall bring,
Rejoice in your Saviour, rejoice in your King.

4 The word is gone forth; the heathen around,
The furthest and worst, shall joy in the sound;
All nations, all tongues, shall in unison raise
One hymn to their Maker, one chorus of praise.

5 Then glory to God—the Father above,
Who sent to our world the Son of his love;
Like glory to Him who came down from on high,
To save and to suffer, to triumph and die.

Vienna. 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 58.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star;
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.
2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.
4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes;
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
5 Sing, ye morning-stars, again,
God descends on earth to reign!
Deigns for man his life to employ,
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

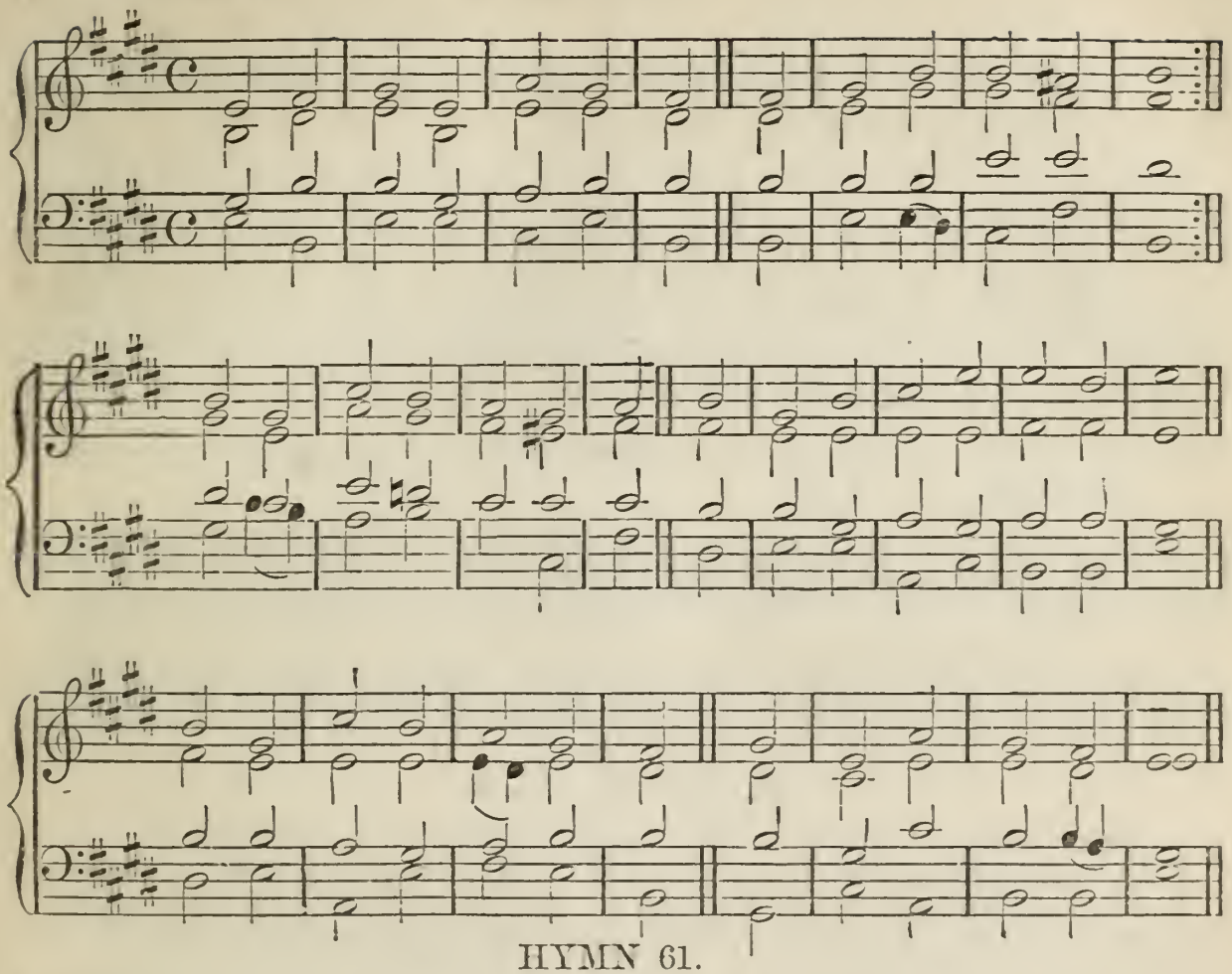
HYMN 59.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.
2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here!
3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness!
6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

HYMN 60.

1 BRETHREN! let us join to bless
Christ the Lord, our righteousness;
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.
2 Son of God! to thee we bow;
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou, the blessed virgin's seed,
Glory of thy church and head.
3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our priest and king;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation, by thee wrought;
Wrought to set thy people free;
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
5 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more;
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above.

Auremburg. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.



HYMN 61.

1 GOD of my salvation hear,
And help me to believe!
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

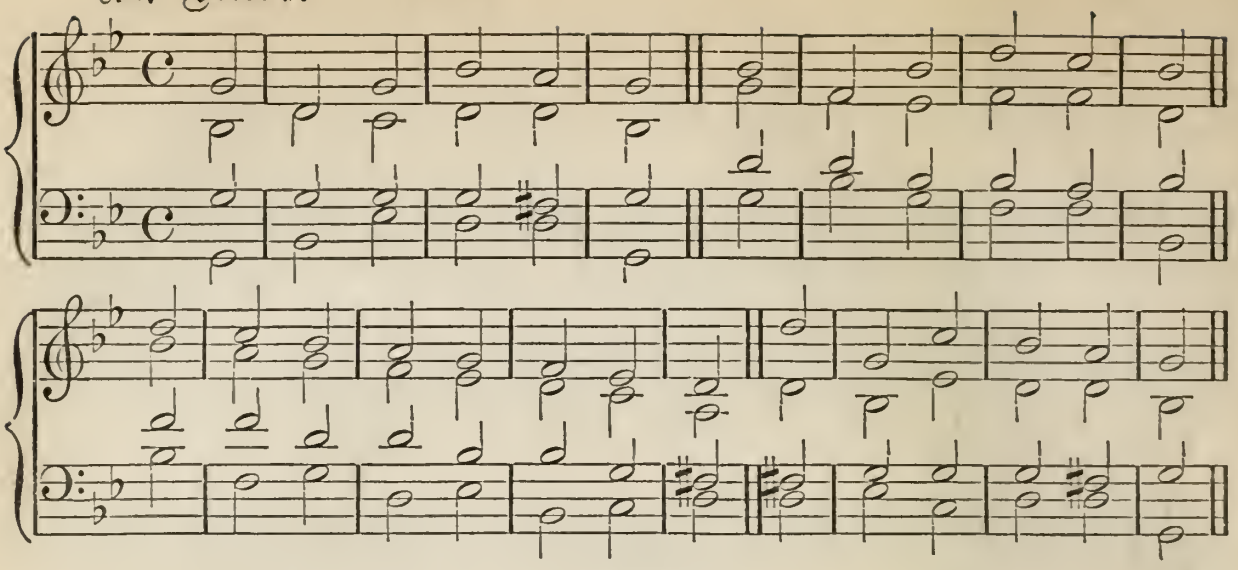
2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye!
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh:
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art and wilt for ever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st am poor.
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace;
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

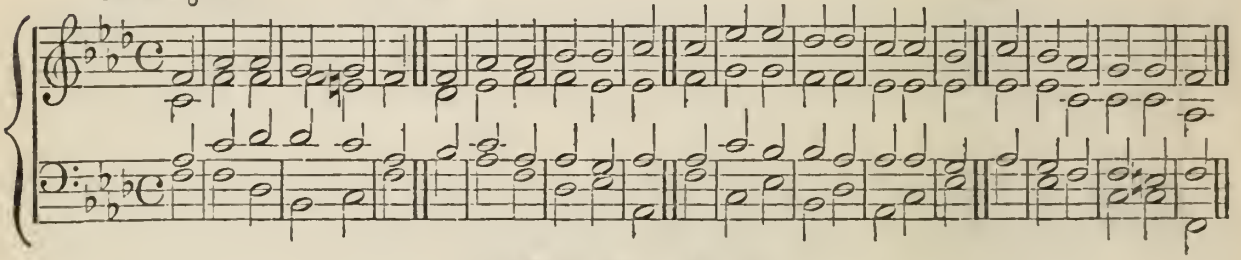
5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart.
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea.
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

St. Bride's. S. M.



Or this.

Southwell. S. M.



HYMN 62. Ps. li.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind,
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed, and though condemned,
Must own thy judgment right.

3 In guilt each part was formed
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceived, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

5 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

6 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

HYMN 63.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

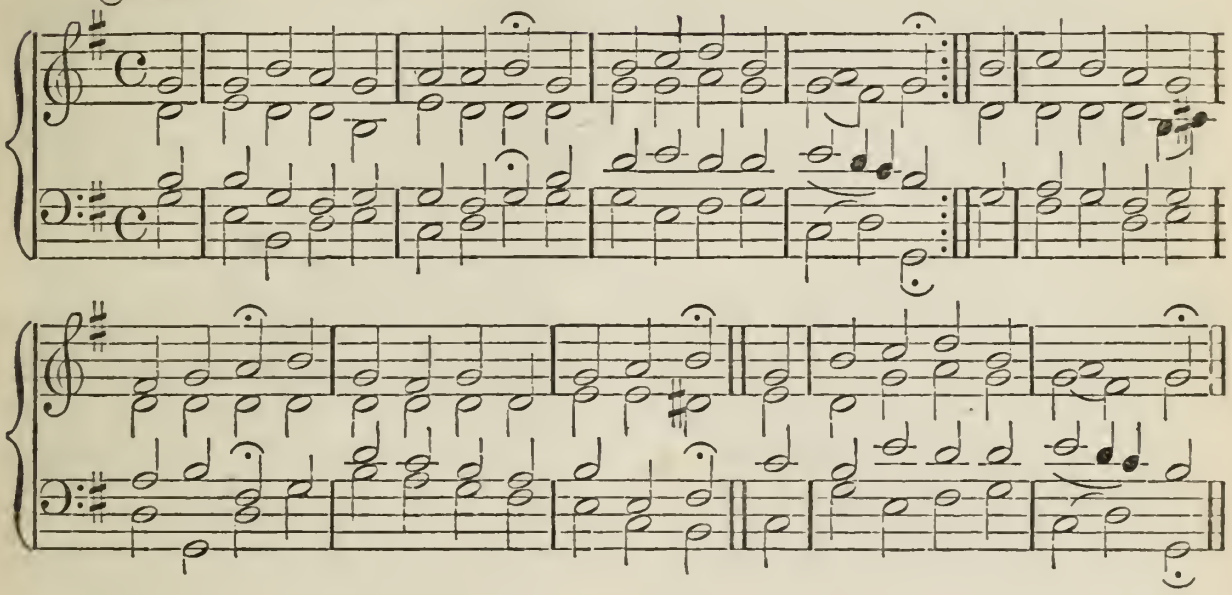
5 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see:
Yea, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

6 Searcher of hearts! in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

7 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
Oh, let it, Lord, be done!

8 In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'st fain remove:
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

Altorf. P. M.



HYMN 64.

1 FROM depths of woe I raise to thee
The voice of lamentation;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me,
And hear my supplication:
If thou shouldst be extreme to mark
Each secret sin and misdeed dark,
Oh! who could stand before thee?

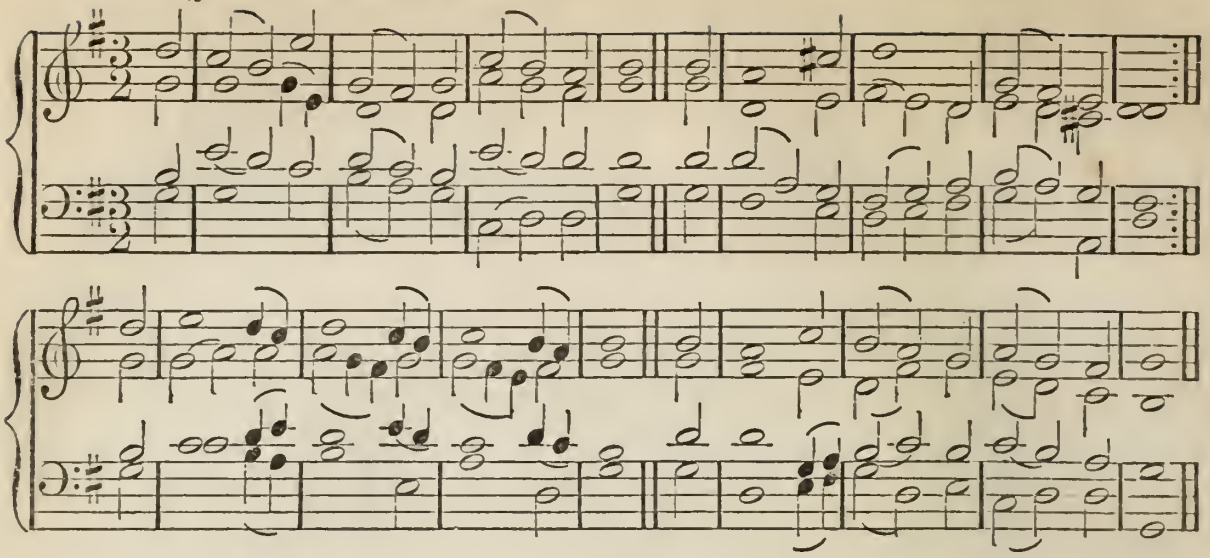
2 To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, grace alone availeth;
Our works, alas! are all in vain,
In much the best life faileth:
No man can glory in thy sight,
All must alike confess thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

3 Therefore my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
On him my soul shall rest, his word
Upholds my fainting spirit;
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support,
I wait for it with patience.

4 What though I wait the livelong night
And till the dawn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in his might,
It doubteth not, nor feareth;
So let the Israelite in heart,
Born of the Spirit, do his part,
And wait till God appeareth.

5 Although our sin is great indeed,
God's mercies far exceed it:
His hand can give the help we need,
However much we need it:
He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Israël doth guard and keep,
And shall from sin redeem him.

Surrey. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 65.

1 JESU! thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am:
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
Oh, may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love!

3 O Love! how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care,
To guard the sacred treasure there.

PART II.

5 MY Saviour, thou thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain hast showed;
For me, on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress.
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface,

6 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain;
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flowed thy cleansing blood in vain;
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away!

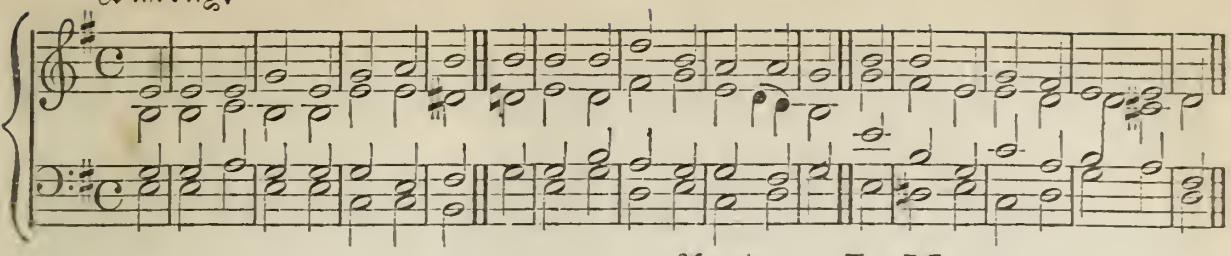
7 Oh, that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest
Till sweetly thou hast breath'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.

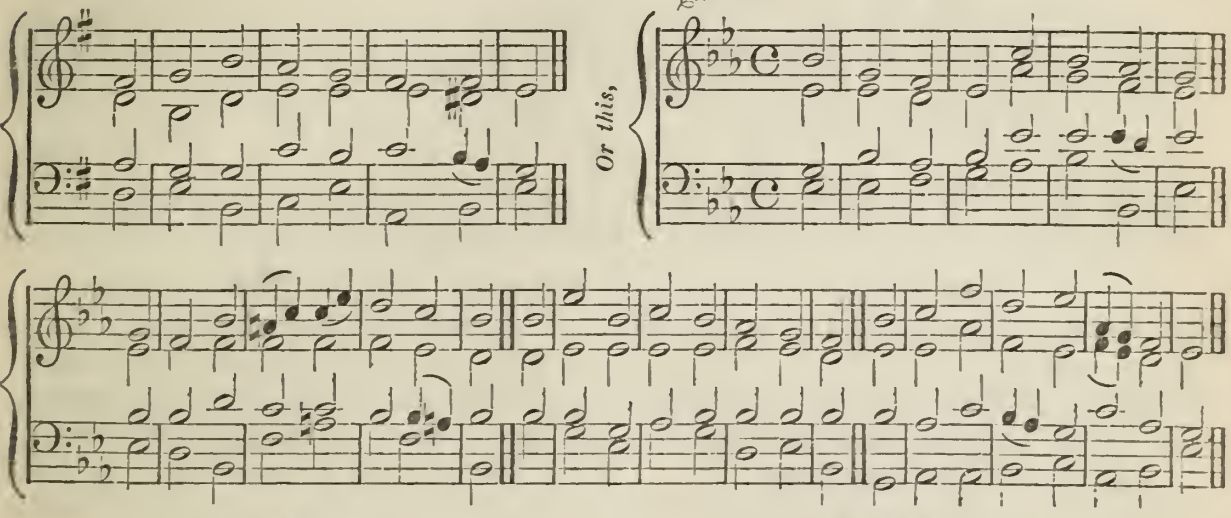
8 What in thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day,
My spring of life, when parched by drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.

9 Still let thy love point out my way!
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

10 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Saxony. L. M.



Kent. L. M.

HYMN 66.

1 JESU! thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have,
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And want thine utmost power to save.

5 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

6 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its little all to thee.

HYMN 67.

1 JESUS, thou wounded Lamb of God,
O wash me in thy cleansing blood;
Give me to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

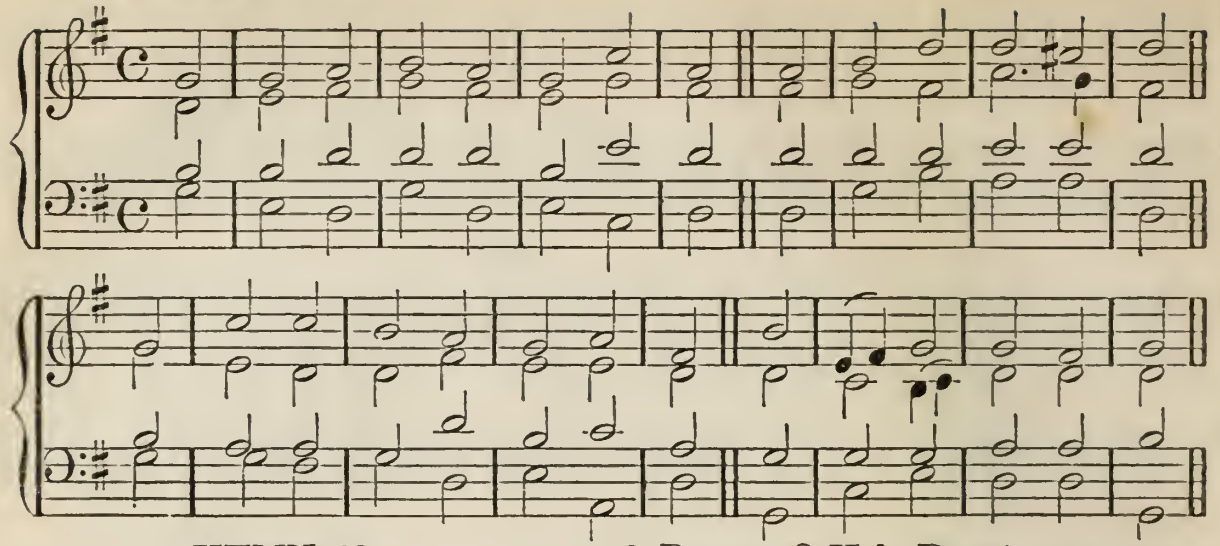
3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought; [tell
Unloose our stammering tongues to
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

6 First-born of many brethren, thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die: thine may we live!

Gloucester. C. M.



HYMN 68.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily;
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame!
Good Lord, remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

6 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

HYMN 69.

1 OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame—
A light, to shine upon the road
Which leads me to the Lamb!

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

3 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee!

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 70.

1 LOVER of souls! thou well canst prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

2 Appear, as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God;
And let them see thee in thy vest,
But newly dipt in blood.

3 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

4 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

5 Ready thou art thy blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

HYMN 71.

1 THOU Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 And still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

4 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 72.

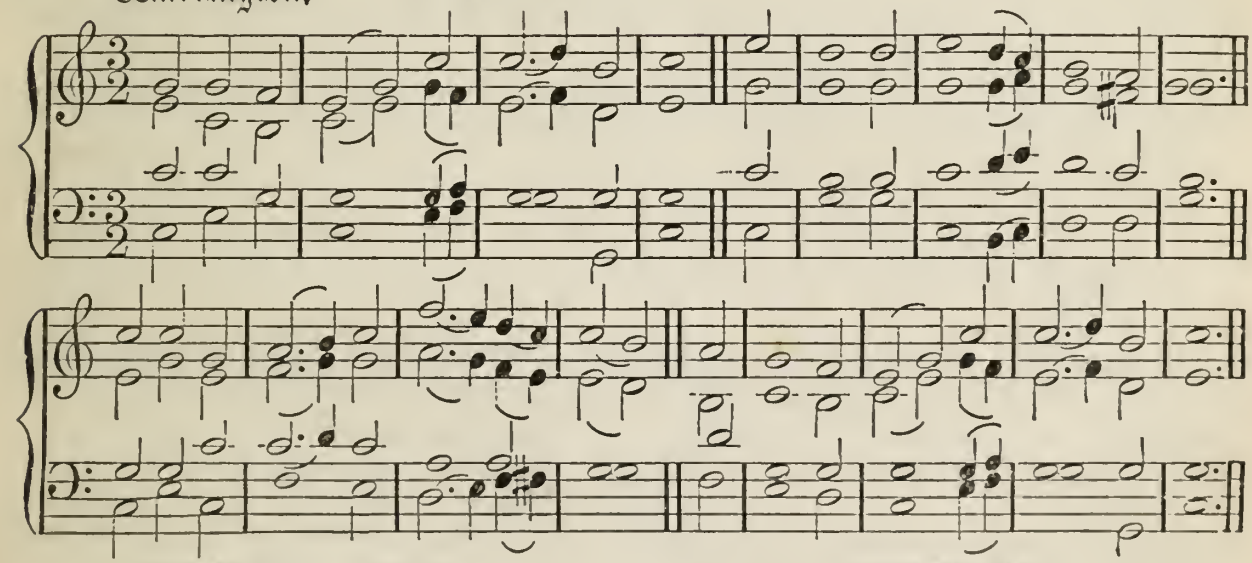
1 OH, help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh, help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh, help us, Jesus! from on high,
We know no help but thee;
Oh, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

Warrington. L. M.



HYMN 73. Ps. lxix.

1 ARISE, O God! and let thy grace
Diffuse its beams on Jacob's race:
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.

2 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
For ever shall thine anger burn?
And wilt thou never, Lord, return?

3 In pity their backslidings heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal:
Check in mid course thy dreadful ire,
And bid its kindled flames expire.

4 Thy quickening spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart:
May Israel's ransomed tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

HYMN 74.

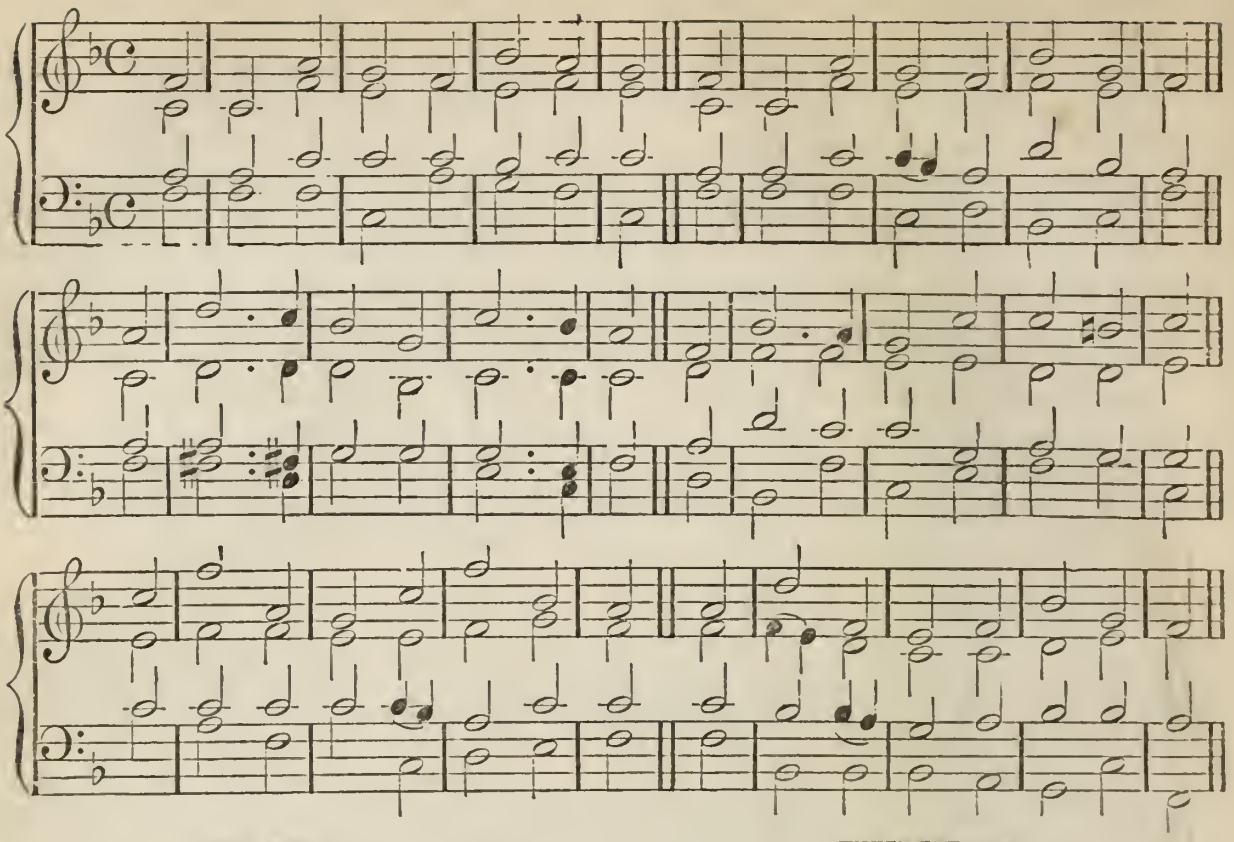
1 MY great Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Mamre. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 75.

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs:
To thee I look, my heart prepare,
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer;
Thou seest my wants; for help they call,
And ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

2 Thou knowest the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou knowest how unsubdued my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill:
Thou knowest how wide my passions rove,
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love.

3 Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel;
My inbred misery reveal:
Ah, give me, Lord, I still would say,
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath, be prayer.

4 Father, I want a thankful heart;
I wish to taste how good thou art,
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me;
The healing power of faith to know,
And reign triumphant here below.

HYMN 76.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still he, who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Yet he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 And, O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away

HYMN 77.

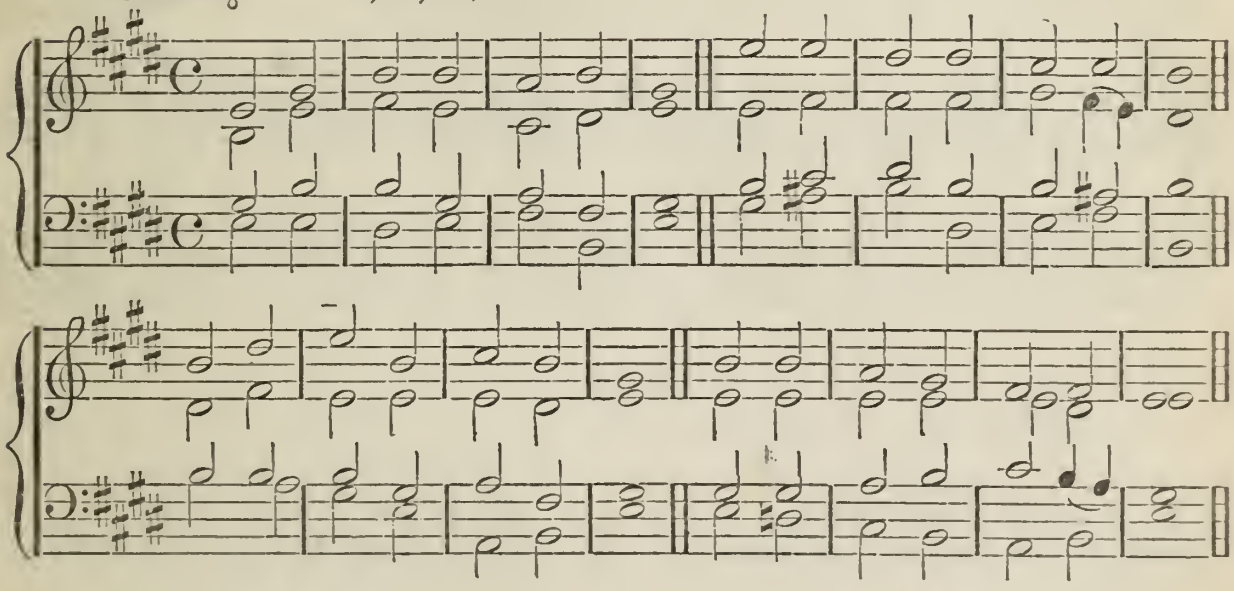
1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus! full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open thine arms, and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare offend thee more!

Culbach. 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 78.

1 HOLY Lamb! who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
"As thou art, so let us be."

2 Fix, oh! fix each wavering mind;
To thy Cross our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Fill our hearts with fervent love.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the atonement now receives;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

5 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

HYMN 79.

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu! born of woman, hear!

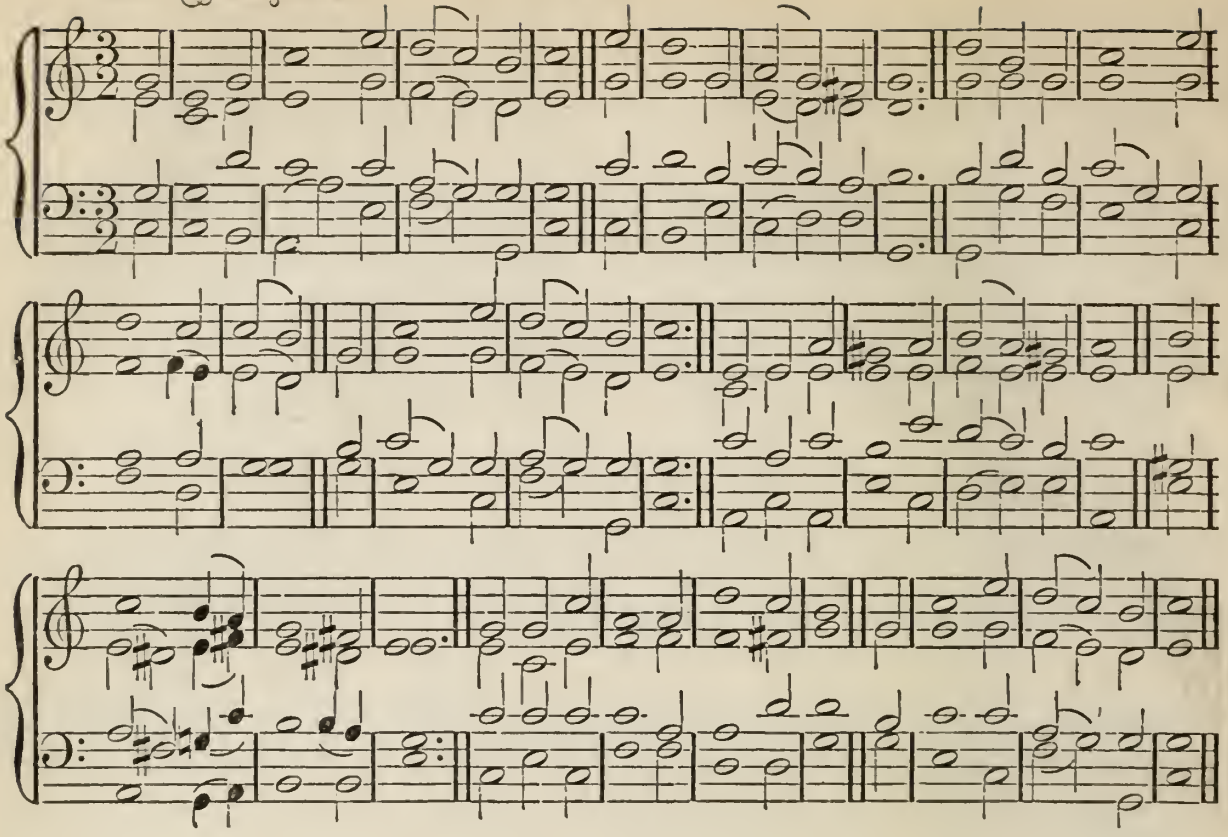
2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu! born of woman, hear!

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu! born of woman, hear!

4 When the heart is sad within
With the sense of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu! born of woman, hear!

5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesu! born of woman, hear!

St. Matthew's. D. C. M.



HYMN 80. Ps. cxxx.

1 O LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woful state,
Lamenting sore my sinful life
Before thy mercy's gate;
A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

2 I need not to confess my life,
To thee who best can tell
What I have been and what I am,
Thou surely know'st it well.
Therefore with tears I come to beg
Of my offended God
For pardon, like a child that dreads
His angry parent's rod.

3 O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have;
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,
The blessing that I crave.
Mercy, good Lord! mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our suit,
O let thy mercy come!

HYMN 81.

1 JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see;
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee.

2 O hadst thou known the day of grace,
And flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King!—
But now thy day is sunk in night,
Thy time of mercy spent;
For heavy was thy children's crime,
And strange their punishment.

3 O gaze not idly on their fall,
But, sinner, warned be;
Who spared not his chosen seed
May send his wrath on thee.
Their day of grace is sunk in night,
Thy noon is in its prime;
O turn and seek thy Saviour's face
In this accepted time.

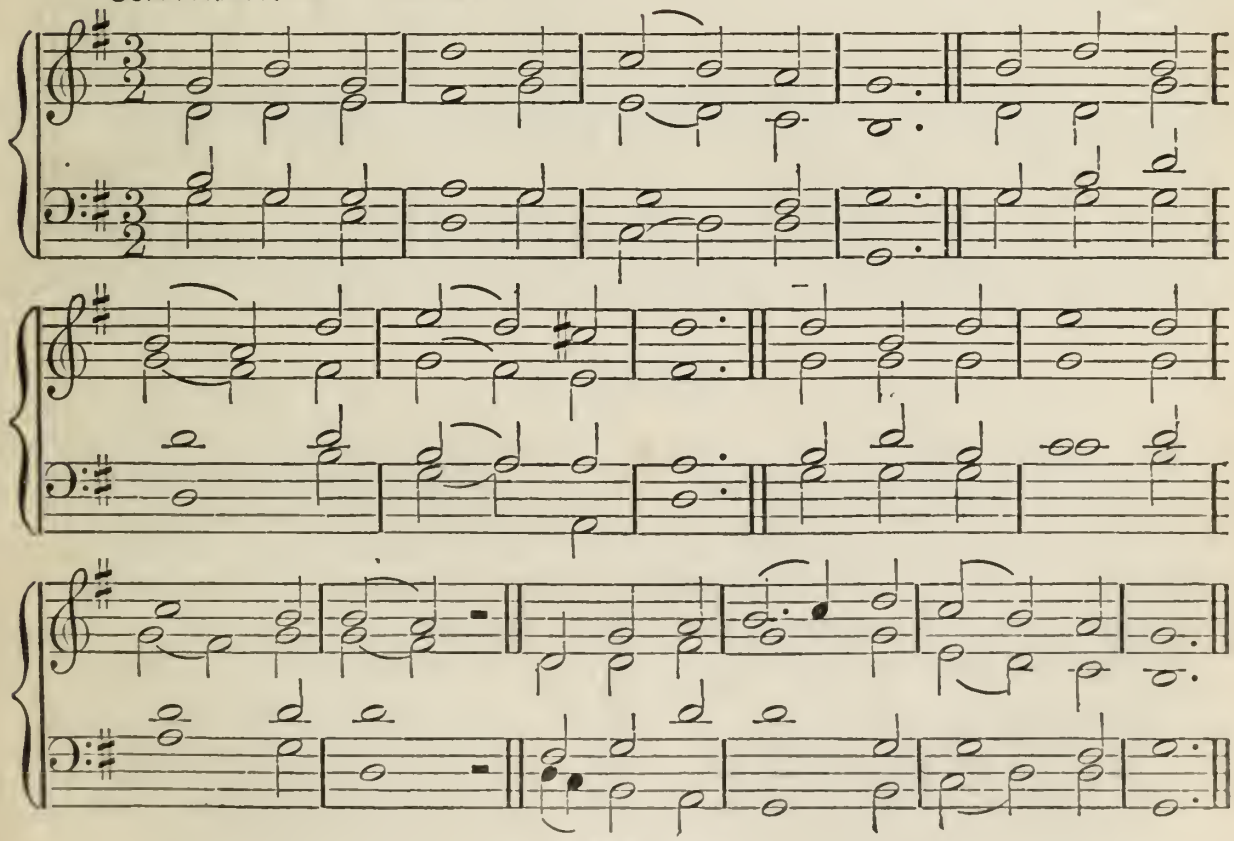
HYMN 82.

1 SEE! what unbounded zeal and love
Inflamed the Saviour's breast,
When stedfast towards Jerusalem
His urgent way he pressed.
Good-will to man, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross:
He longs to be baptized with blood,
He thirsts to reach the cross.

2 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown;
Forth to the work his spirit flew;
'Twas love that urged him on.
By his obedience unto death,
See paradise restored;
And fallen man brought face to face
With his forgiving Lord.

3 Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne,
To look on thee, whom we have pierced;
To look on thee, and mourn:
While thus we mourn, may we rejoice,
And, as thy cross we see,
May each exclaim in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

Worcester. L. M.



HYMN 83.

1 RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry.
'Mid joyous throngs pursue thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

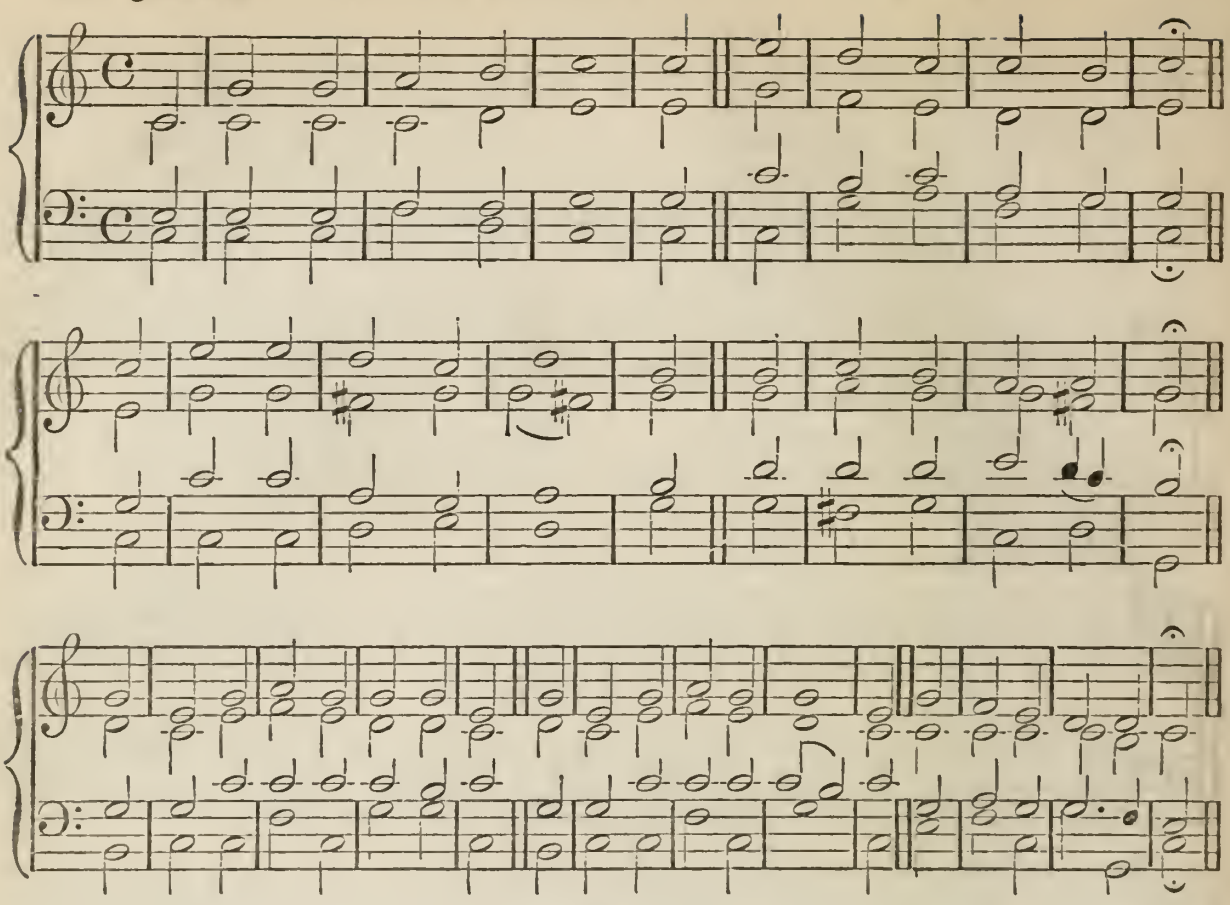
2 Ride on! ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingëd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice!

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign!

St. Mark's. 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 7, 6.



HYMN 84.

1 O LORD, when condemnation
And guilt oppress my soul,
Then let thy bitter passion
The rising storm control:
Remind me that thy blood was spilt
For me, oh, most unworthy!
To take away my guilt.

2 Oh, wonder beyond measure
To faith's enlightened eye!
For slaves it was the pleasure
Of their own Lord to die!
The mighty God stoops from on high
For me, lost, ruined creature,
And deigns as man to die.

3 My sins rise up to heaven,—
And countless is their host;
But Christ Himself hath given,
And paid the mighty cost:
Since then on him my sins were laid,
Of hell and all its torments,
I am no more afraid.

4 Henceforth my heart shall bless thee
Whilst here its pulses move;
Its songs of praise address thee
For all thy dying love:
Thy wrongs and last deep agony
Shall be my meditation
Till I am called to thee.

PART II.

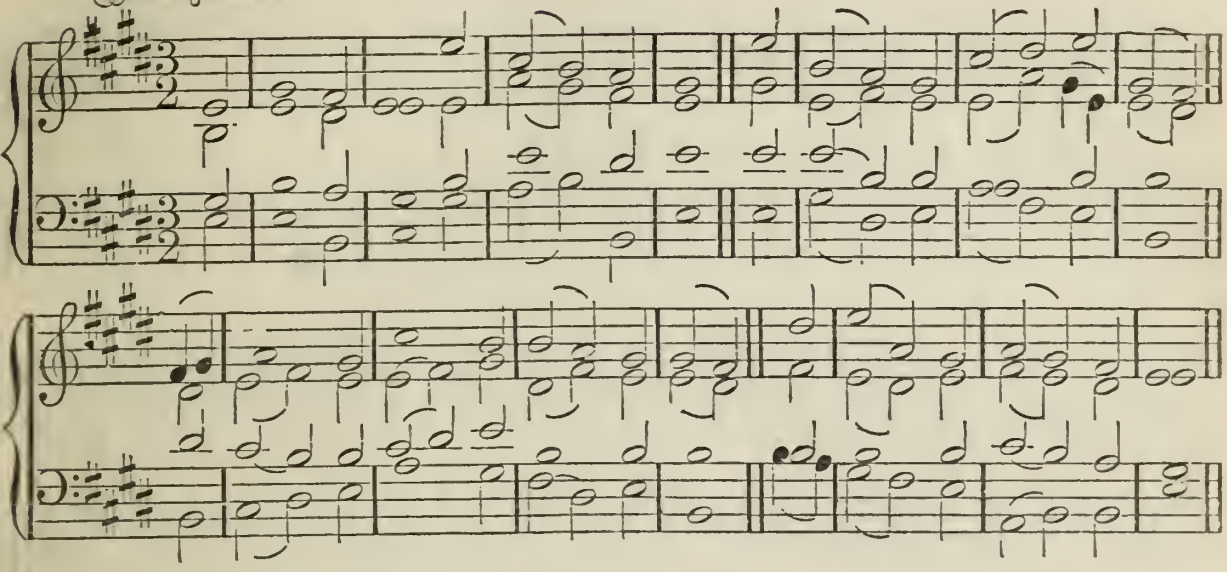
5 LORD, let thy bitter passion
My soul with strength inspire
To flee with indignation
All sinful, low desire:
Ah! never would I, Lord, forget
The greatness of that ransom
Which paid my endless debt.

6 Should earthly griefs assail me,
If need be, shame and scorn,
Let patience never fail me
To bear as thou hast borne:
Grant that the world I may forsake,
And thee for my example,
Oh! may I daily take.

7 Still let me do to others
As thou hast done to me,
And look on all as brothers,
Their willing servant be:
Oh! may I never seek my own,
But help as thou hast helped,
With purest love alone.

8 At length when I am bidden
With all things here to part,
The wounds in which I'm hidden
Speak peace into my heart:
Relying then upon thy blood,
Oh, give me full assurance
That I shall see my God.

Manchester. C. M.



HYMN 85.

1 THERE is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Blest dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, mortal tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 86.

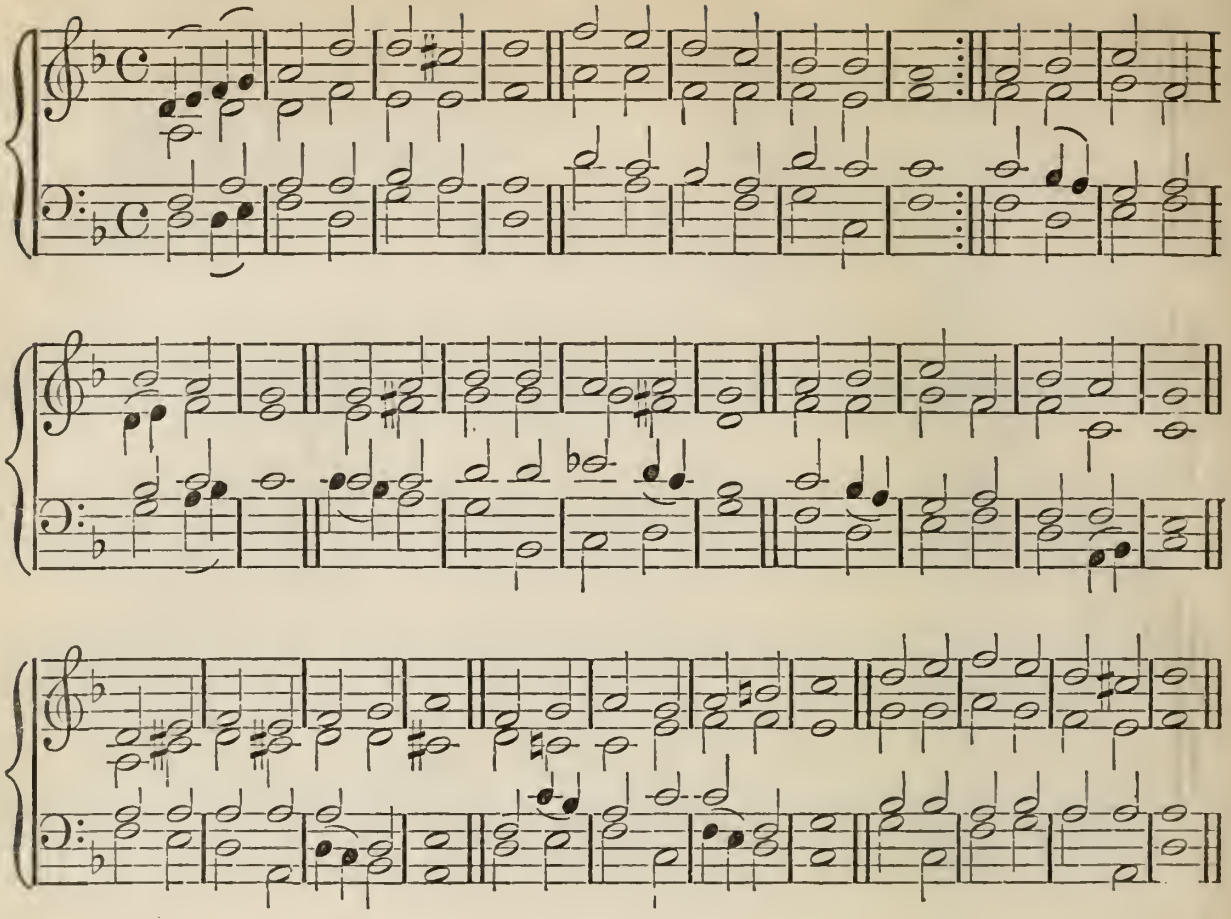
1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness,
Of pity and of love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
Resisting unto blood.

4 He will not quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.



HYMN 87.

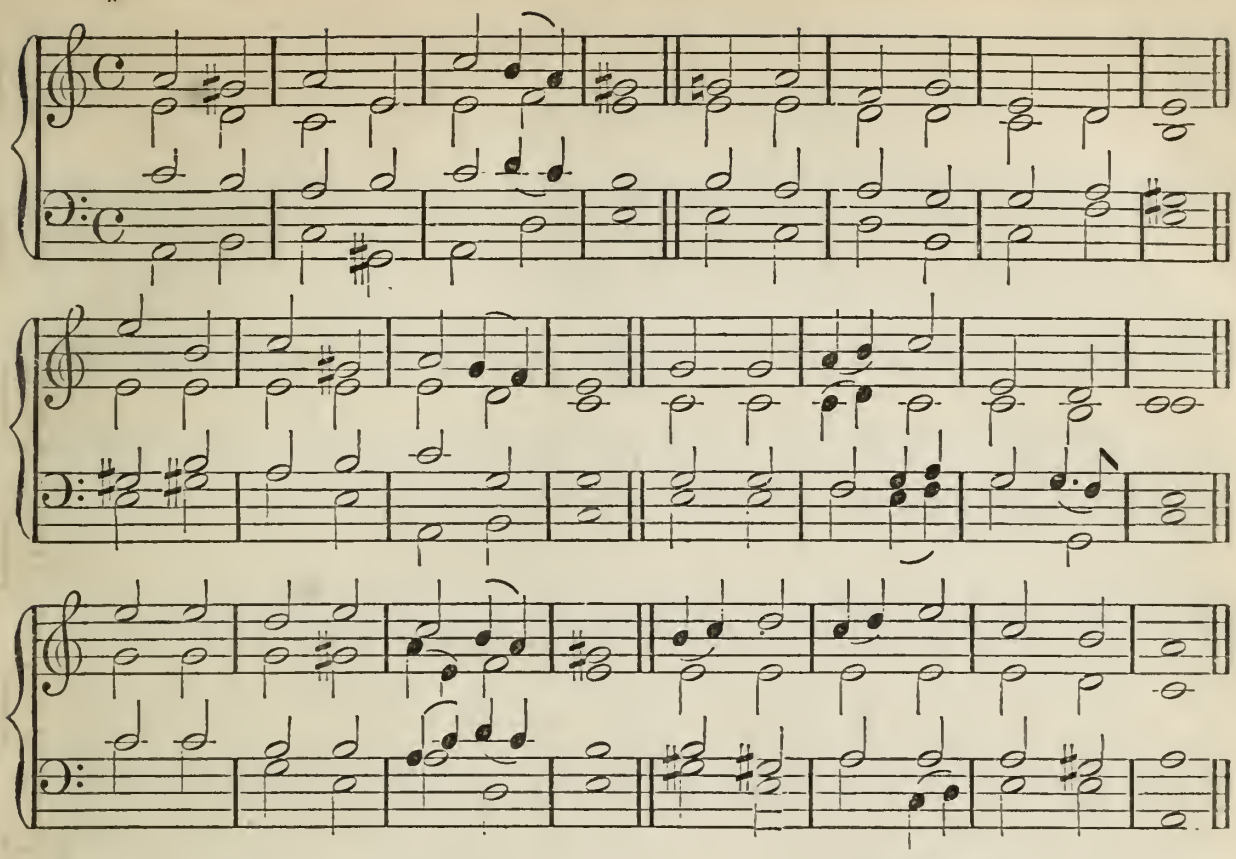
1 BOUND upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb;
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
Earth, that trembles at his doom;
Yonder saints who burst their tomb;
Eden, promised ere he died
To the felon at his side;
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
By the mortal agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

4 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew—
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Presburg. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 88.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn from him to watch and pray.

See him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned:
See him meekly bearing all!
Love to man his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view;
There the Lord of glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursed tree:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

4 Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
Angels kept their vigils there:
Who hath taken him away?
"Christ is risen!" he seeks the skies;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

HYMN 89.

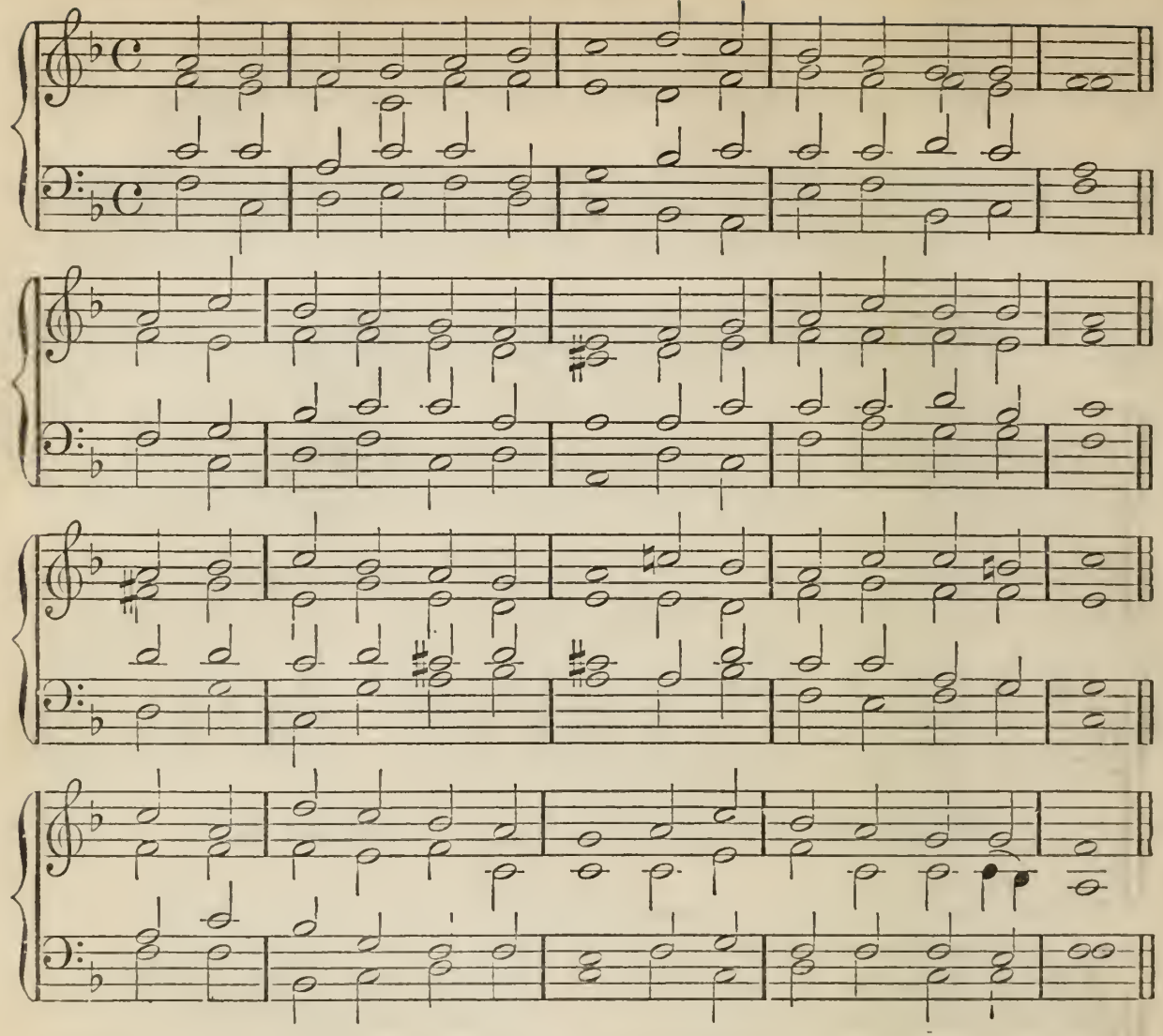
1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse from guilt and make me pure.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;—
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling,
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly;—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Weimar. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 90.

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
Oh, by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

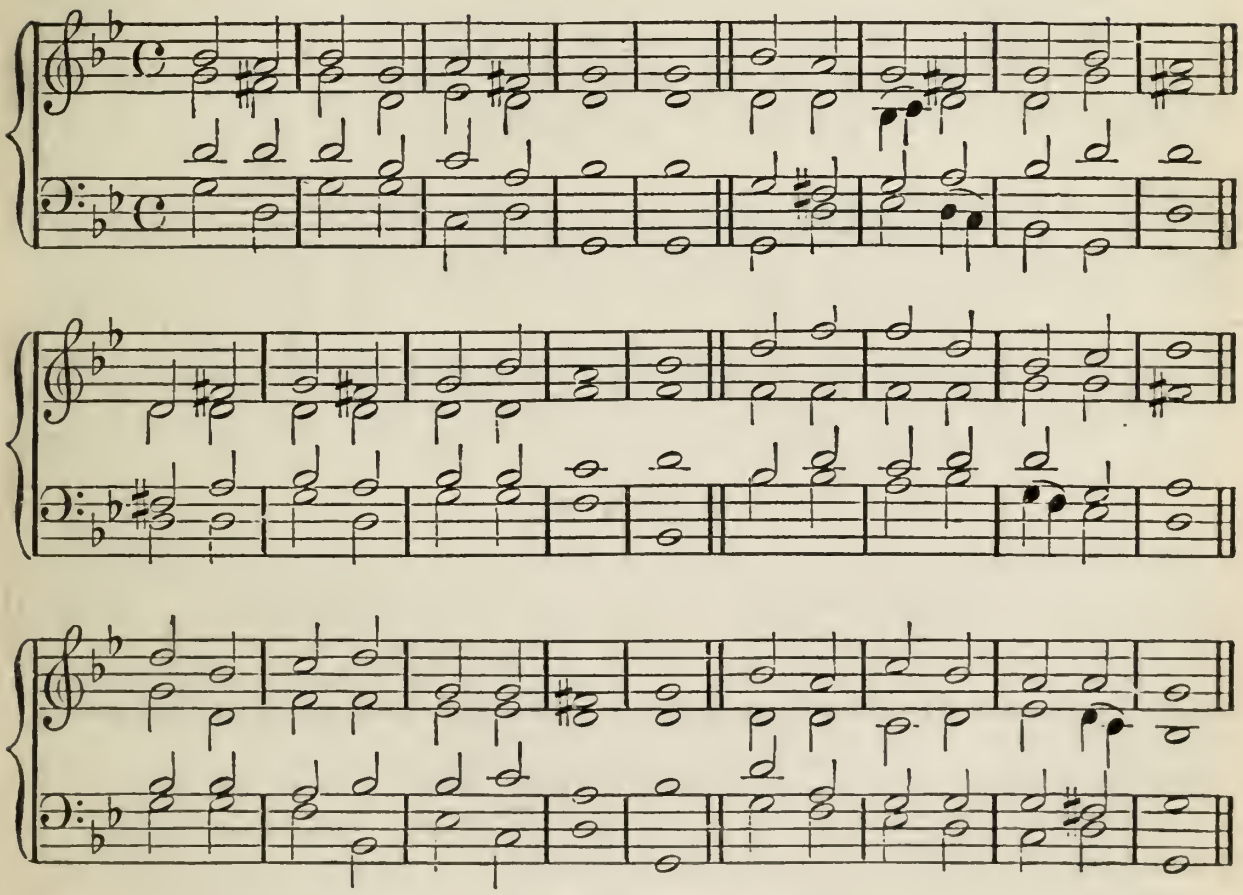
2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy victory in that hour
O'er the subtle tempter's power,
Jesu! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thy sympathy that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By thy bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode;
By thy troubled sigh that told
Treason lurked within thy fold;
Jesu! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn:
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice,—
Jesu! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By thy deep expiring groan,
By thy sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save.—
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored;
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

St. Peter's. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.



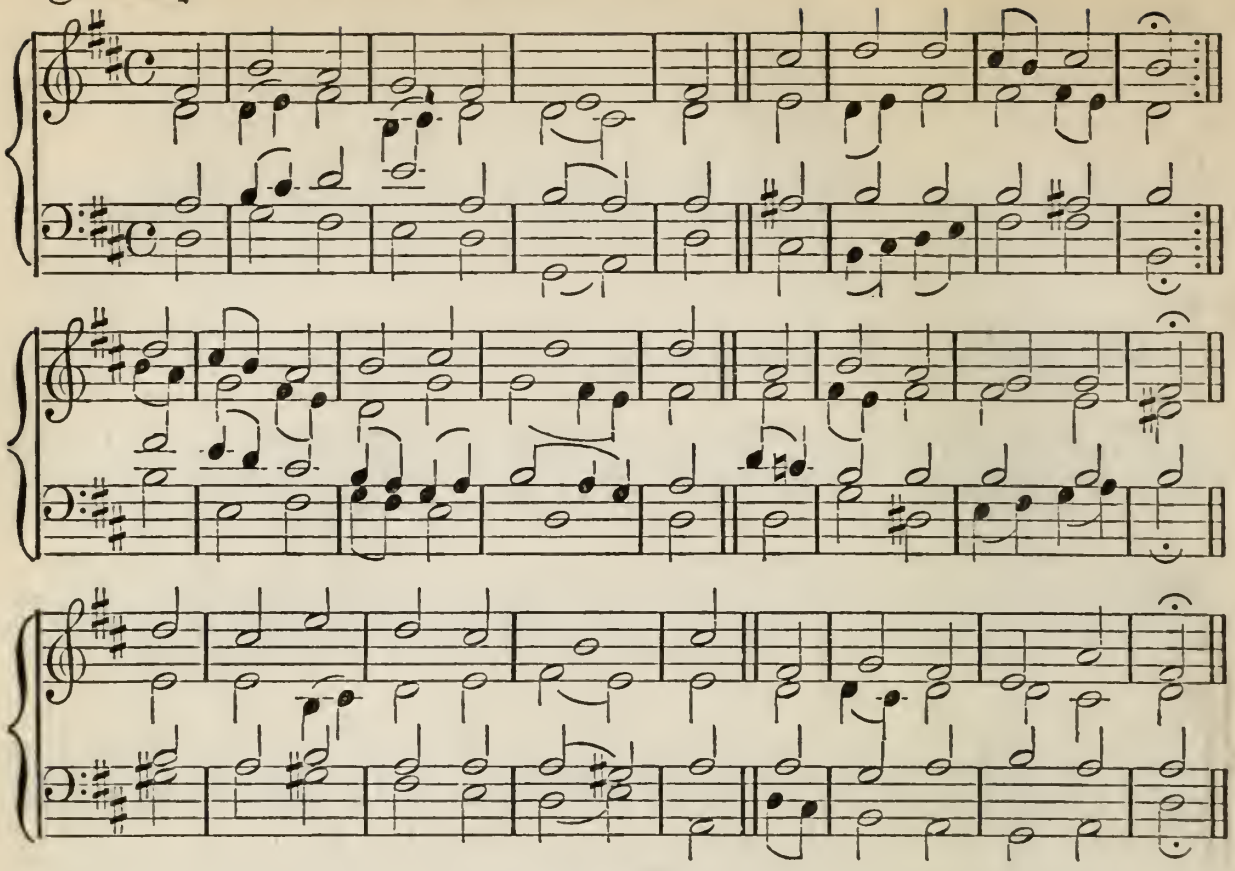
HYMN 91.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary:
See the rocks are rent asunder;
Darkness veils the mid-day sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 Oh what joy to helpless sinners
These triumphant words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, his dying words record

3 All the types and shadows finished
Of the ceremonial law:
Man's redemption, now completed,
Death and hell no more shall awe!
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join the triumph to proclaim:
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise the Saviour's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Bernburg. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

HYMN 92.

1 AH Head! so pierced and wounded,
So full of pain and scorn;
Ah Head! in jest surrounded
With a sharp crown of thorn:
Ah Head! once wreathed with glory,
And bright with shining rays,
Now mocked and scorned, before thee
I bow in silent praise.

2 Blest face, in which were blended
Such majesty and might,
That when thou wast offended
The whole earth shook with fright;
But now how changed and faded!
Ah! who hath dimmed the light
Of those blest eyes, and shaded
Their day in sullen night!

3 Those cheeks, how wan and withered,
Which once with beauty glowed!
Those lips, how pale and livid,
From which such wisdom flowed!
Pale death hath thus bereft thee,
His power this thing hath done;
Therefore thy strength has left thee,
Thy beauty all is gone!

4 What thou hast, Lord, endured,
Is all my guilty load;
'Tis I whose sins procured
What thou hast borne, my God!
The wretch who stands before thee
Deserves this wrath, alas!
Oh, grant me, I implore thee,
The sight of thy sweet grace.

5 Ah! wilt thou then not own me?
Receive me, O my God!
What good hast thou not done me,
Thou Source of every good!
Thy word with milk hath fed me,
And food which never cloys;
Thy blessed Spirit led me
To streams of purest joys.

6 O Lord, my soul's true Lover,
What bliss dost thou bestow,
By making me discover
My weal in thy sad woe!
While all are thee forsaking,
I will with thee abide;
And when thy heart is breaking,
I will not leave thy side.

PART II.

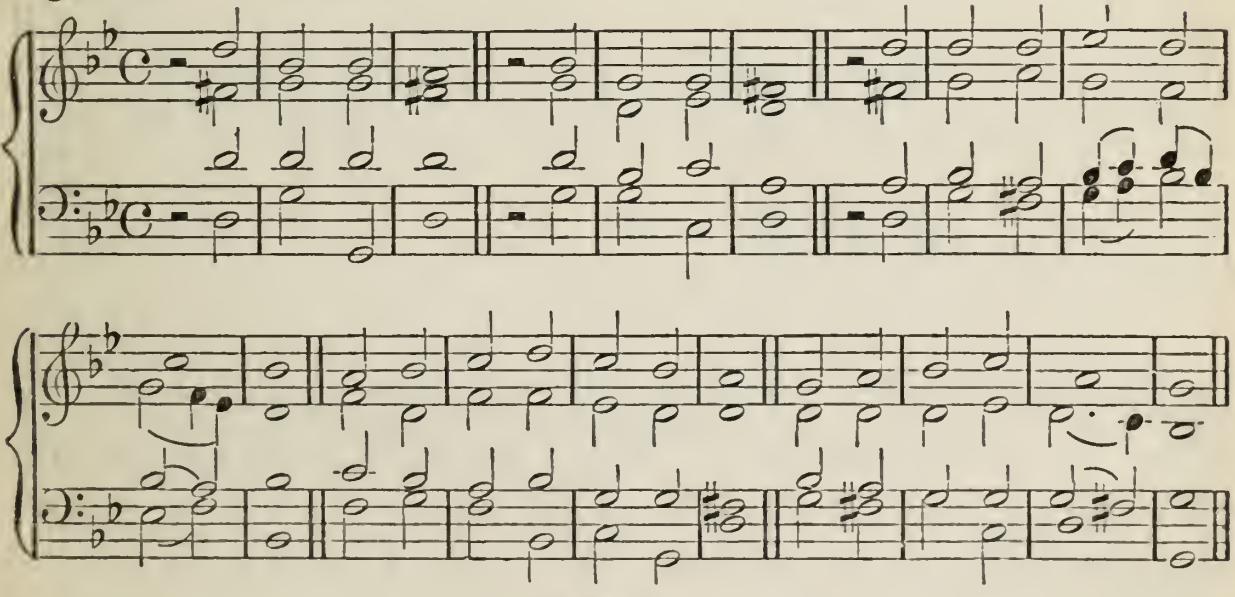
7 WITH all my heart, O Jesus,
I thank thee, best of friends,
Whose death and passion frees us
From death that never ends:
Oh, grant that I may ever
Abide, dear Lord, in thee,
Nor let e'en death e'er sever
My faithful soul from thee!

8 When I depart, be nigh me,
Nor e'er depart from me,
Nor when I die, deny me
The strength I need from thee:
And when death's pains shall seize me,
And chill me to the heart,
Oh, may thy sorrows ease me,
Thy pains relieve my smart!

9 Appear for my protection,
From sin and Satan's wiles,
While on thy crucifixion
I fix my dying smiles:
Then will I, calm and trustful,
Yield up to thee my breath,
Rejoicing, yet not boastful,
O happy, happy Death!

EASTER EVE.

Minden. 4, 4, 7, 7, 6.



HYMN 93.

1 SO rest, my Rest!
Thou ever blest!
Thy grave with sinners making:
By thy precious death, from sin
My dead soul awaking.

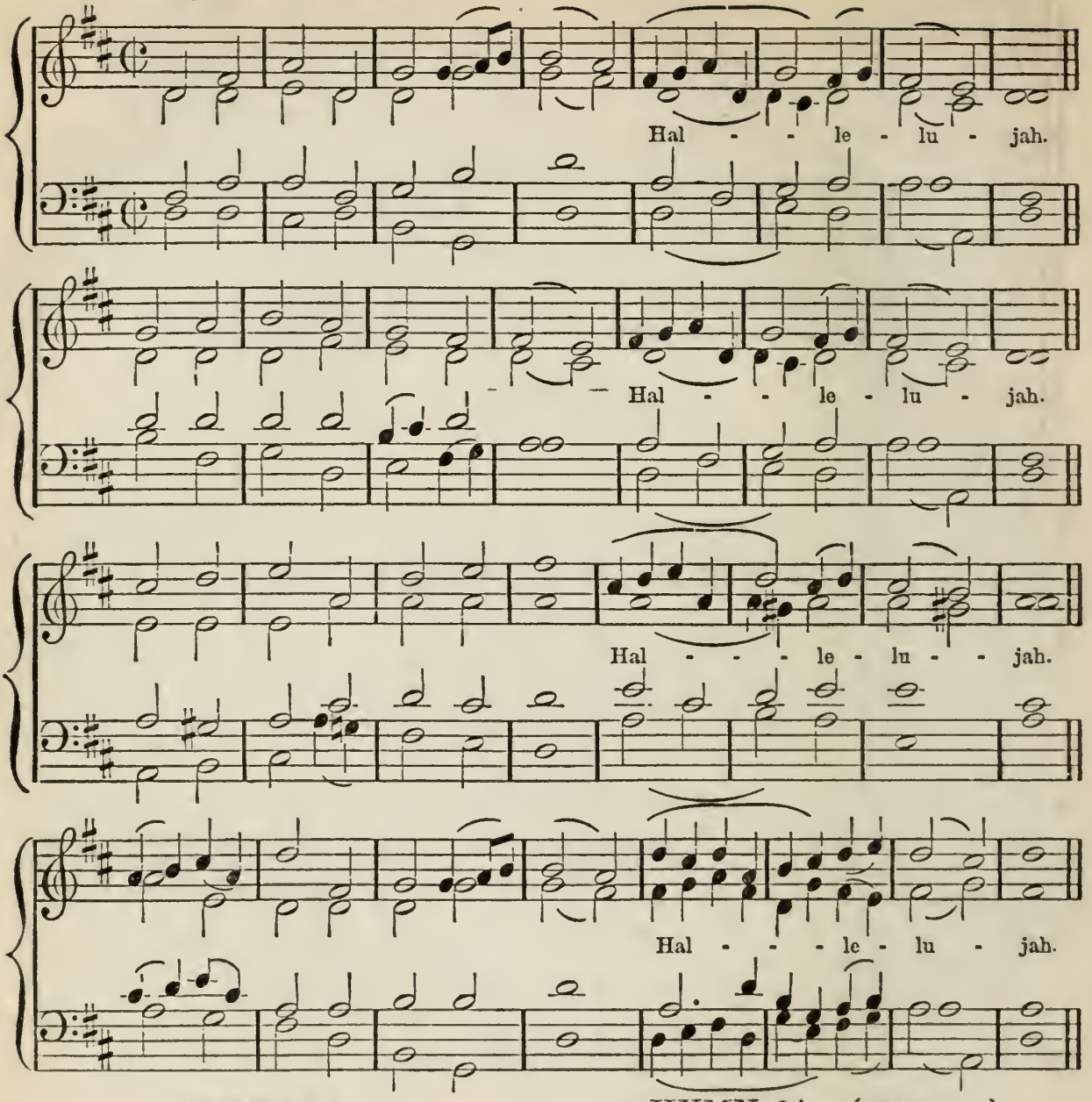
2 Here hast thou lain
After much pain,
Life of my life reposing:
Round thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.

3 Breath of all breath!
I know, from death
Thou wilt my dust awaken;
Wherefore should I dread the grave,
Or my faith be shaken?

4 To me the tomb
Is but a room
Where I lie down on roses;
Who by death hath conquered death,
Sweetly there reposes.

5 The body dies
(Nought else) and lies
In dust, until victorious
From the grave, it shall arise
Beautiful and glorious.

6 Meantime I will,
My Jesus, still
Deep in remembrance lay thee,
Musing on thy death; in death
Be with me, I pray thee.

Easter Hymn. P. M.

HYMN 94.

1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,—
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holiday;—Hal.
Who did once upon the cross—Hal.
Suffer to redeem our loss.—Hal.

2 Hymns of praise, then, let us sing
—Hal.
Unto Christ our heavenly king,—Hal.
Who endured the cross and grave,
—Hal.
Sinners to redeem and save.—Hal.

3 But the pain which he endured—Hal.
Our salvation hath procured:—Hal.
Now above the sky he's king,—Hal.
Where the angels ever sing.—Hal.

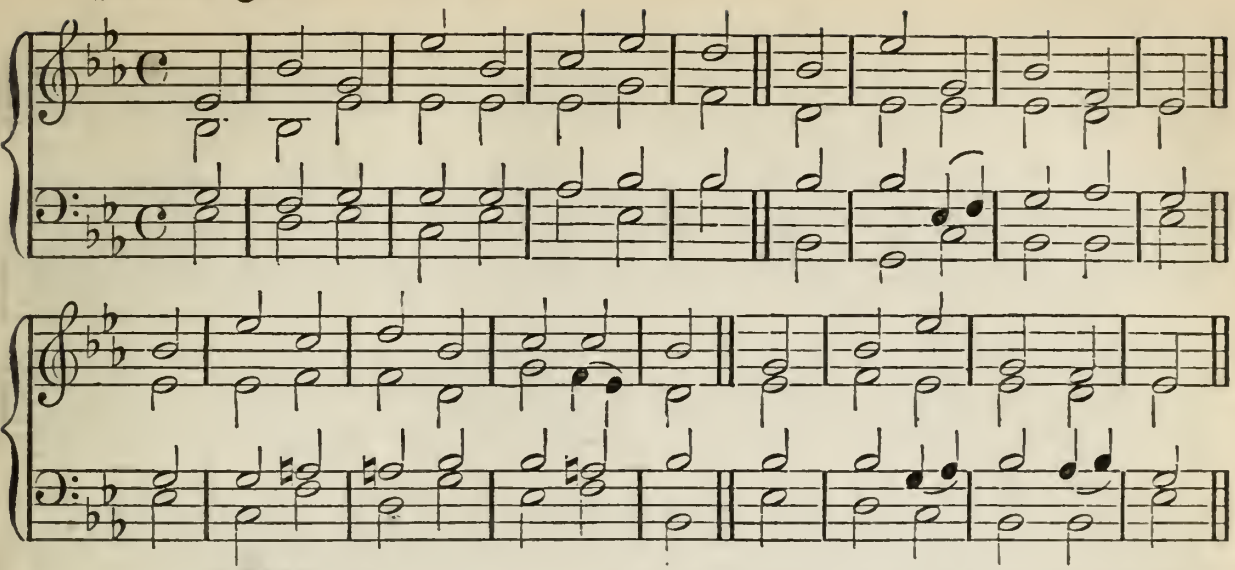
HYMN 94. (HYMN II.)

1 SONS of God, triumphant rise,—Hal.
Sing the accomplished sacrifice,—Hal.
See your sins in Christ forgiven,
—Hal.
Sons of God and heirs of heaven.
—Hal.

2 Christ to laud in songs divine,—Hal.
Angels and archangels join;—Hal.
We with them our voices raise,—Hal.
Echoing thy eternal praise.—Hal.

3 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,—Hal.
Live, by heaven and earth adored;
—Hal.
Full of thee, they ever cry,—Hal.
Glory be to God most high.—Hal.

London New. C. M.



HYMN 95.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh! what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death:
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

4 And now his conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

HYMN 96.

1 SPEAK to us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

HYMN 97.

1 THE Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
The sight which scatters all your fears,
Your rising God, adore.

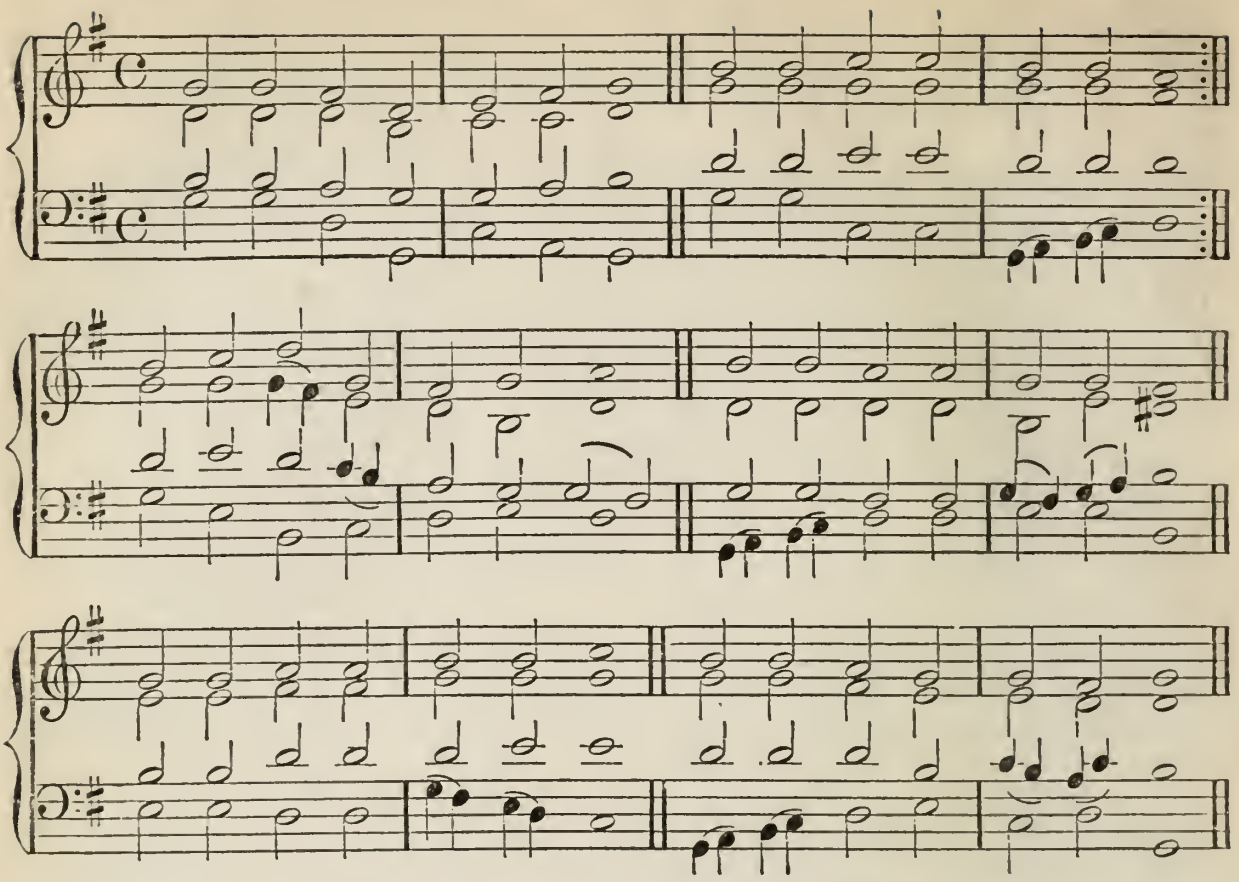
2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He groans, he dies, behold the man!
He lives, behold the God!

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Forbid an early rise,
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

5 Arise, O Sun of righteousness,
With healing in thy wing,
Our souls with life and pardon bless,
And full salvation bring.

Zurich. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 98.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your songs and triumphs high:
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply!
Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell.
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ hath opened paradise.
Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, O Grave?

3 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail! the Resurrection, thou!

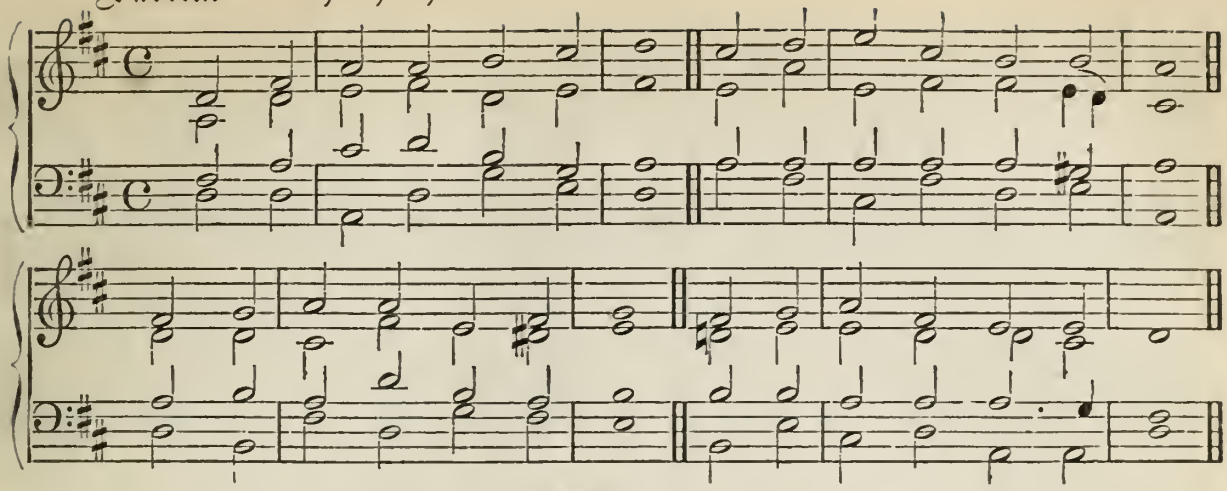
HYMN 99.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above;
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We, like them, may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified;
Christ hath burst the bands of death;
We his quickening Spirit breathe;
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly:
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love!

Lubeck. 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 100.

1 CHRIST is risen! the Lord is come,
Bursting from the sealed tomb!
Death and Hell, in mute dismay,
Render up their mightier prey.

2 Christ is risen! but not alone!
Death, thy kingdom is o'erthrown!
We shall rise as he hath risen,
From the deep sepulchral prison.

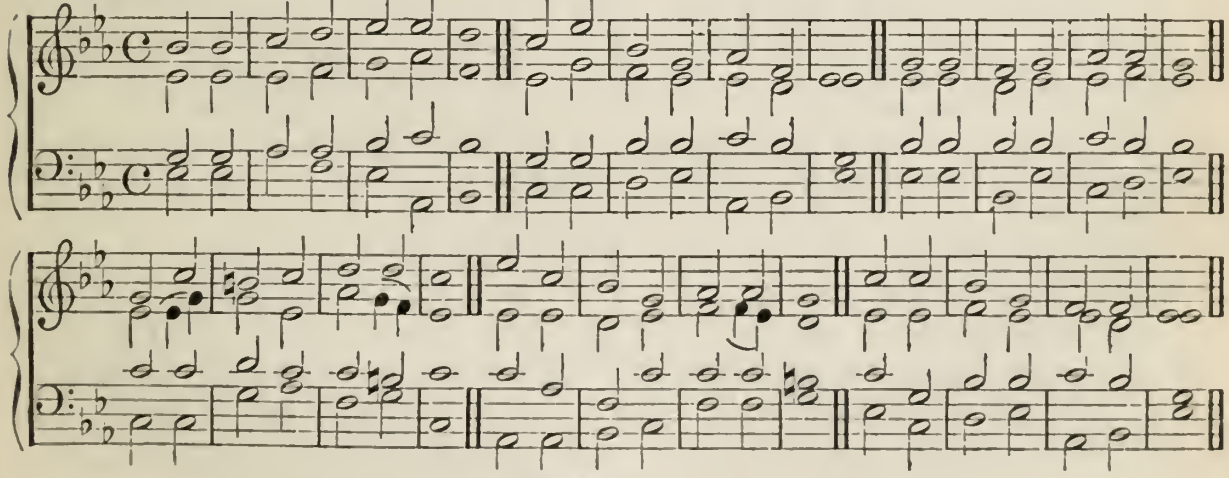
3 Heirs of death, and sons of clay,
Long in death's dark thrall we lay,
And went down in trembling gloom,
To the unawakening tomb.

4 Heirs of life, and sons of God,
On the path our Captain trod,
Now we hope to soar on high
To the everlasting sky.

5 Mortal once, immortal now,
Our vile bodies off we throw,
Glorious bodies to put on,
Round our great Redeemer's throne.

6 Wondrous hopes! and their's indeed
Who the Christian's life shall lead;
Christ's below in faith and love,
Christ's in endless bliss above.

Ratisbon. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 101.

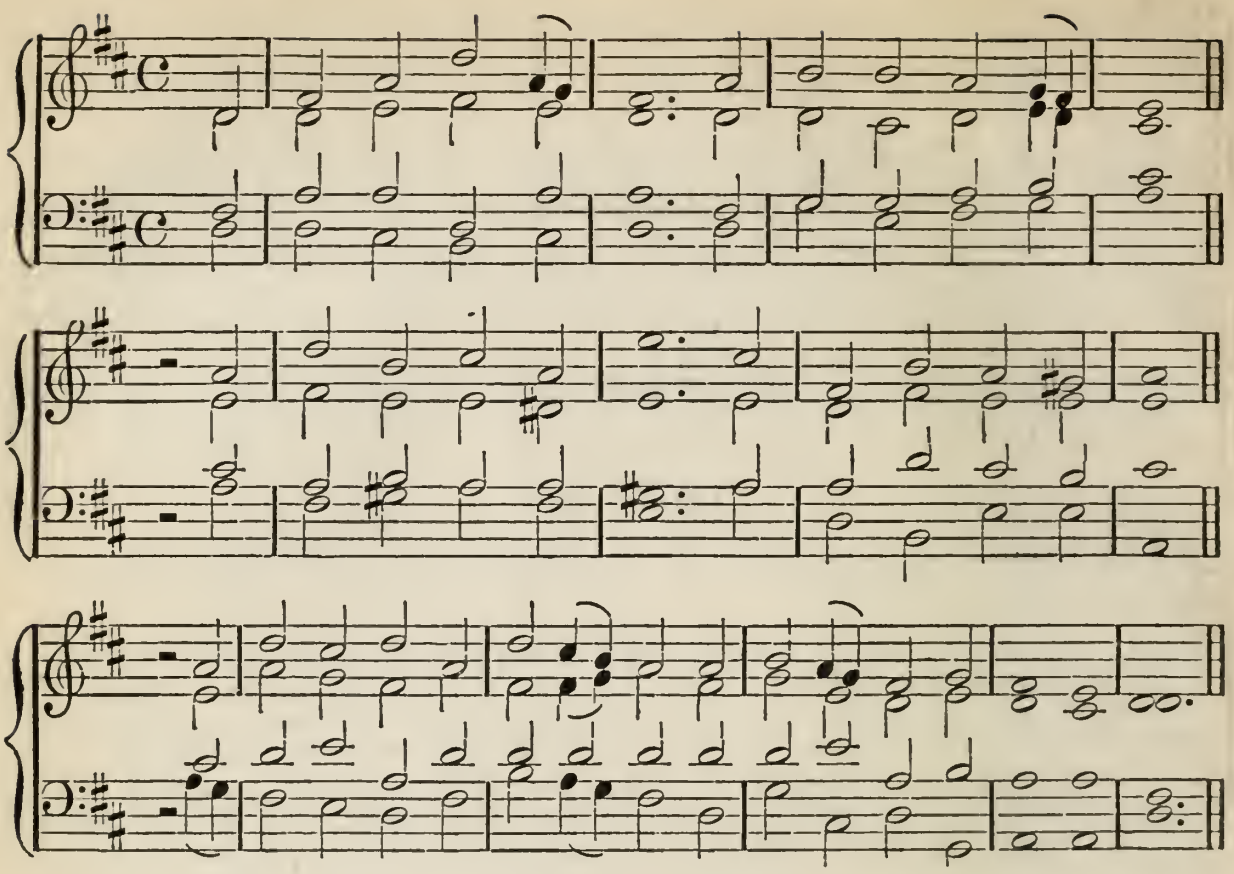
1 "EARTH to earth, and dust to dust,"
Lord, we own the sentence just;
Head and tongue and hand and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part;
Righteous is the common doom,
All must moulder in the tomb.

2 Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die;
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.

3 Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain:
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove;
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever, when we die?

4 Lord, from nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all thy people save;
Ransomed by thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

Beverley. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.



HYMN 102.

1 COME ye, who love the Lord,
And feel his quickening power,
Unite with one accord,
His goodness to adore:
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name.

2 He left his throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died.
The pangs he bore, what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 He burst the grave; he rose
Victorious from the dead;
And thence his vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led: [rode,
Up through the heavens the conqueror
Triumphant to the throne of God.

4 He soon again will come,
(His chariot will not stay,)
To take his children home,
To realms of endless day:
We there shall see him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

HYMN 103.

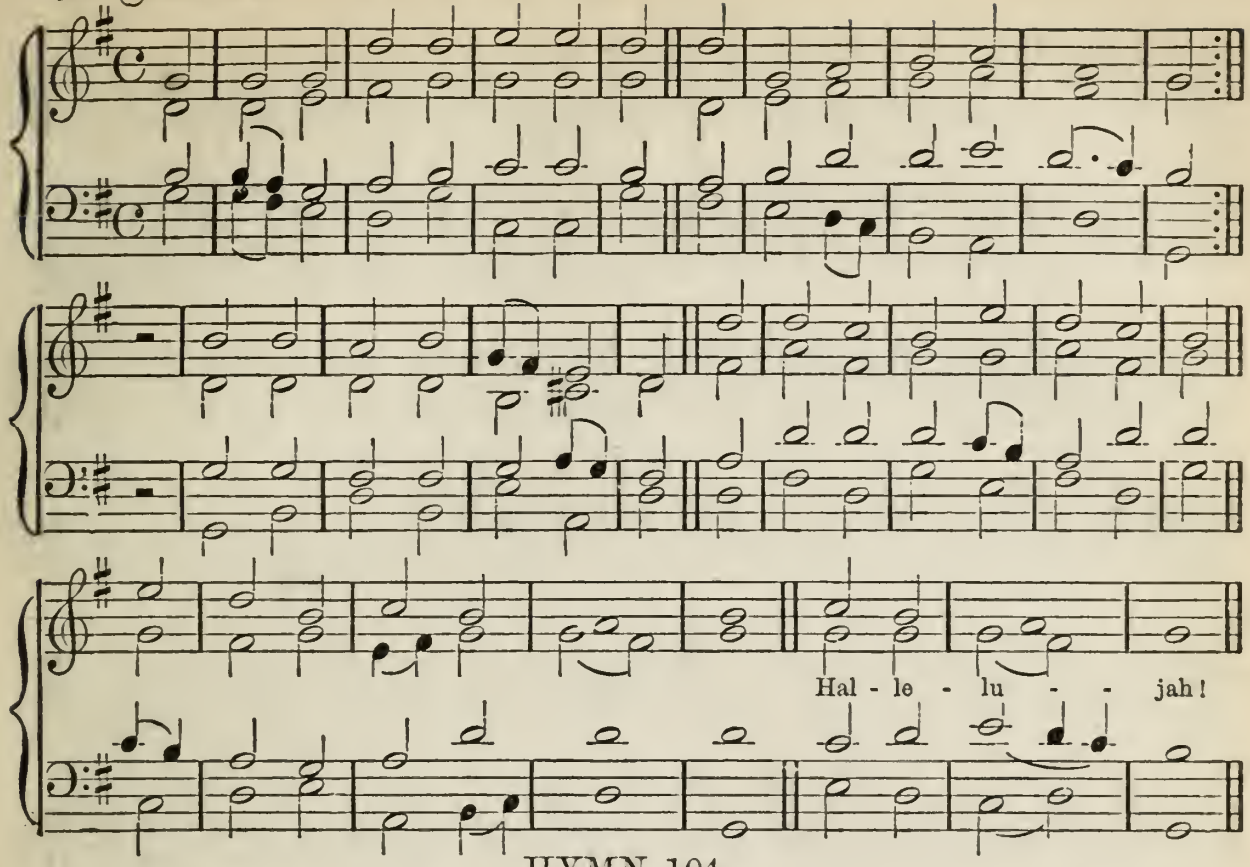
1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father! cry.

St. Andrew's. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 7.



HYMN 104.

1 CHRIST lay awhile in Death's strong [bands,
For our offences given;
But now at God's right hand he stands,
And brings us life from heaven:
Wherefore let us joyful be,
And sing to God right thankfully
Loud songs of Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

2 No man from death could victory win,
O'er all mankind he reigned;
Alas! that cometh of our sin,
There was not one unstained;
Wherefore Death in triumph came,
And over us a right did claim;
He held us all in thraldom.
Hallelujah!

3 Christ Jesus, God's own Son, came [down,
That he might us deliver,
And sin destroying, took his crown
From Death's pale brows for ever:
Stript of power, no more he reigns:
An empty shape alone remains;
His sting is lost for ever. Hallelujah!

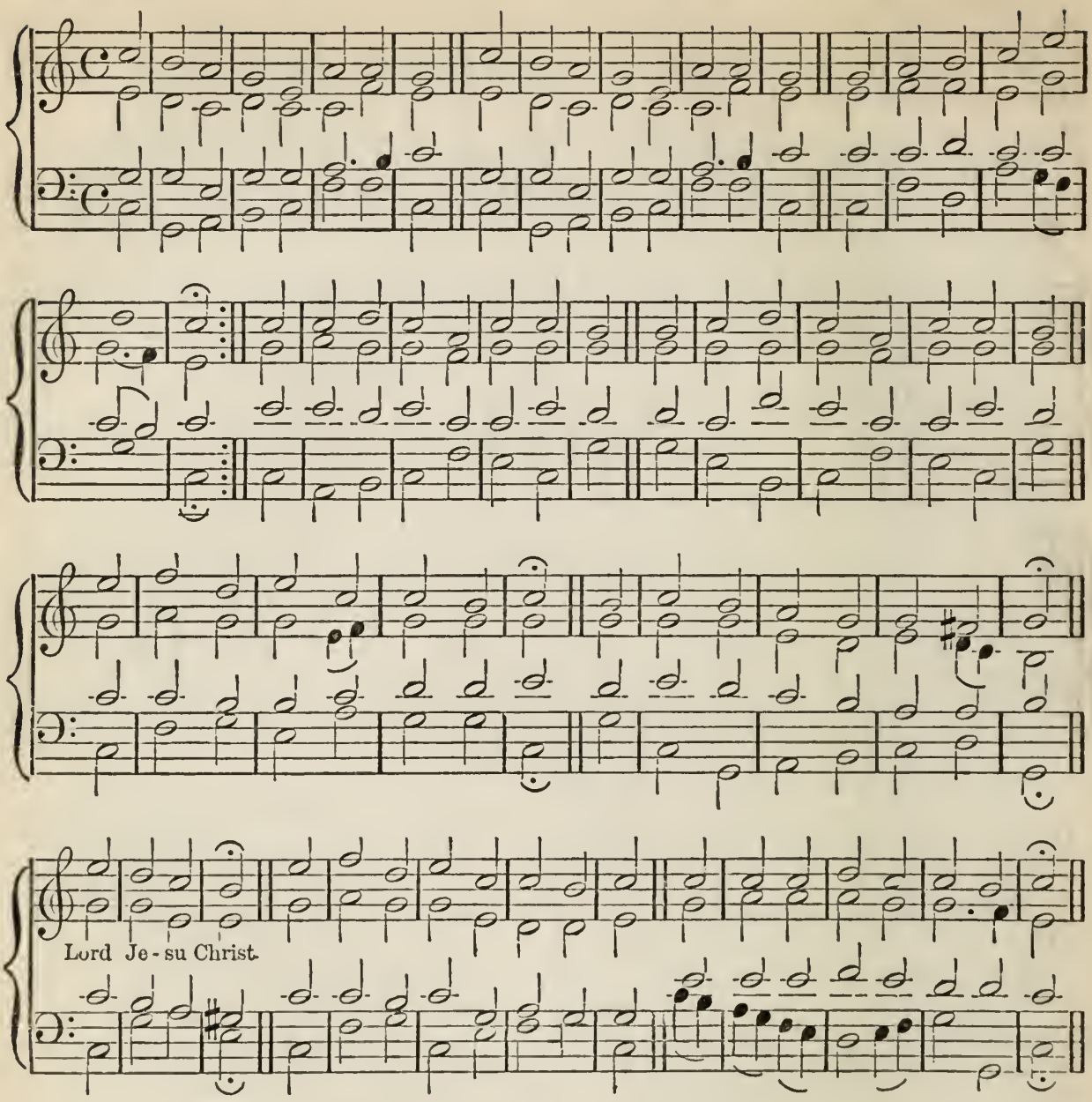
PART II.

4 IT was a strange and dreadful strife,
When Life and Death contended;
The victory remained with Life,
The reign of Death was ended:
Holy Scripture plainly saith,
That Death is swallowed up by Death,
Made henceforth a derision.
Hallelujah!

5 Here the true Paschal Lamb we see,
Whom God so freely gave us;
He died on the accursed tree
So strong his love! to save us:
See! his blood doth mark our door,
Faith points to it, Death passes o'er,
The Murderer cannot harm us.
Hallelujah!

6 So let us keep the festival,
Whereto the Lord invites us;
Christ is himself the joy of all, [us;
The Sun which warms and lights
By his grace he doth impart
Eternal sunshine to the heart;
The night of sin is ended.
Hallelujah!

7 Then let us feast this Easter-day
On the true Bread of heaven;
The Word of grace hath purged away
The old and wicked leaven:
Christ alone our souls will feed,
He is our meat and drink indeed;
Faith lives upon no other.
Hallelujah!

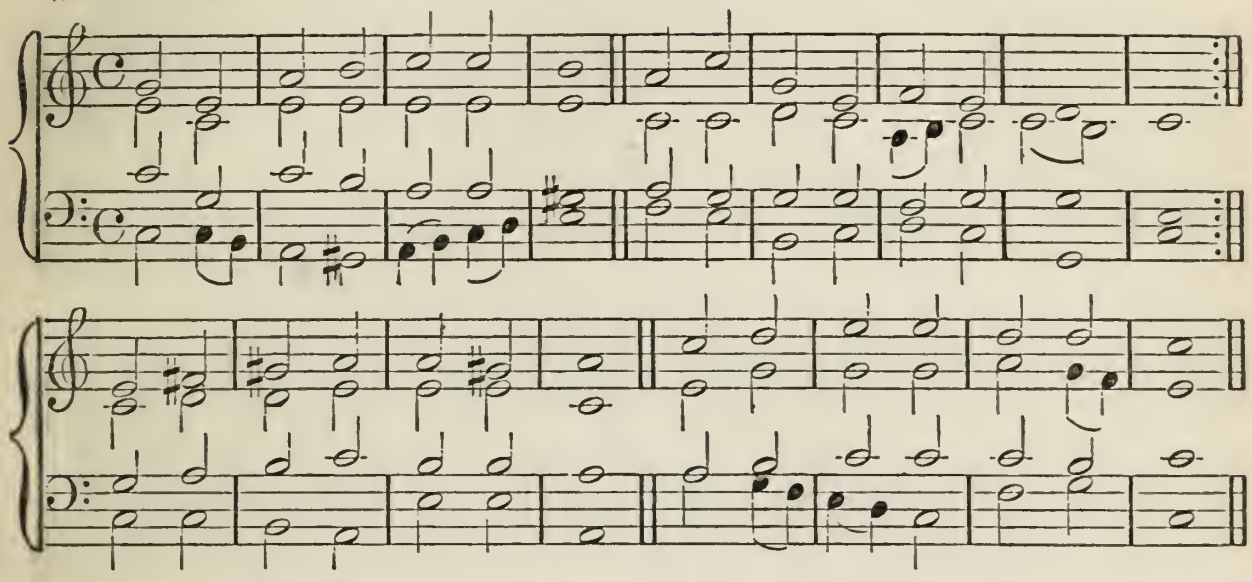
Hamburg. 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7; 8, 8, 8, 8, 4, 8, 8.

HYMN 105.

1 WITH all my heart I love thee, Lord;
Forsake me not, but still afford
Thy ready help and favour;
The world,—its joys delight me not
Nor earth, nor heaven would be my lot,
Wert thou not mine for ever!
And should my heart with sorrow break,
Thyself my portion I will make,
My trust, my heart's delight, my all,
Whose blood redeemed me from the fall:
Lord Jesu Christ!
My God and Lord! thy gracious name
Preserve me from eternal shame!

2 My body, soul, and all I have
Are thine, O Lord, to keep and save
In this our life of sadness:
I pray thee grant me daily grace
To use each gift to thy sole praise,
For others' good and gladness:
From doctrine false, from error wild,
From Satan's lies, oh, screen thy child!
My soul with thy whole strength prepare
My cross in meekest love to bear:
Lord Jesu Christ!
My God and Lord! thy gracious name
Preserve me from eternal shame!

3 My soul, let thine own angels dear
To Abram's bosom bear and cheer,
When she her flight is taking:
My body, in its chamber still,
Securely keep from wrong and ill,
Till earth's last great awaking:
Then raise me, Lord, to be with thee,
That face to face mine eyes may see
With joy thyself, the Father's Son,
My Saviour, and of grace the Throne!
Lord Jesu Christ!
Thy servant hear! hear, I implore,
That I may praise thee evermore!

Heidelberg. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.



HYMN 106.

1 CHRIST, the Rock on which I build,
And my Saviour, ever liveth:
Should not he with joy be filled
Who the blessed truth believeth?
Though the night of death may bring
Some dark thoughts upon his wing.

2 Christ, my Saviour, dwells in bliss,
Where I shall with joy redoubled
Know and see him as he is,
Why then should my heart be troubled?
Can the Head forsake the limb,
Nor the members draw to him?

3 By sweet hope's endearing band
Closely to the Lord united,
Holding fast by faith's strong hand
Him to whom my faith was plighted,
I may challenge death to sever
Links which thus are bound for ever.

4 I shall see him with the light
Of mine eyes, and not another's,
While the beatific sight
Kindles love beyond a brother's,
Imperfection and decay
Shall from me be done away.

PART II.

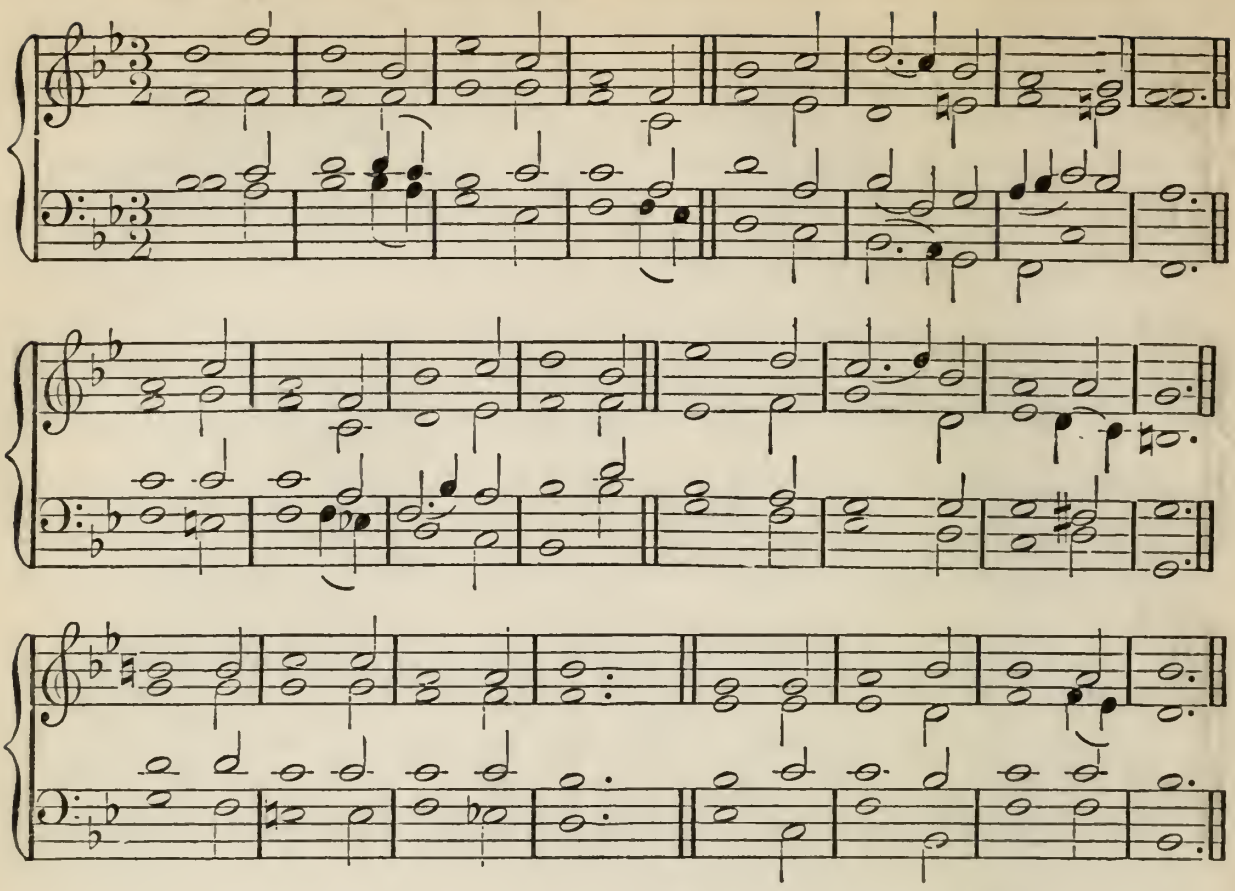
1 HERE doth all creation groan,
There it shall rejoice with singing;
That which here is earthly sown,
Bright and heavenly there upspringing:
Here with frailty still allied,
Perfect there and glorified.

2 Then take comfort, be right glad,
Christ his members safely keepeth;
Let not then your hearts be sad,
He shall wake the dust that sleepeth,
When the trumpet's thrilling sound
Rings throughout the cleaving ground.

3 Smile at darkness and despair,
Death, and hell, and Satan scorning,
Christ shall meet you in the air
In the resurrection morning,
And shall grief and weakness cast
Underneath your feet at last.

4 Raise your hearts from things below,
Earth's poor joys and hollow laughter:
That ye may be HIS e'en now
WHOSE ye hope to be hereafter,
Send your hearts to heaven before,
Where ye WOULD be evermore.

St. Asaph's. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 107.

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stained with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good,
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoil he bears ?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Satan conquered and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 This the Saviour has effected,
By his mighty arm alone:
See the throne for him erected;
'Tis an everlasting throne;
'Tis the great reward he gains;
Glorious fruit of all his pains.

4 Mighty Victor! reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won:
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done:
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

HYMN 108.

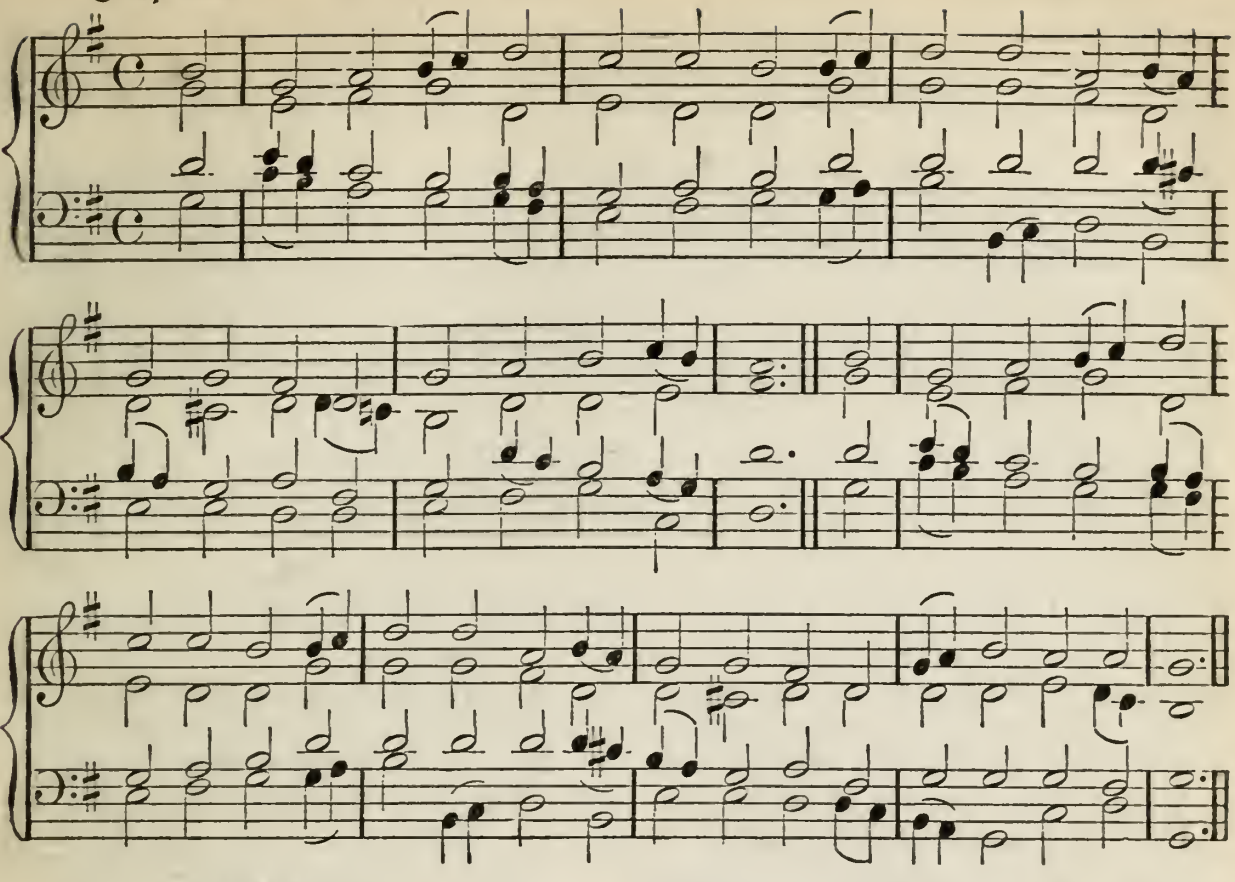
1 JESUS comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown him everlasting King.

2 O what honours now await him!
Friends and foes shall hear his voice;
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him;
Ye, who love his name, rejoice;
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown him everlasting King.

3 Yonder throne for him erected
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet:
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown him everlasting king.

4 Day and night they cry before him,
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown him everlasting King.

Inspruck. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.



HYMN 109.

1 OH joyful sound! Oh glorious hour!
When Christ, by his almighty power,
Arose and left the grave:
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who broke the chains of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

2 "The first-begotten from the dead,"
Behold him rise, his people's head,
Immortal life to bring: [die,
What though the saints like him shall
They share their leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

3 No more we tremble at the grave;
For he who died our souls to save,
Will raise our bodies too: [fail?
What though this earthly house shall
The Saviour's power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.

HYMN 110.

1 OH happy they, God's chosen race,
Adopted children of his grace;
How pure the bliss they share!
A bliss unseen by worldly eyes:
Within their heart the treasure lies,
They know and feel it there.

2 The sons of God, who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
Adore his quickening grace;
And, strong in undissembled love,
By deeds of holy virtue prove
Their hearts his dwelling place.

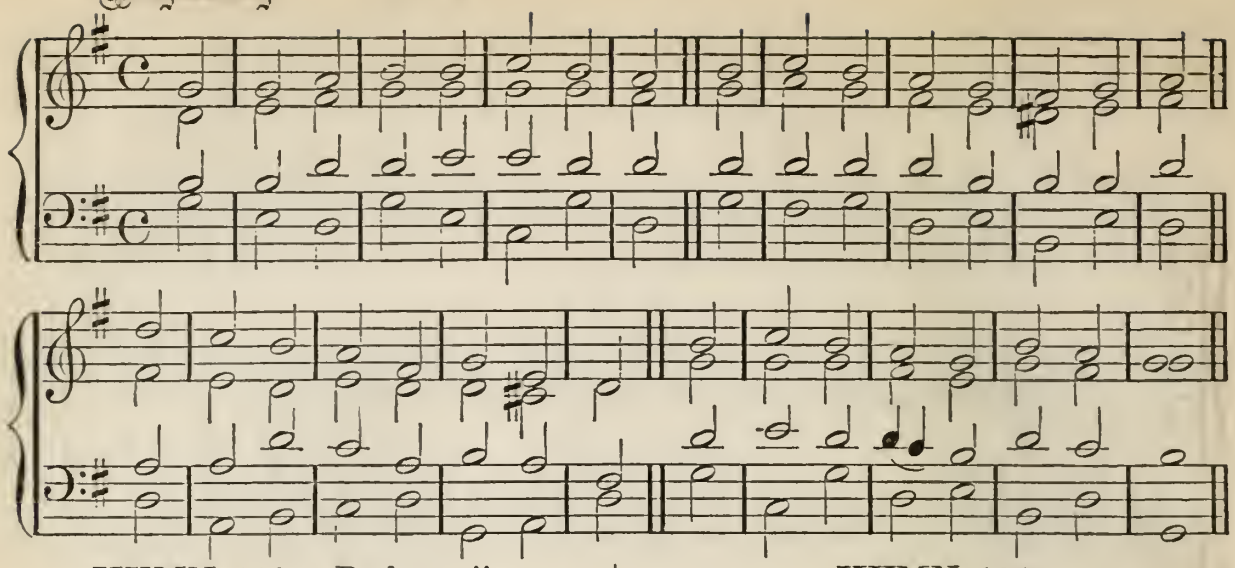
3 O Messenger of rich delight,
Whose beam dispels the darkest night,
And makes our sorrows cease;
Thy comfort soothes our mortal pains;
Thy grace our feeble strength sustains;
O bless us with thy peace!

HYMN 111.

1 ALL other pleas we cast aside,
We cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given,
On which to place our hopes of heaven,
But Christ the corner stone.

2 Possessing Christ, we all possess,
Wisdom and strength, and righteous-
And sanctity complete: [ness,
Bold in his name, we may draw nigh;
Nor fear a holy Father's eye,
But all his justice meet.

Magdeburg. L. M.



HYMN 112. Psalm xvii.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:—
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst its chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN 113.

1 O KING of kings! thy blessing shed
On our anointed sovereign's head;
And, looking from thy holy heaven,
Protect the throne thyself hast given.

2 Him with thy choicest mercies bless:
To all his counsels give success:
In war, in peace, thy succour bring;
Thy strength command;—God save the King.

3 Him may we honour and obey:
Uphold his right and lawful sway:
Remembering that the powers that be
Are ministers ordained of thee.

4 And, oh! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant him a throne in worlds on high,
A crown of immortality.

HYMN 114.

1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb that once was slain;
Yet we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, "he suffered thus,"
But that "he suffered all for us."

3 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

4 O glorious hour! it comes with speed;
We shall behold, from darkness freed,
The incarnate God, who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

HYMN 115.

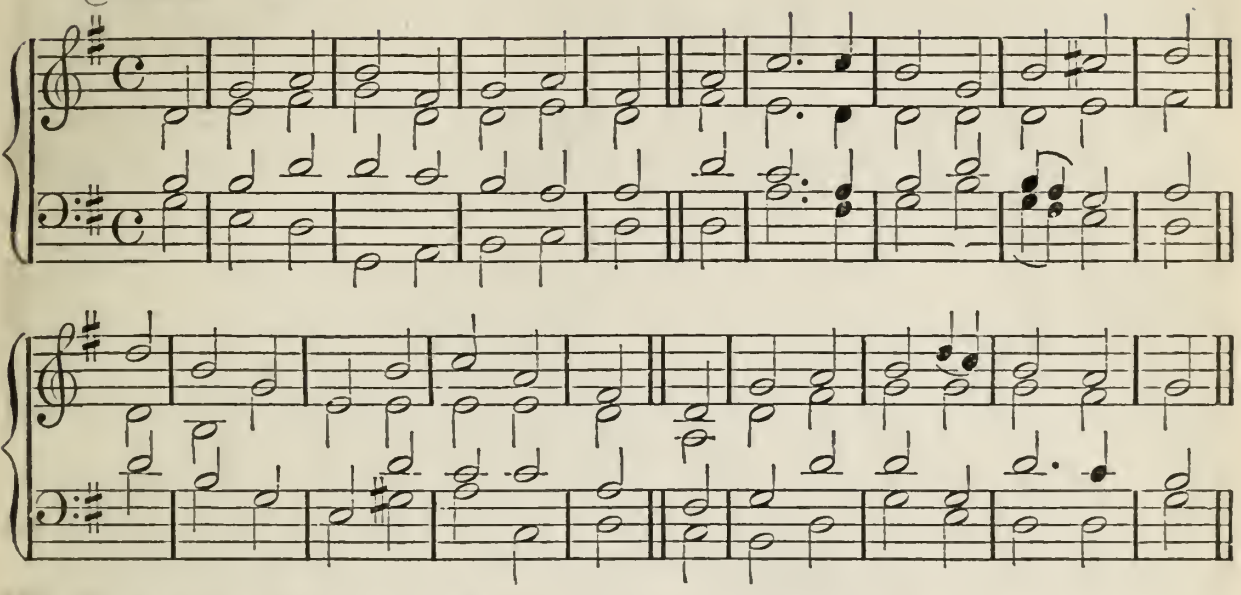
1 OH! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour! set me free;
And, as my treasure is above, [love,
Be there my thoughts, be there my

2 But oft, alas! too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fixed below;
In every lifeless prayer, I find
The heart unmoved, the absent mind.

3 Oh! what that frozen heart can move,
That melts not at the Saviour's love?
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
That will not sing the Saviour's praise?

4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not, till to thee they rise.

Bristol. L. M.



HYMN 116. Psalm xxiv.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky:

2 There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in!

4 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd!

HYMN 117. Psalm xcvii.

1 THE Lord is king! lift up your voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is king,

2 The Lord is king! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

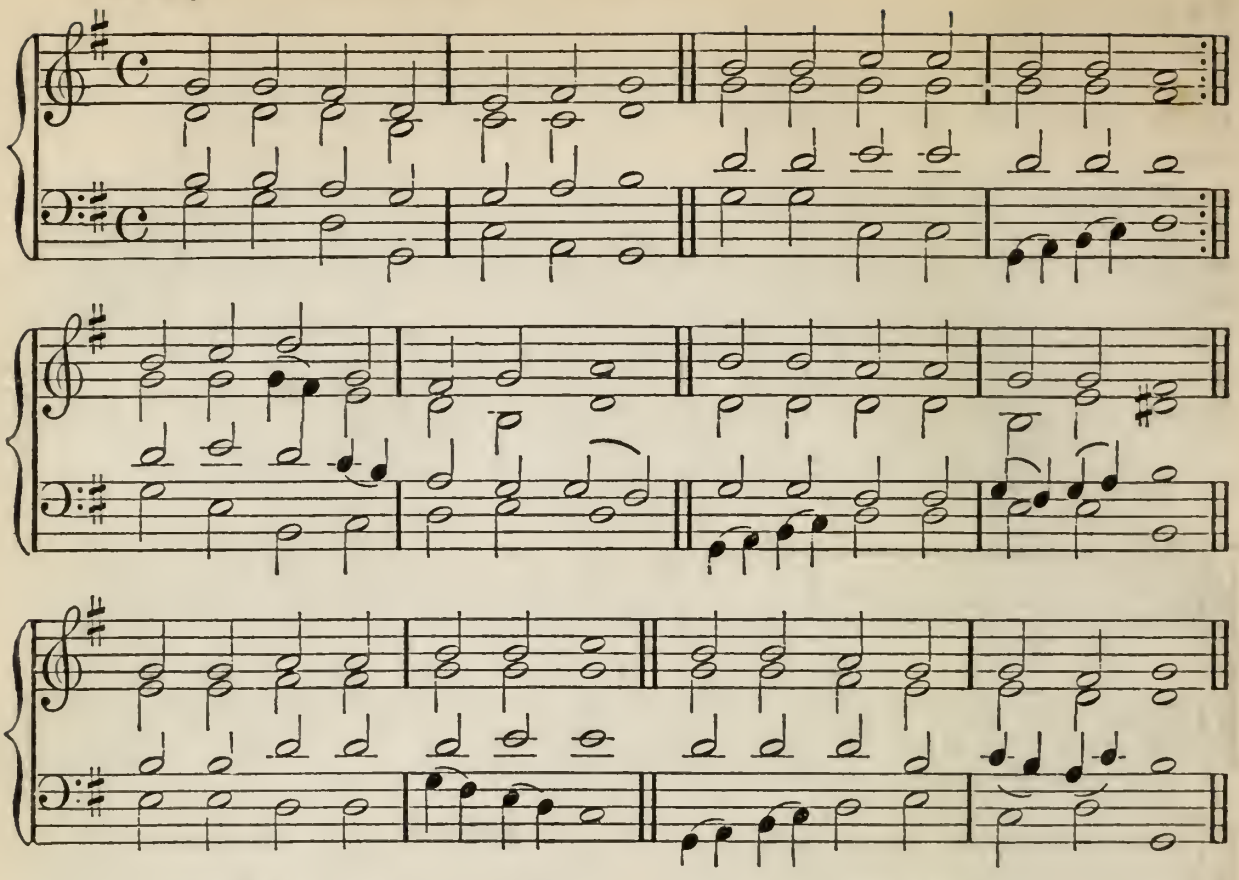
3 He reigns! ye saints exalt your strains;
Your God is king, your Father reigns;
And he is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the crucified.

4 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

5 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is king."

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Zurich. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 118.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious to his native skies!
Christ awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven:
There the mighty triumph waits,
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in."

2 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Vanquisher of death and sin,
Take the King of glory in;
Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returned to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

3 See! he lifts his hands above;
See! he shows the prints of love;
Hark! his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below;
Still for us he intercedes,
Still his death prevailing pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

HYMN 119.

1 MASTER, Lord, to thee we cry
On thy throne exalted high;
See thy faithful servants, see!
Ever gazing up to thee.
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

2 Ever may we upwards move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing for our heavenly home;
There may we with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

3 There before thy footstool fall,
There confess thee Lord of all;
There our crowns before thee cast,
There proclaim, while heaven shall last,
Glory to the Lord most high,
Conqueror rising through the sky,
To the Father glory meet,
Glory to the Paraclete.

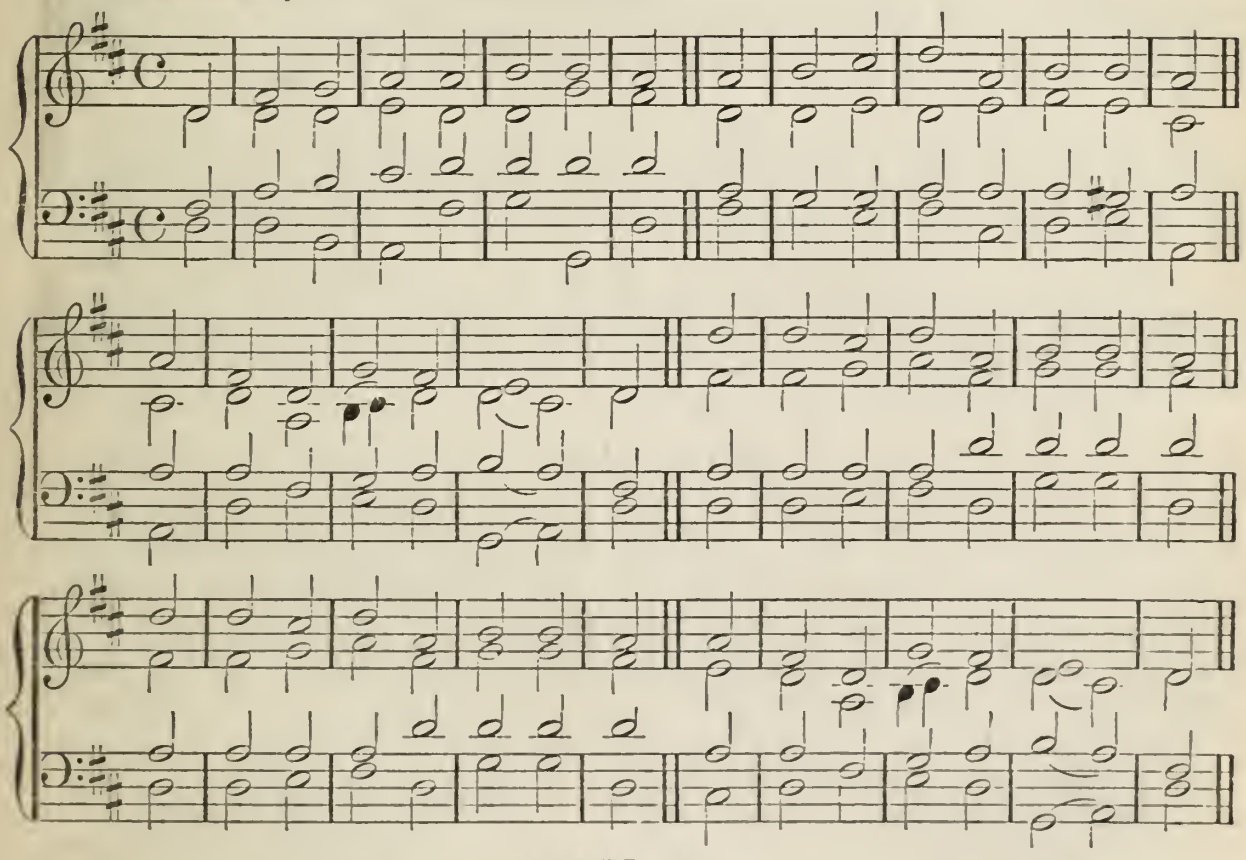
HYMN 120.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up:
Jointly let us rise and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Monuments of Jesus' grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise;
Walk in him we have received;
Show we not in vain believed.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee:
Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill.
Utterly abolish sin,
Write thy law of love within.

3 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee.
Love,—thine image,—love impart,
Stamp it on our life and heart:
Only love to us be given;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Glastonbury. 8, 8, 7; 8, 8, 7.



HYMN 121.

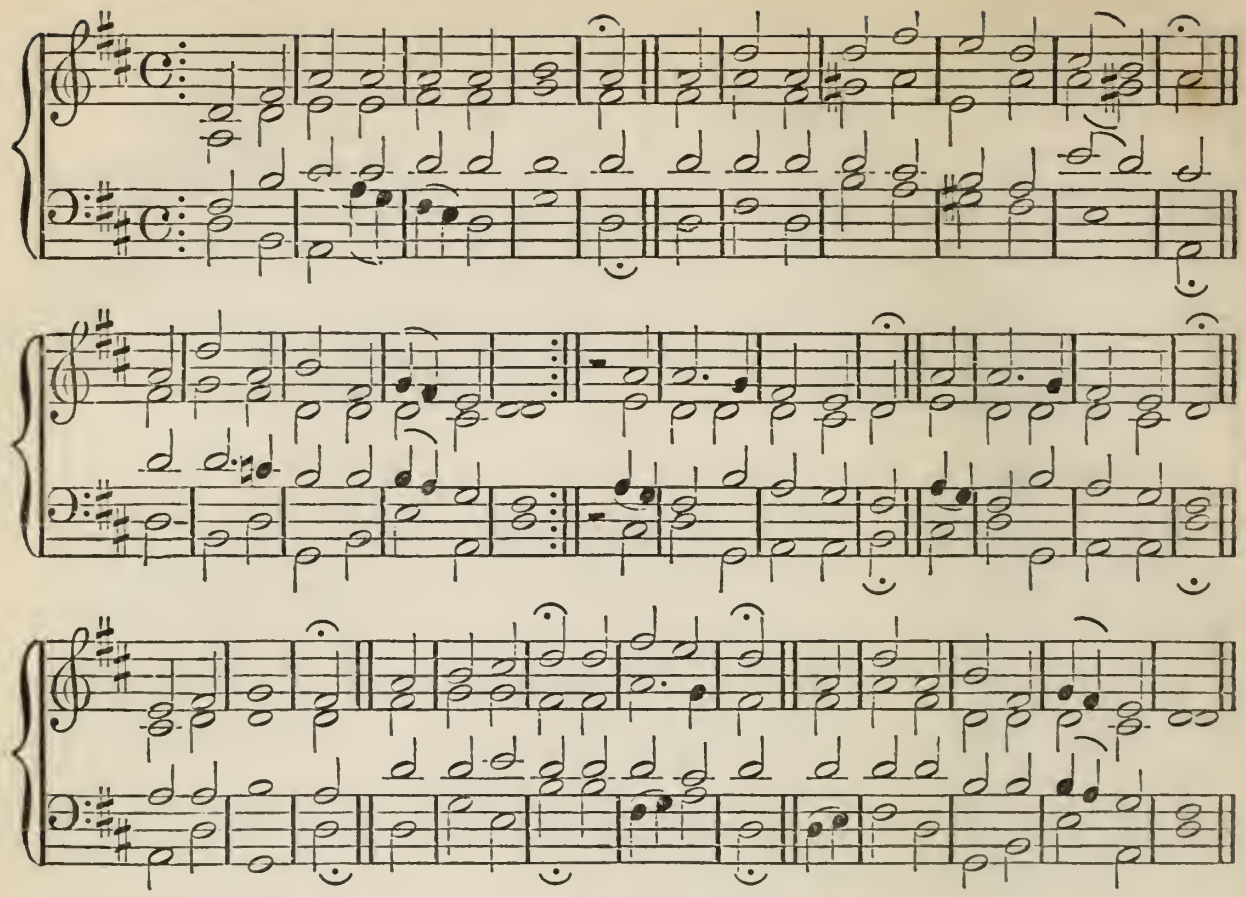
1 THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
In power and might excelling:
Hell and the grave are captive led,
Lo! he returns, our glorious Head,
To his eternal dwelling.

2 The heavens with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel hosts adored;
O day of exultation!
O earth, confess thy glorious King,
His rising, his ascension sing,
With grateful adoration.

3 Our great High Priest hath gone before,
Thence on his church his grace to pour,
And bring us to salvation.
O may our hearts to him ascend;
May all within us upward tend,
Where lies our expectation.

4 Draw all our hearts, O Lord, to thee;
Our minds from every burden free
Of earthly care and pleasure.
And when our mortal days shall end,
O may our souls to thee ascend,
Our everlasting treasure.

Hernhutt. P. M.



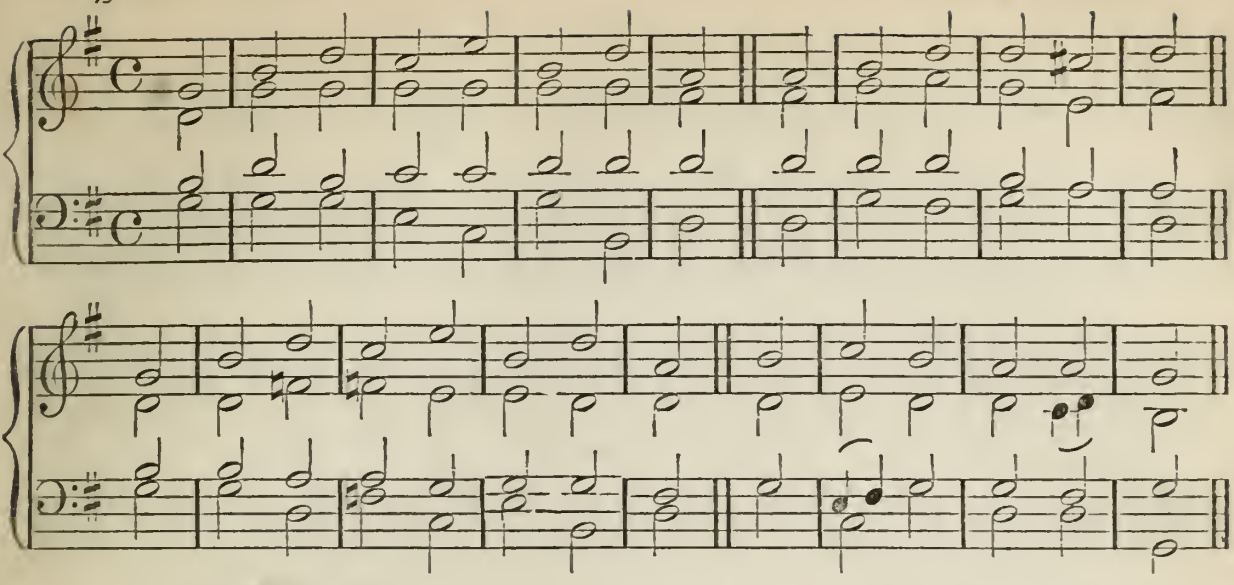
HYMN 122.

1 PRAISE the Lord through every nation;
His holy arm hath wrought salvation;
Exalt him on his Father's throne;
Praise your King, ye Christian legions,
Who now prepares, in heavenly regions,
Unfailing mansions for his own:—
With voice and minstrelsy,
Extol his majesty:
Hallelujah!
His praise shall sound all nature round,
Where'er the race of man are found.

2 God with God dominion sharing,
And man with man our image bearing,
Gentiles and Jews to him are given;
Praise your Saviour, ransomed sinners,
Of life through him immortal winners;
Nor longer heirs of earth, but heaven;
Oh! beatific sight,
To view his face in light!
Hallelujah!
And while we see, transformed to be
From bliss to bliss eternally.

3 Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious!
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious;
Wisdom and might to thee belong;
We confess, proclaim, adore thee,
We bow the knee, we fall before thee:
Thy love henceforth shall be our song;
The cross meanwhile we bear;
The crown ere long to wear;
Hallelujah!
Thy reign extend, world without end,
Let praise from all to thee ascend.

York. C. M.



HYMN 123.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
Through air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 124.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 125.

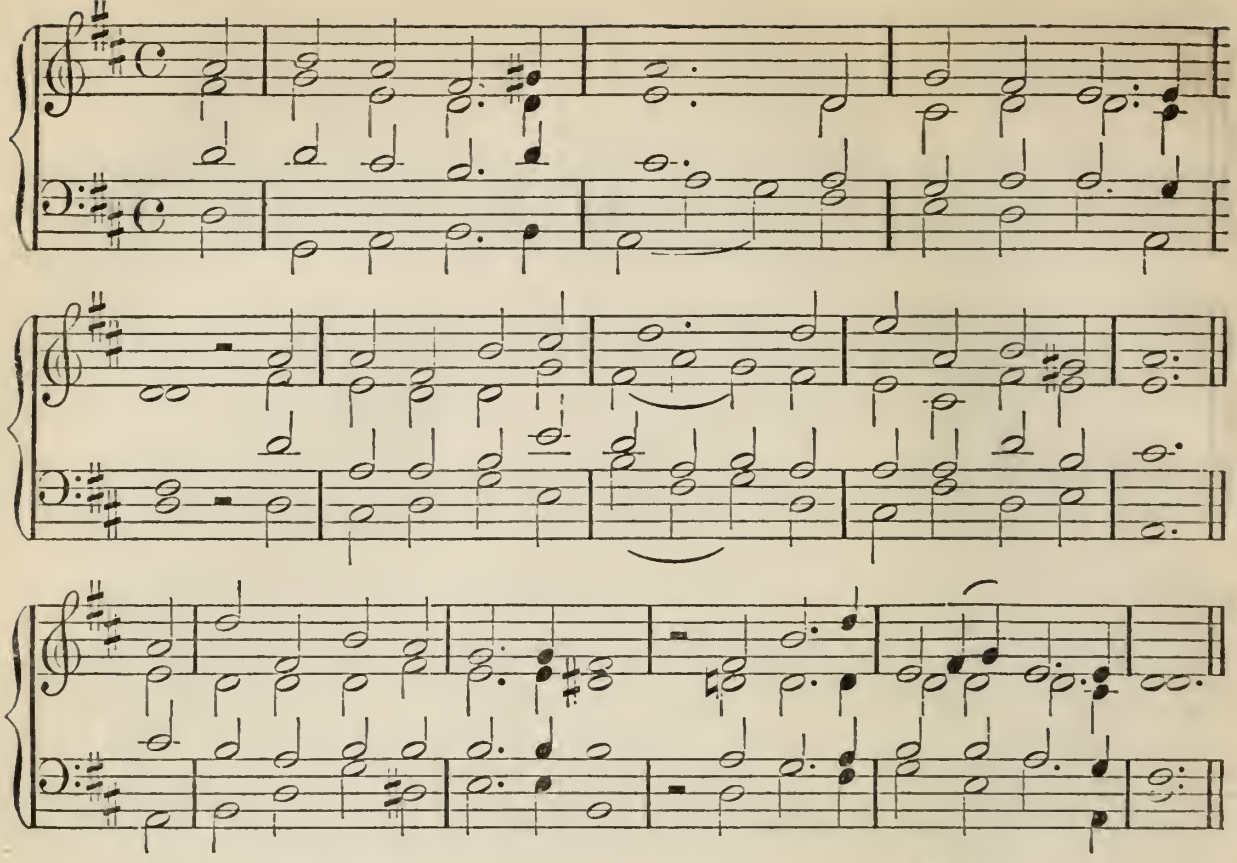
1 O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe!
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who then shall be our foe?

2 He who his only Son gave up
To death that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified:
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath risen again
Triumphant from the grave;
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

Handel's 148th. 6,6,6,6,8,8.



HYMN 126.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore:
Loud hallelujahs sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
To Christ the Lord are given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home: [voice;
We soon shall hear th' archangel's
The trump of God shall sound,
"Rejoice!"

HYMN 127.

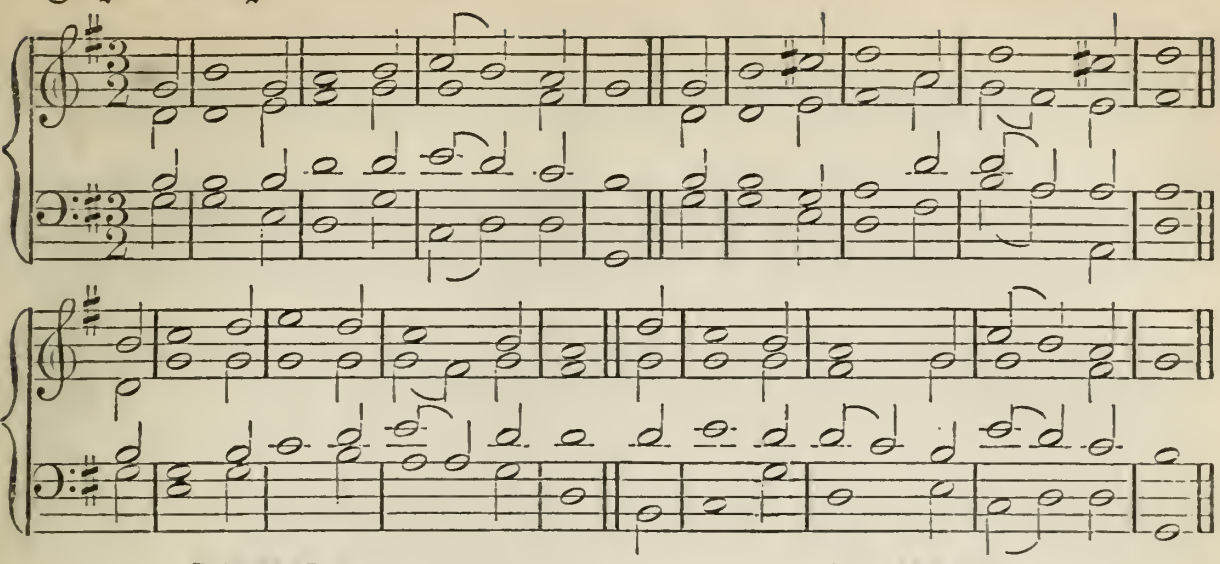
1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Angels' Song. L. M.



HYMN 128.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands;
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
3 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows has a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
4 With boldness therefore at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

HYMN 129.

1 O CHRIST! who hast prepar'd a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!
2 Source of all good! thou gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great Reward;
How fleeting is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!
3 With open face and joyful heart,
Oh, may we see thee as thou art:
May love to thee for ever glow,
May praise to thee for ever flow:
4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A pledge of thine eternal love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost, to be
The lifter of our souls to thee.

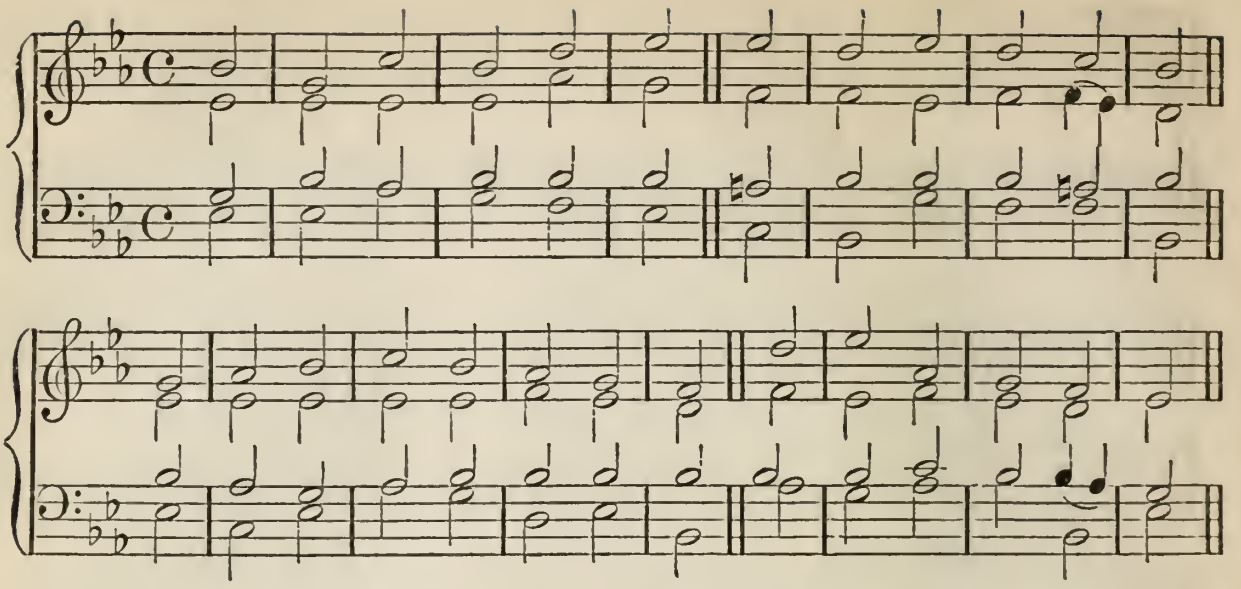
HYMN 130.

1 Ye faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare:
2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your head, to heav'n.
3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.
4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destined place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

HYMN 131.

1 THE saints who die of Christ possest,
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires and torturing pains.
2 Who, trusting in the Lord, depart
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in Paradise.
3 Close followed by their works they go,
Their Master's purchased joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
And each hath its distinct reward.
4 Yet glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne,
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

Colchester. S. M



HYMN 132.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power:
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ th' eternal King!

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim:
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

HYMN 133.

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Jesus, the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite;
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go!

4 The vineyard of their Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

5 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end;

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

PART II.

7 O HAPPY, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

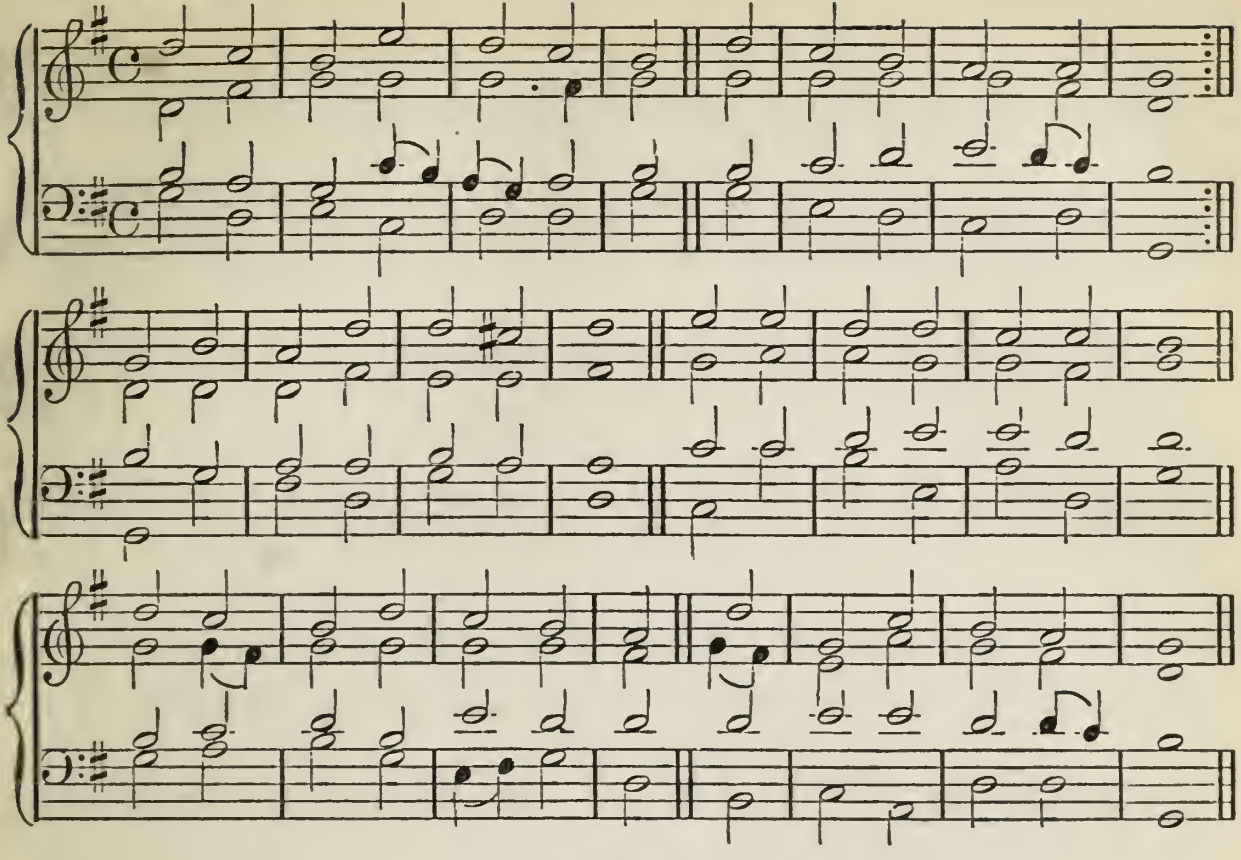
9 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

10 Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

11 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.

12 To gather home his own
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

St. Barnabas'. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.



HYMN 134.

1 JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan!
Lo! the powers of heaven he shakes;
Nature in convulsions lies;
Earth's profoundest centre quakes;
The Lord of nature dies!

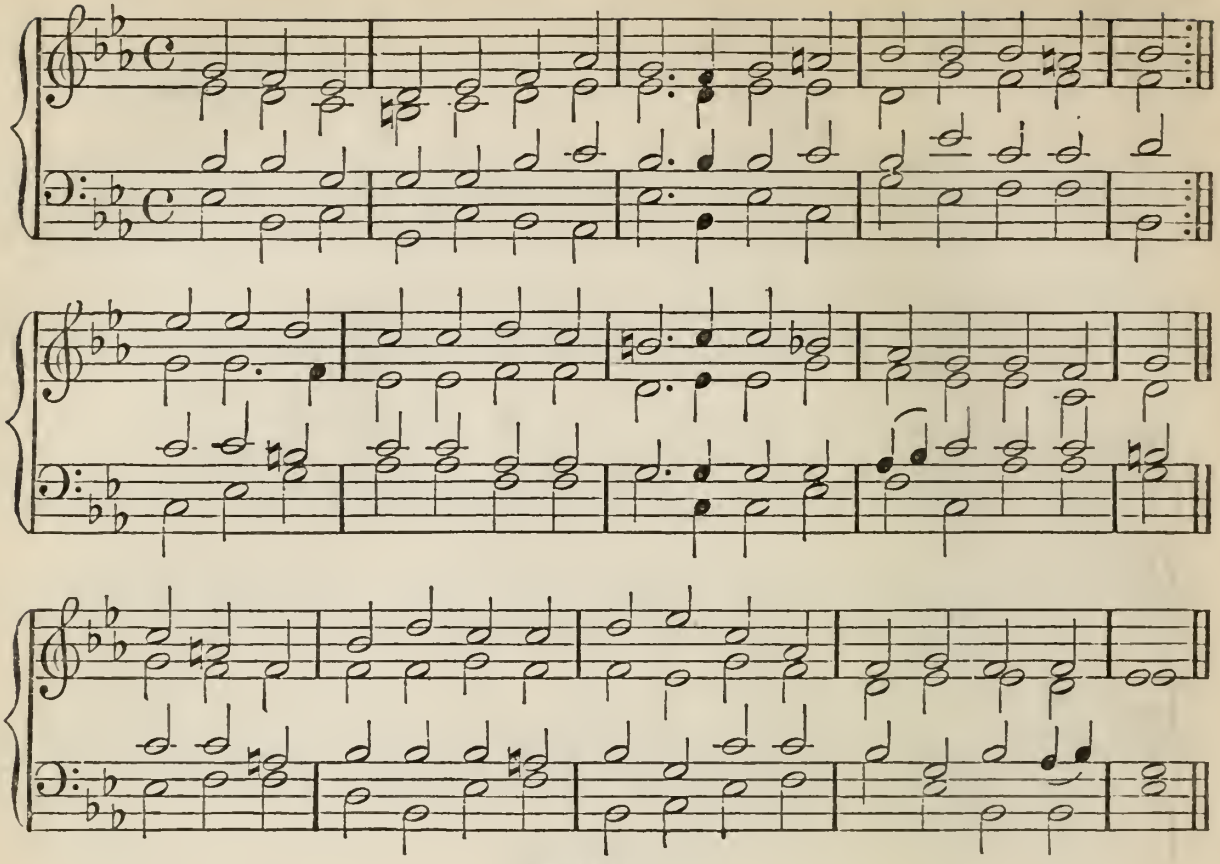
2 Well may heaven be clothed in black,
And solemn sackcloth wear,
Jesu's agonies partake,
The hour of darkness share:
Mourn th' astonished hosts above;
Silence saddens all the skies;
Kindler of seraphic love,
The God of angels dies!

3 O my God! he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,—
A sight that breaks my heart!
Oh, that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you!

4 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love:
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above:
Lives our head to die no more:
Power is all to Jesus given—
Worshipped, as he was before,
Th' Immortal King of Heaven.

5 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
And truth which never fail:
Hastening to behold thy face,
Without a dimming veil,
We shall see our heavenly King,
All thy glorious love proclaim;
Help the angel-choirs to sing
The great triumphant Lamb.

Lambeth. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 135.

1 MY Saviour, whom the seraph host
Serve with veiled faces when they stand
In flaming brightness at their post,
To execute thy high command!
How shall weak eyes of flesh, made dim
By sin and error's hateful night,
Bear the full blaze encircling him
Who dwells in unapproached light?

2 Yet to the eye of faith, O Lord,
Grant entrance to thy holy place;
That I be saved, and thou adored,
Let me be quickened by thy grace.
Behold my soul, which now doth lie
In lowly grief before thy throne;
Reach forth thy sceptre from on high,
And say, "I choose thee for my own."

3 Show mercy to the heart, which long
For thy sweet mercy, Jesu, sighs;
My very soul hath found a tongue,
And piercingly for mercy cries:
I know thou canst not, gracious God,
Spurn the poor beggar from thy heart,
For whom thy blood so richly flowed
To wash his sin, and heal his smart.

4 I cling to thee with faith's embrace,
Here in thy gracious hands I fall;
Turn, righteous King, oh, turn thy face,
Oh! stoop and hearken to my call:
Cleansed by thy wounds and justified,
No condemnation will I dread;
But stedfast will I still abide
Alive in thee, my living Head.

PART II.

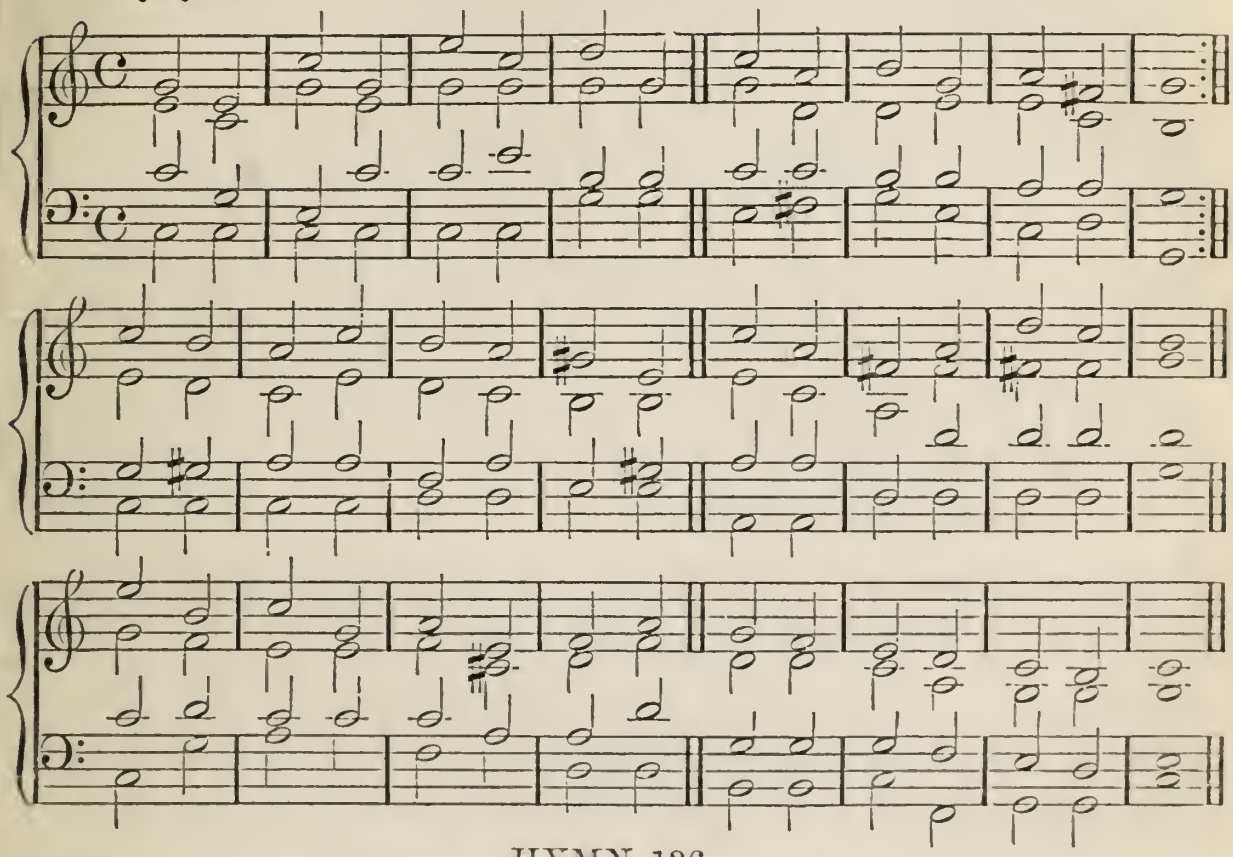
5 OH, let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take from me thy blessed light,
While Mercy smiling at my side,
Enables me to walk aright:
Thus, though a pilgrim, may I still
My heavenly road in peace pursue
According to thy word and will,
Love in my heart, heaven in my view.

6 Reach me thy weapons from on high,
Strengthen my weakness with thy might,
That I in faith may live and die,
Though craft and strength against me fight:
So in and by me shall be spread,
The kingdom of thine own dear Son,
Till all the members join their Head,
And glory ends what grace begun.

7 Ah! still my heart would thee embrace,
Choose it, O Lord, for thine own throne;
Hast thou, from love, thy dwelling-[place
Forsaken, and thy heavenly crown?
So honour thou my heart and ways
That I myself thy heaven may be,
And when this earthly house decays,
Take me to heaven to dwell with thee.

8 I mount to thee on wings of faith,
Oh, stoop thou down in love to me;
Be this my joy in life and death,—
That my whole soul is full of thee:
Thee will I honour, love, and fear,
With the last throb of parting breath,
And when I cease to serve thee here,
Love shall be stronger still than death.

Chichester. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.



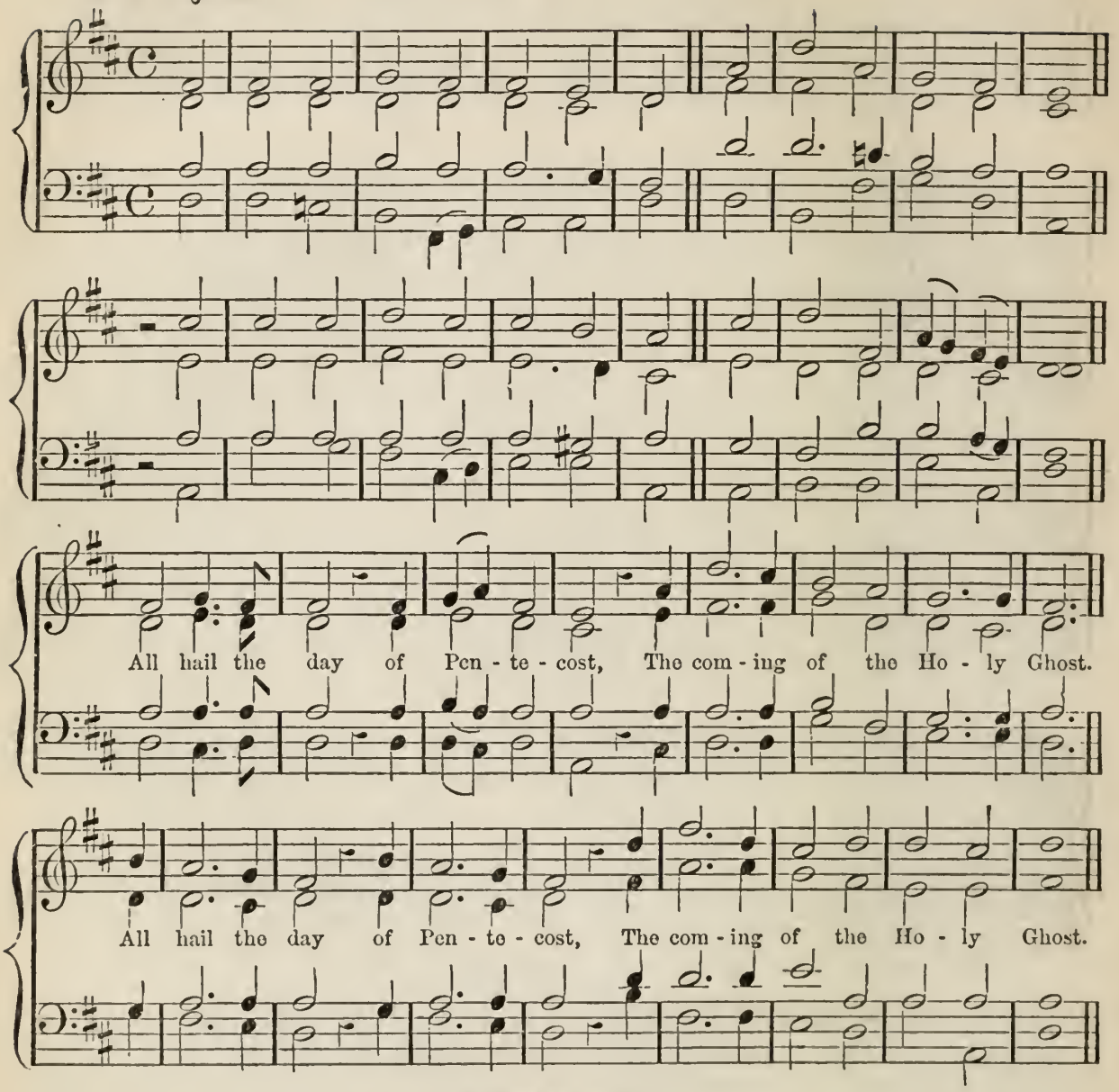
HYMN 136.

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus;
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring!
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

St. Thomas'. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

HYMN 137.

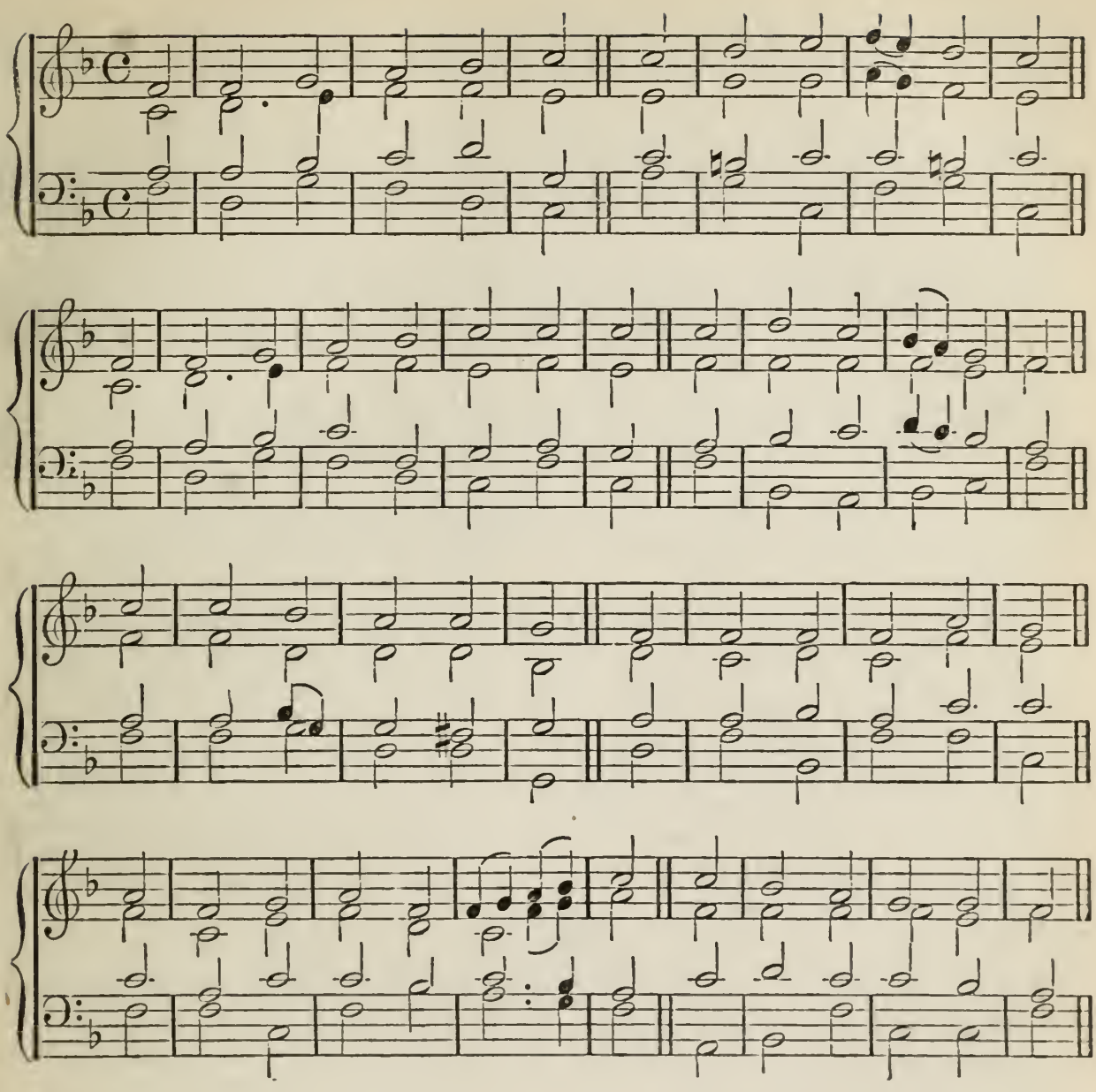
1 LET songs of praises fill the sky;—
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men:
The fallen soul his temple makes:
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire!
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

Swabia. D. S. M.



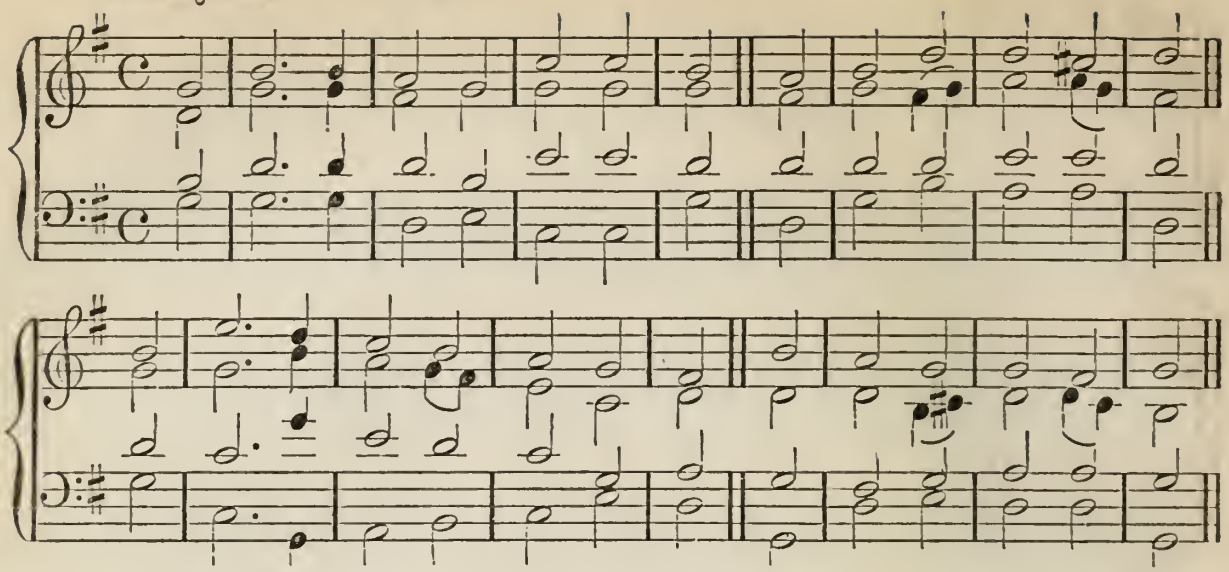
HYMN 138.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power:
We meet, with one accord,
In this thy holy place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:
The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light! explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day:
Spirit of truth! be thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption! now
May we be sanctified.

Winchester. C. M.



HYMN 139.

1 SPIRIT of truth! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way,
Of dark mortality!

2 We ask not, Lord! the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more:
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.

5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

HYMN 140.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Blest Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 141.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! Source of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

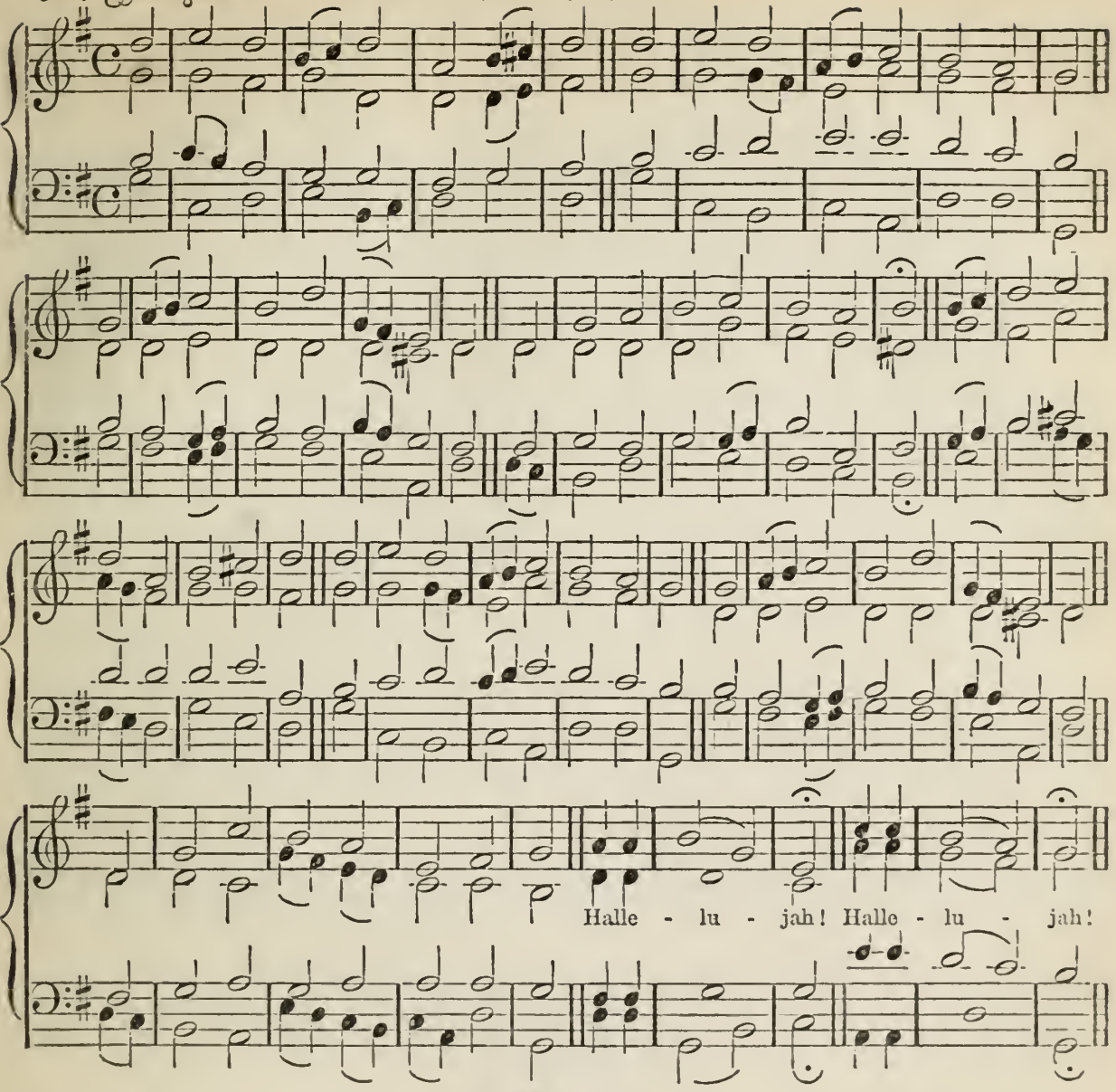
2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing soul,
With guilt and fears opprest:
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Let no false joy deceive our minds;
Lest, while we boast thy light,
We fall from all our towering hopes,
Down to eternal night.

4 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

5 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we're the sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

St. Matthias'. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



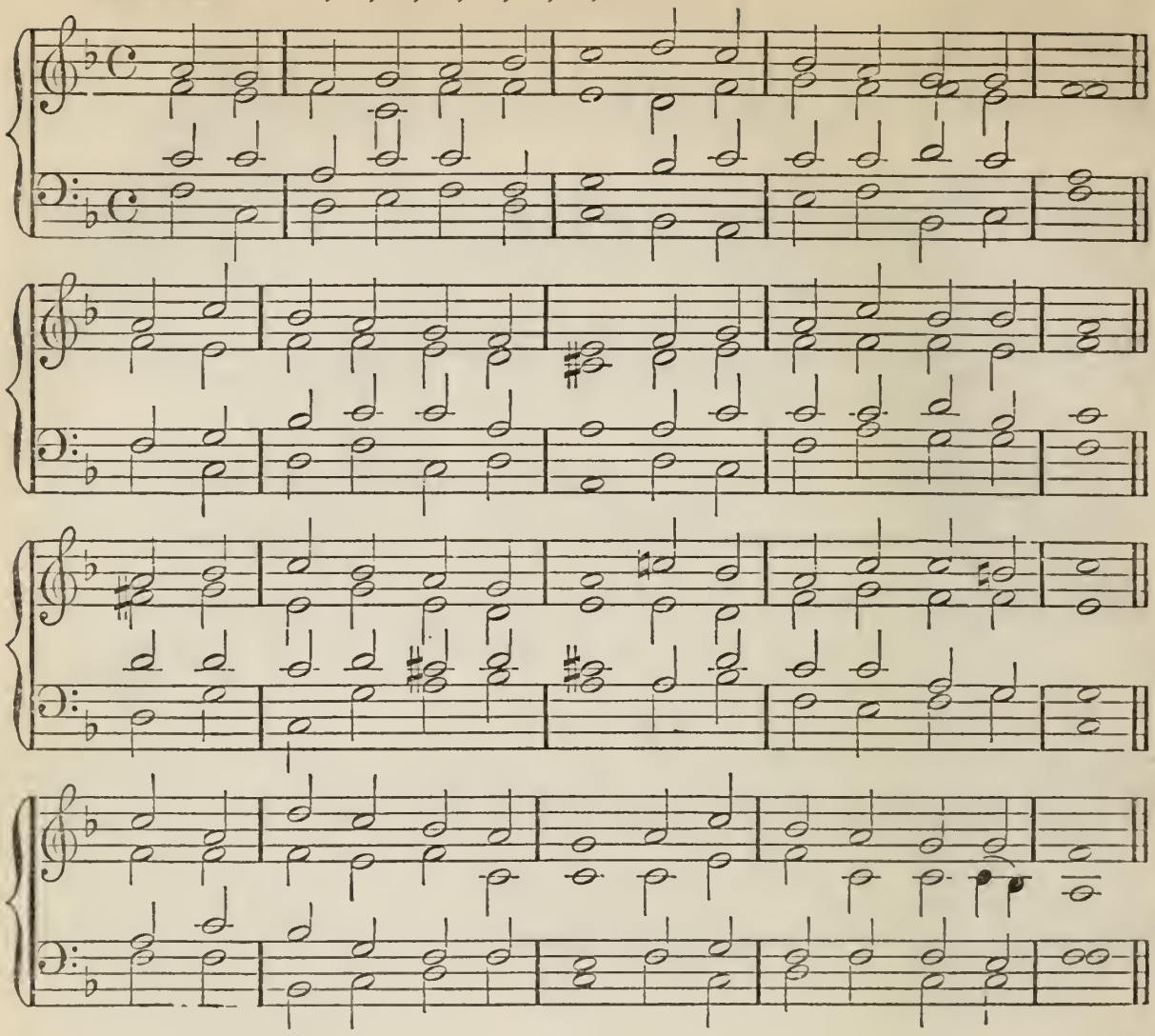
HYMN 142.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, Lord God, fullfill
With thy rich grace, heart, mind, and will,
And each believing soul inspire
With thine own pure and holy fire.
Lord, by the brightness of thy light,
Thou in the faith dost men unite
Of every land and every tongue;
This to thy praise, O Lord, be sung,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2 Thou holy Light and Guide divine,
Oh, cause the Word of life to shine!
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call him Father with delight.
Keep us, O Lord, from all strange lore,
That we may seek no masters more,
But with true faith in Christ abide,
And heartily in him confide.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3 Sweet source of comfort, holy Love,
Send us thy succour from above,
That in thy service we may stay,
And troubles drive us not away.
Lord, with thy grace our souls refresh,
Confirm our frail and feeble flesh,
That we through life and death to thee
May press with Christian chivalry.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Weimar. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 143.

1 SOURCE of good, whose power con-
Every movement of our souls! [trols
Wind that quickens where it blows!
Comforter of human woes!
Lamp of God, whose ray serene
In the darkest night is seen,
Come, inspire my feeble strain,
That I may not sing in vain.

2 God's own finger, skilled to teach
Tongues of every land and speech,
Balsam of the wounded soul,
Binding up and making whole,
Flame of pure and holy love,
Strength of all that live and move,
Come, thy gifts and fire impart,
Make me love thee from the heart.

3 Succour of the soul bereft!
Let me in some sheltering cleft
Of the Rock of Ages find
Refuge from the stormy wind;
Like a bird unto its nest,
Flee away and be at rest:
Shine, thou Sun of grace and joy,
Breathe upon me from on high.

4 Precious gift by God bestowed!
Come and make me thine abode,
See! I languish, see! I faint,
Listen to my sad complaint;
Come, oh! fill me with thy love,
Come with unction from above,
That my heart may smile anew
At thy soul-entrancing view.

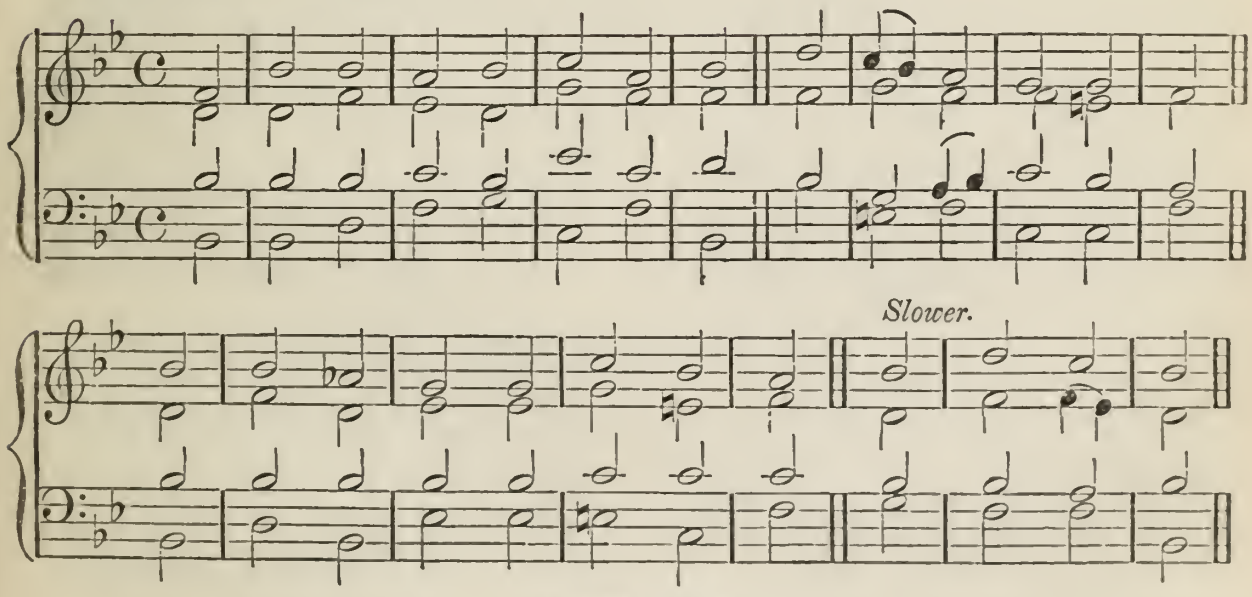
1 AS the hart with longing looks
For refreshing water-brooks,
Heated in the burning chase;
So my soul desires thy grace,
So my heavy laden breast,
By the cares of life opprest,
Longs thy cooling streams to taste
In this dry and barren waste.

2 Mighty Spirit, by whose aid
Man a living soul was made,
Everlasting God, whose fire
Kindles chaste and pure desire!
Grant in every grief and loss
I may calmly bear the Cross,
And surrender all to thee,
Comforting and strengthening me.

3 Lord, to thy safe keeping take,
When I sleep and when I wake,
Every feature, limb, and bone,
Every thing I call my own;
That each word, and work, and way,
And e'en this my humble lay,
May, O heavenly Father, be
Good and pleasing unto thee.

4 Let not Hell with frowns or smiles,
Open force or cunning wiles,
Break the thread of my brief days;
And when gently life decays,
Take to Heaven thy servant dear,
Who hath loved and served thee here,
There eternal hymns to raise,
Mighty Spirit, to thy praise.

Olmutz. 8, 6, 8, 4.



HYMN 144.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

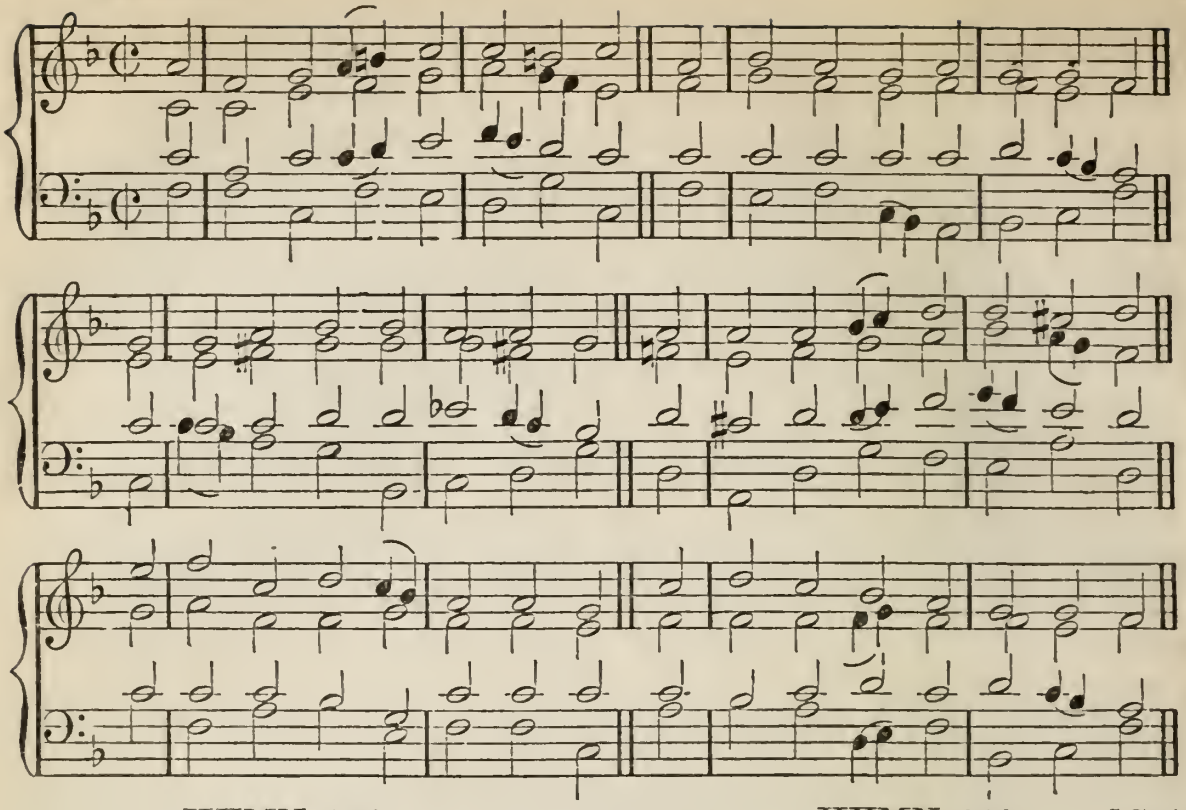
3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And meet for thee.

Darmstadt. 8, 8, 8; 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 145.

1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind,
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light!
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice Holy Fount! Thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire!
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy,
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died,
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee.

HYMN 146. [Guide

1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love:
Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

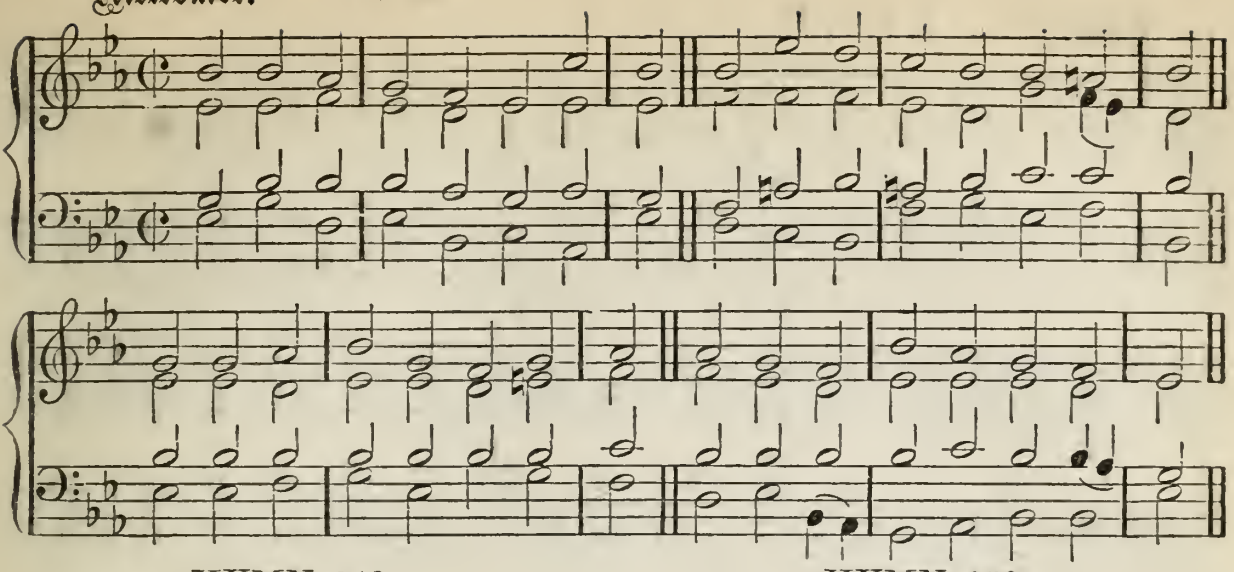
2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near

HYMN 147.

1 EXPAND thy wings, celestial Dove,
And brooding o'er my nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly love;
Let there in my dark soul be light,
And fill the illustrated abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

2 "Let there be light," again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then through faith shall understand
Thy great mysterious Majesty;
And, by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

Melcombe. L. M.



HYMN 148.

1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love!
O shed thy influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung,
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our Great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort! heavenly Guide!
Still o'er thy favoured church preside:
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

HYMN 149.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
Still shaken off my guilty fears,
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen:
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

HYMN 150.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its joy to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

HYMN 151.

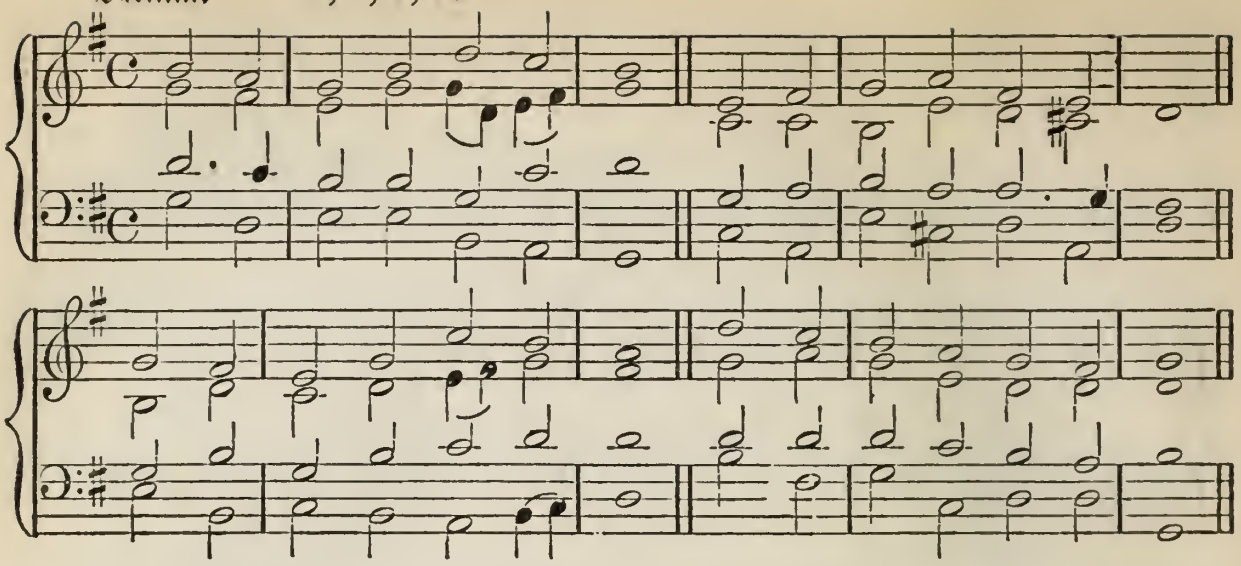
1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O kindle new the sacred flame,
And make me burn with pure desire.

3 Impress upon my wandering heart,
The love that Christ to sinners bore;
That I may mourn the wounds I caused,
And my redeeming God adore.

4 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

Vienna. 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 152.

1 HOLY Spirit, in my breast,
Grant that lively faith may rest;
And subdue each rebel thought,
To believe what thou hast taught.
2 When around my sinking soul
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit blest, the tempest still,
And with hope my bosom fill.
3 Holy Spirit, from my mind
Thought, and wish, and will unkind,
Deed, and word unkind, remove,
And my bosom fill with love.
4 Till our faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallowed in delight,
Love return to dwell with thee,
In the threefold Deity.

HYMN 153.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit! love divine,
Let thy light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove;
Fill us with thy peace and love.
2 Pardon to the contrite give;
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
Wash us in his precious blood.
3 Earnest thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast!
Life and joy to all impart,
Sanctifying, Lord, each heart.
4 Guardian Spirit! lest we stray,
Keep us in our heavenly way;
Bring us to thy courts above,
Realm of light and endless love.

HYMN 154.

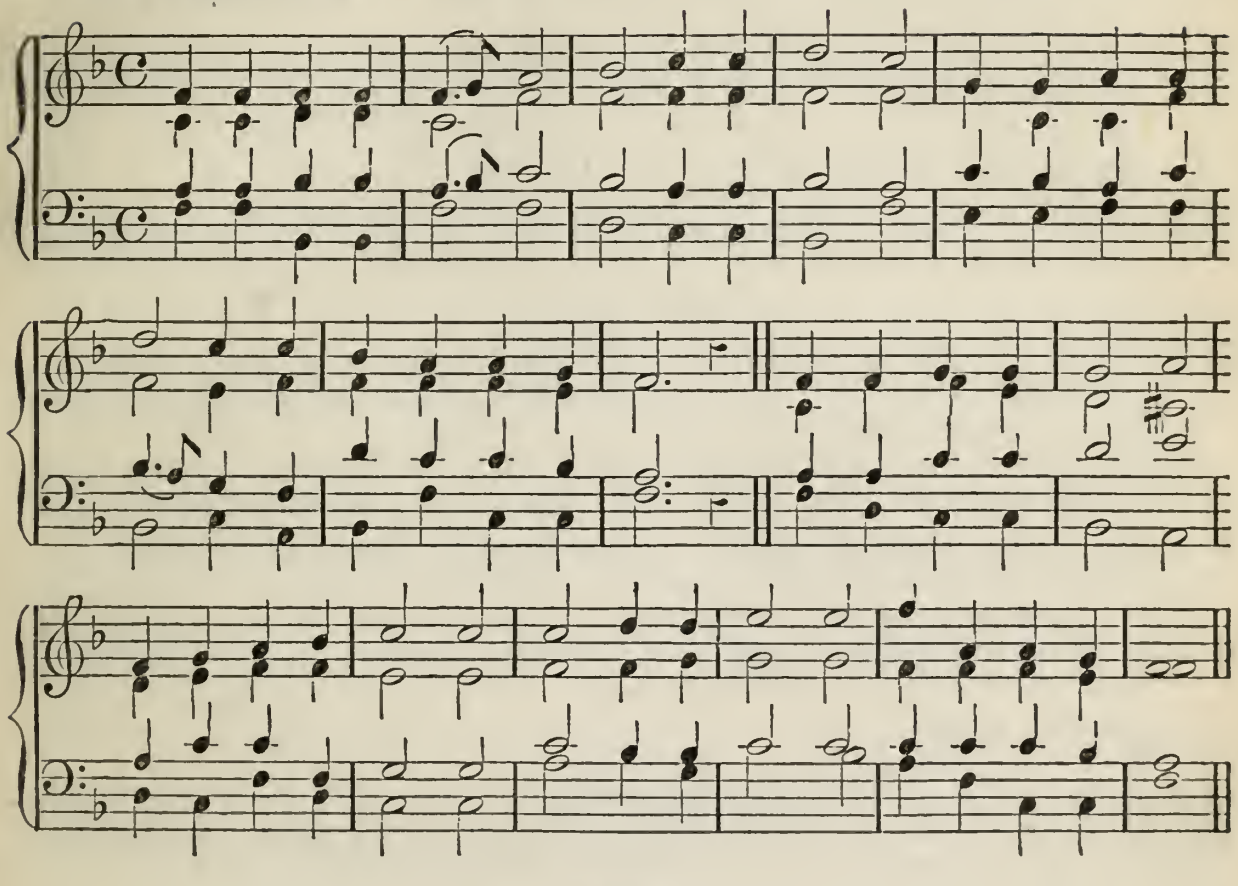
1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.
2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray
3 Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief:
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.
4 Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away;
Make us feel that Christ alone,
Can for human guilt atone.
5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained by wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

HYMN 155.

1 LIGHT of life, Seraphic fire,
Love Divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart!
2 Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Holy Spirit, now appear!
To thy human temples come.
3 Come, in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

St. Athanasius'. P. M.



HYMN 156.

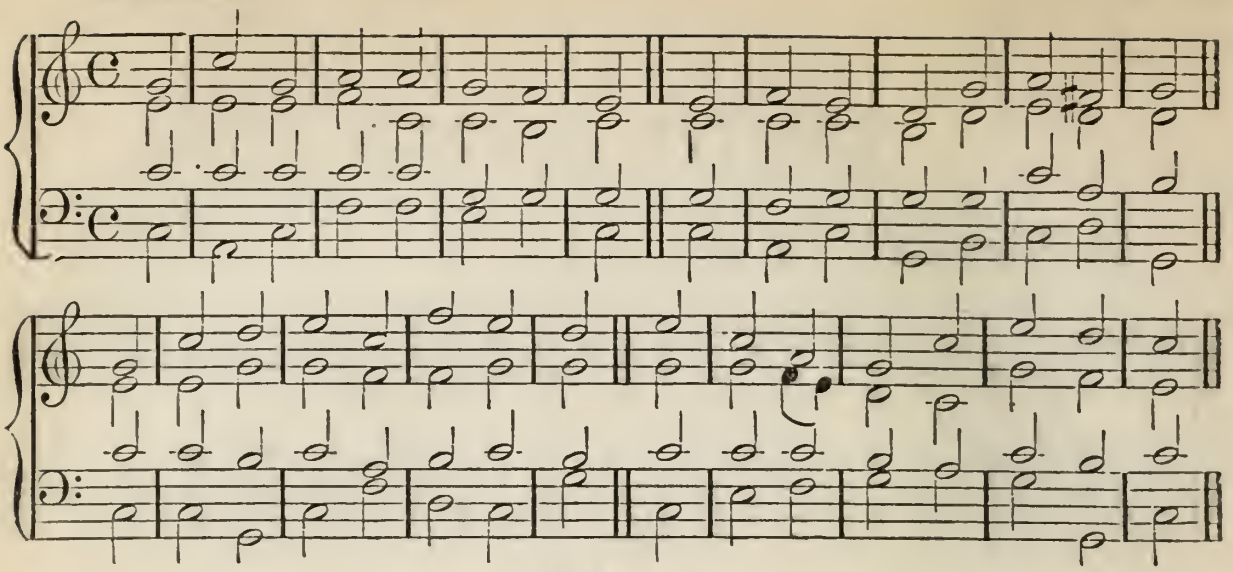
1 HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee,
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Crasselius. L. M.



HYMN 157.

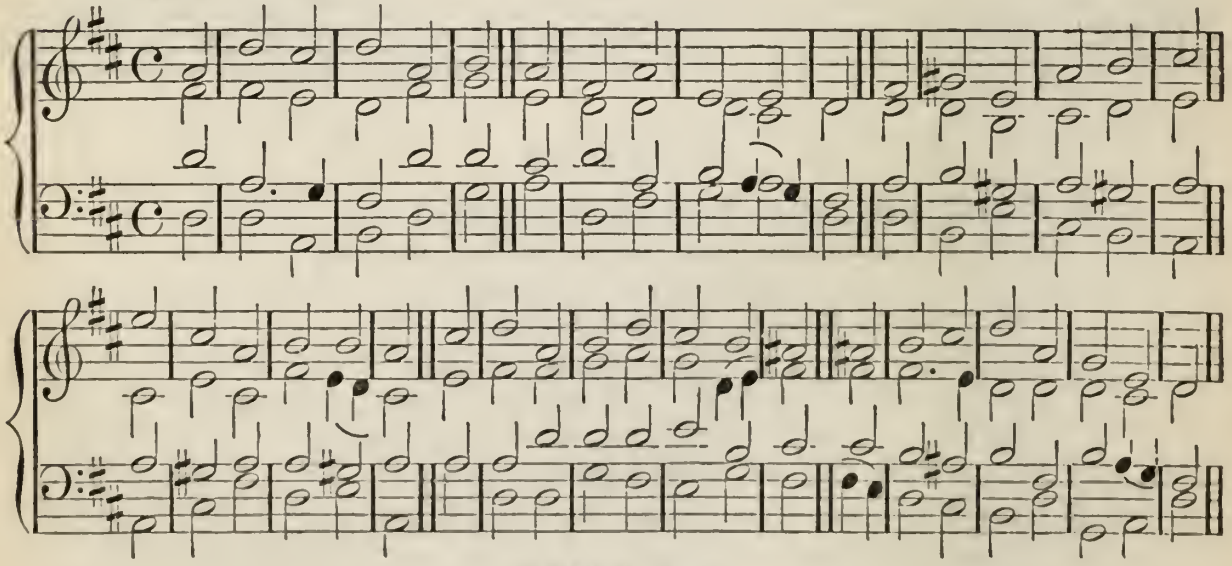
1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Croft's 148th.



HYMN 158.

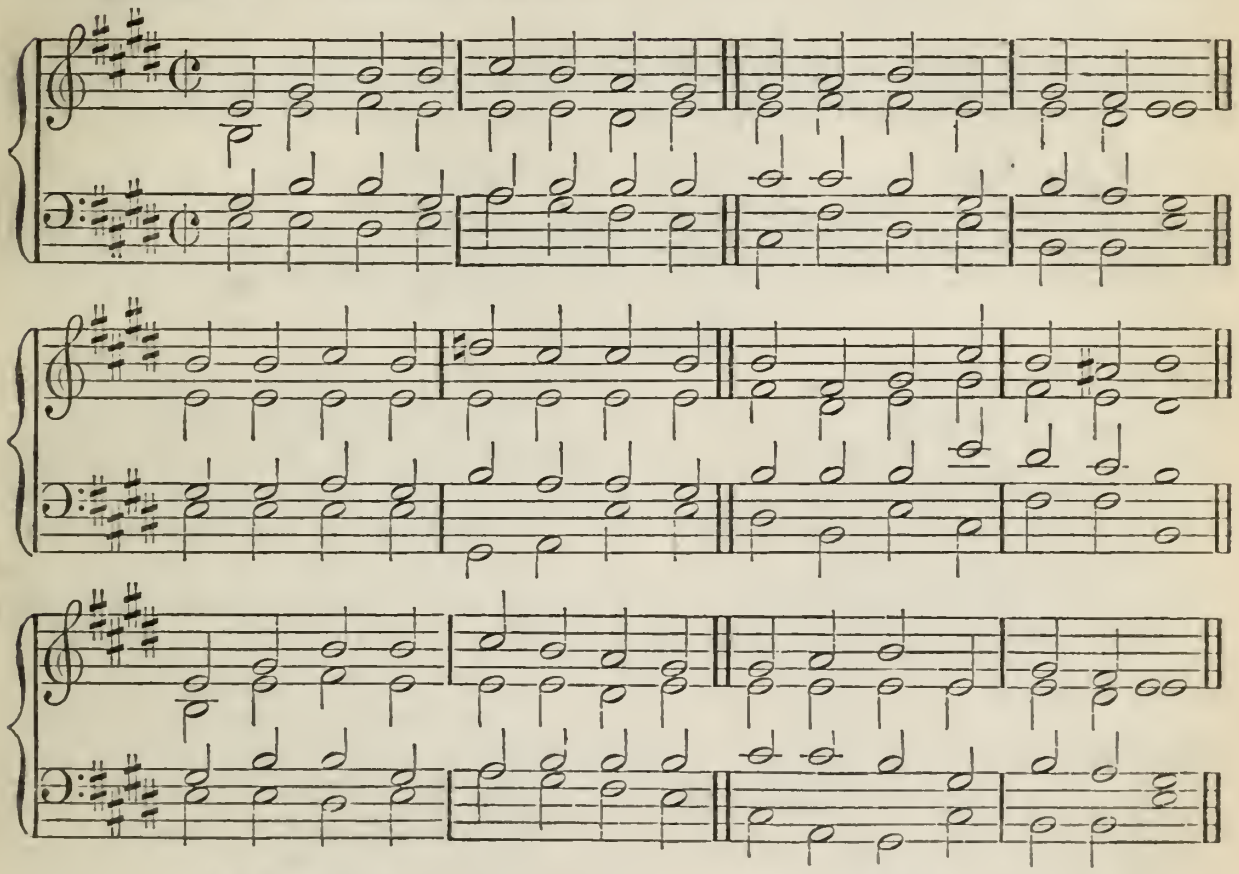
1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honour done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Manheim. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.



HYMN 159.

1 LEAD us! Heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread the earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

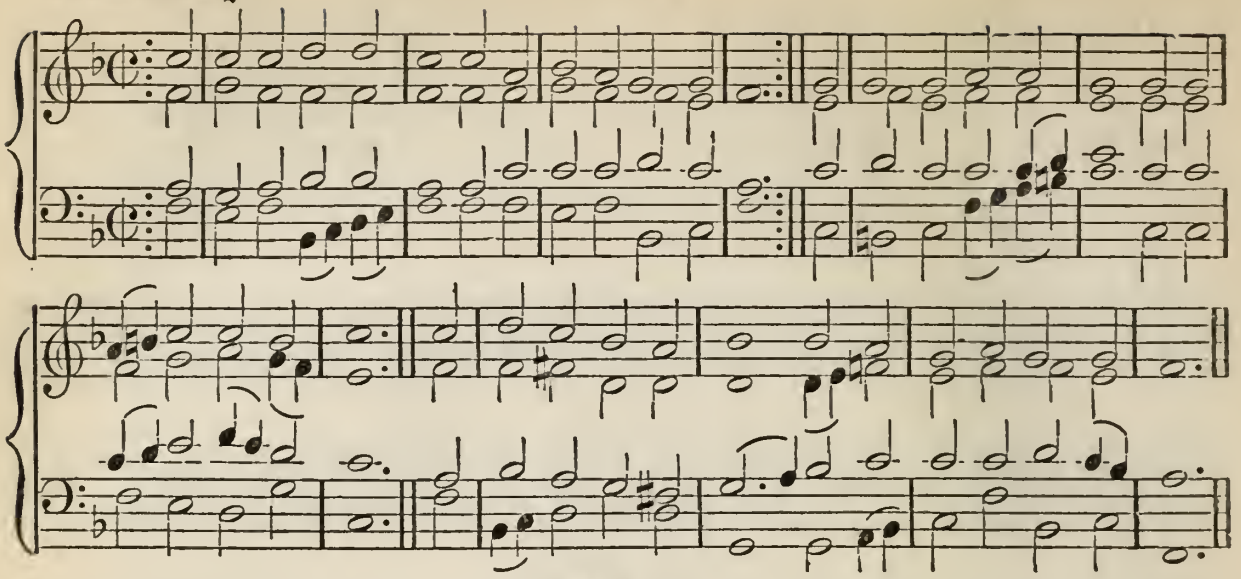
HYMN 160.

1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
We will ever give to thee.

Wittemburg. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6



HYMN 161.

1 IF God himself be for me,
I may a host defy,
For when I pray, before me
My foes confounded fly:
If Christ, the Head, befriend me,
If God be my support,
The mischief they intend me
Shall quickly come to naught.

2 This I believe—yea, rather,
In this I make my boast,
That God is my dear Father,
The friend who loves me most;
And that, whate'er betide me,
My Saviour is at hand,
Through stormy seas to guide me,
And bring me safe to land.

3 I build on this foundation,—
That Jesus and his blood
Alone are my salvation,
The true eternal good:
Without him, all that pleases
Is valueless on earth;
The gifts I owe to Jesus,
My love alone are worth.

4 His Holy Spirit dwelleth
Within my willing heart,
Tames it when it rebelleth,
And soothes the keenest smart:
He crowns his work with blessing,
And helpeth me to cry
"My Father!" without ceasing,
To him who dwells on high.

5 And when my soul is lying
Weak, trembling, and opprest,
He pleads with groans and sighing
That cannot be exprest;
But God's quick eye discerns them
Although they give no sound,
And into language, turns them
E'en in the heart's deep ground.

6 To mine his Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God to him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store:
There God himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not.

PART II.

7 WHO clings with resolution
To Him whom Satan hates,
Must look for persecution
Which never here abates;
Reproaches, griefs, and losses
Rain fast upon his head,
A thousand plagues and crosses
Become his daily bread.

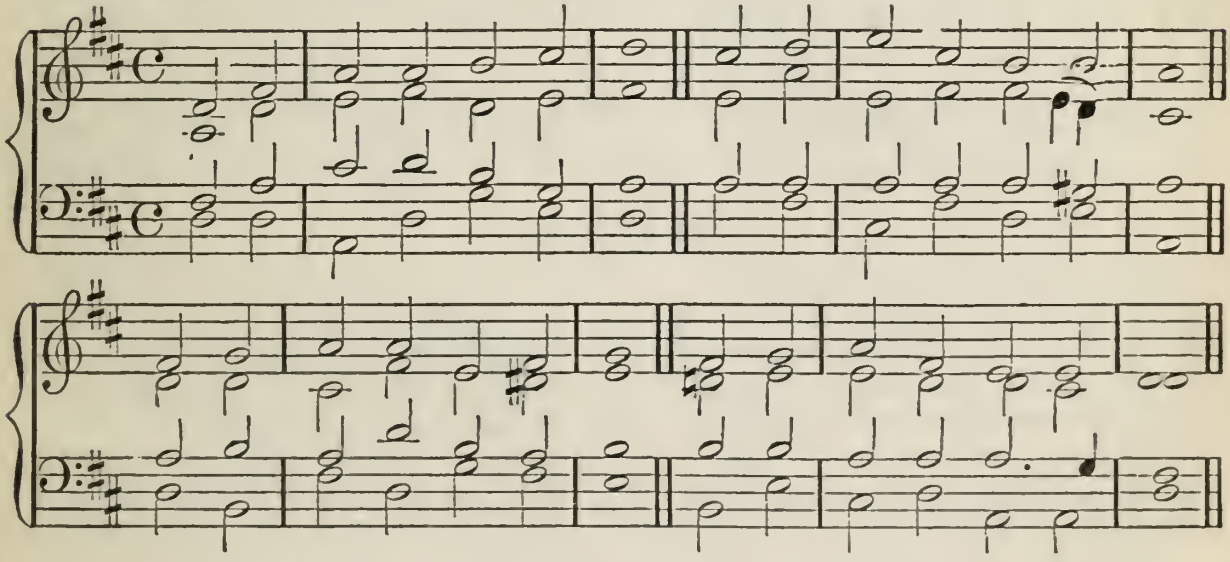
8 All this I am prepared for,
Yet am I not afraid;
By thee shall all be cared for,
To whom my vows were paid:
Though life and limb it cost me,
And all the earthly store
Which once so much engrossed me,—
I love thee all the more.

9 Not fire, nor sword, nor thunder,
Shall sever me from thee;
Though earth be rent asunder
Thou'rt mine eternally:
Not hunger, thirst, nor danger,
Not pain, nor pinching want,
Nor mighty princes' anger,
My fearless soul shall daunt.

10 No angel, and no gladness,
No throne, no pomp, nor show,
No love, no hate, no sadness,
No pain, no depth of woe,
No scheme of man's contrivance,
Though it be great or small,
Shall draw me from thy guidance,
Not one of these, nor all!

11 My merry heart is springing,
And knows not how to pine;
'Tis full of joy and singing,
And only sees sunshine:
The sun whose smiles so cheer me
Is Jesus Christ: to see
And have him always near me
Is heaven itself to me.

Lubeck. 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 162.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky:
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father! heavenly King!
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

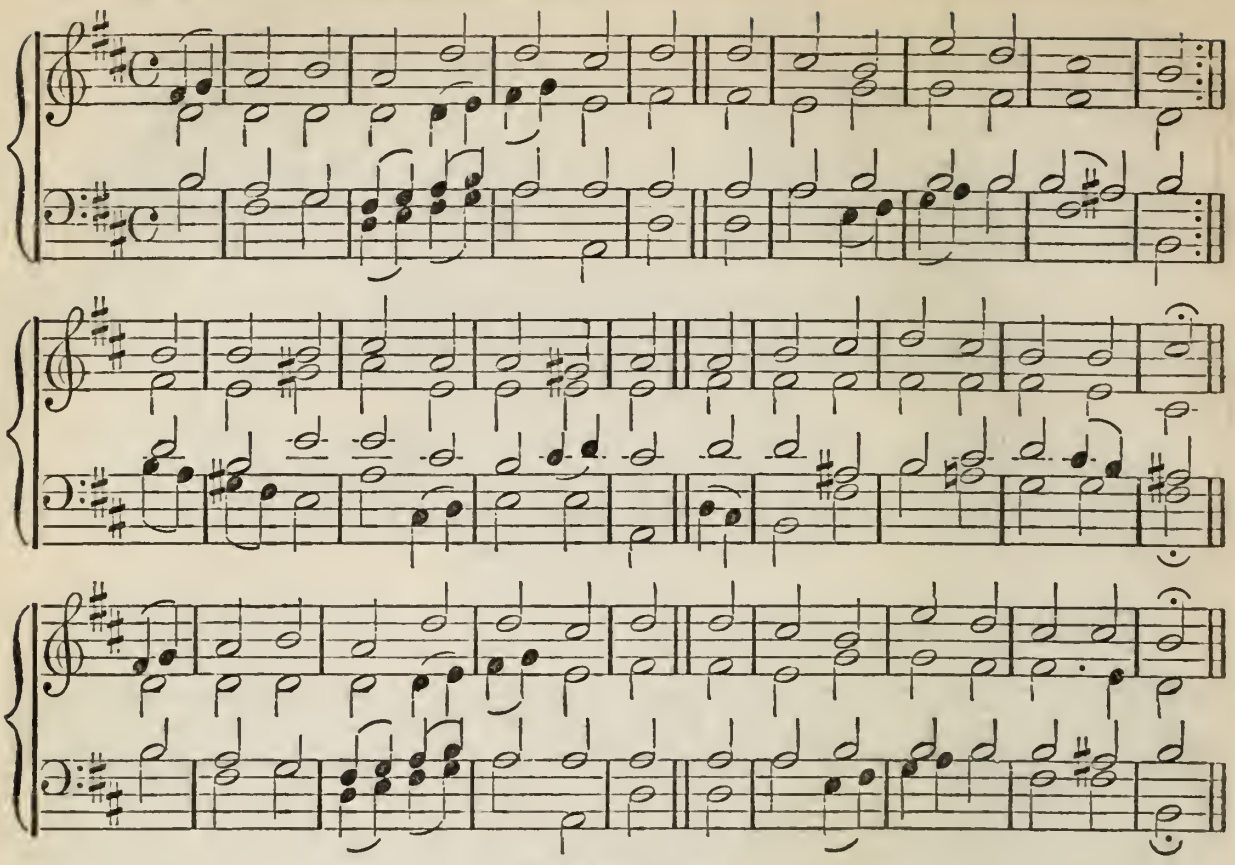
4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, oh, take our sins away!

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, thou.

7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;
One supreme, eternal Three.

St. Luke. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.



HYMN 163.

1 MOST high and holy Trinity!
Thou God of all compassion!
Who, in thy Godhead's likeness, me
From nothing once didst fashion:
Oh! that my secret soul might be
Filled only with the love of thee!
Do thou thyself my heart prepare,
Then come and make thy dwelling there.

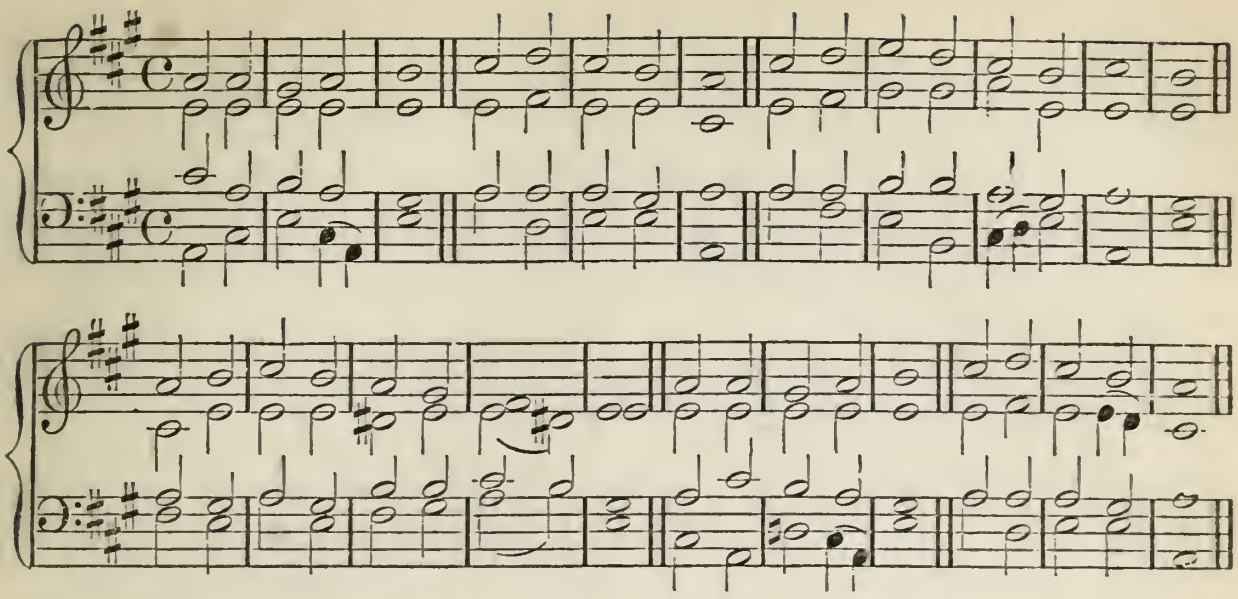
2 Bend, Father, with a force divine,
To thee each inclination;
And make my soul thine inmost shrine,
And peaceful habitation.
Forgive me, Lord, that day by day,
Vain joys have drawn my heart astray;
Now filled with thee, let nought beside
O Father! in my soul abide.

3 O God the Son! thy truth make plain,
With that my mind awaken;
Forgive, that oft my fictions vain
It has been captive taken:
Henceforth let every thought and deed
On thee be fixed, from thee proceed:
Draw me to thee, and grace bestow,
To wean me from the joys below.

4 O Holy Ghost! thou fire of love,
My slothful will inflaming,
Thy work to do, thy will to prove,
Let me be ever aiming:
Forgive me, that my wayward mind
So oft to sin has been inclin'd;
Now let me in thy favour rest,
Thy love implanted in my breast.

5 Most high and holy Trinity!
Lead me from earth to heaven;
To thee and to eternity
Let all my thoughts be given:
Oh! make me one with thee below,
That when from earth's dark scenes I go,
In glory I may dwell with thee,
Most high and holy Trinity!

Haerlem. P. M.



HYMN 164.

1 FATHER, throned on high,
Yet to mortals nigh,
While the hosts of heaven adore thee,
We on earth fall down before thee,
And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

2 O eternal Word,
Our incarnate Lord!
We to thee thanksgiving render,
Thee, thy church's strong defender,
And as monarch own
None but thee alone.

3 O thou Spirit of grace,
Source of holiness,
Who the Saviour's sceptre wieldest,
And from Satan's vengeance shieldest,
'Tis by thee we live,
Praise to thee we give.

4 Had we angels' tongues,
With seraphic songs,
Bowing hearts and knees before thee,
Triune God, we would adore thee
In the highest strain,
For the Lamb once slain.

HYMN 165.

1 BLESSED be thy name,
Jesus Christ!—the same
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
What from thee my soul shall sever,
While I hear thy voice,
And in thee rejoice?

2 Guide me with thine eye;
Warn to fight or fly,
When the foe, a lion raging,
Or, with serpent guile engaging,
Comes in wrath to tear,
Or by fraud ensnare.

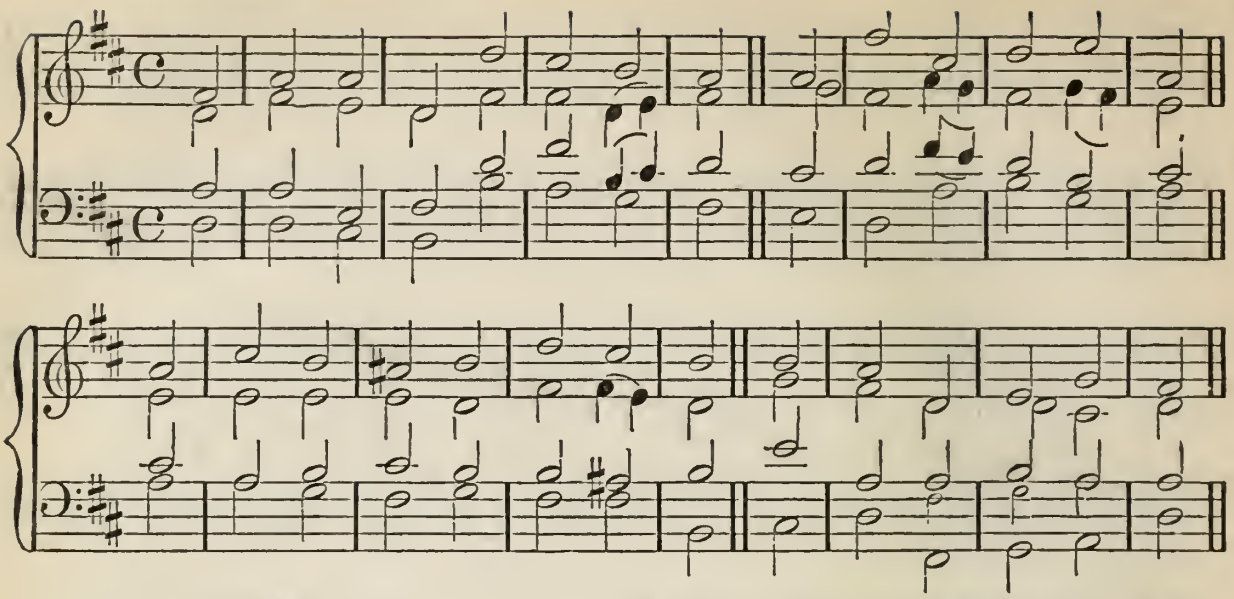
3 Hold me with thine hand,
For by faith I stand!
On thy strength my sole reliance,
In thy truth my whole affiance:
Then where'er I roam,
I am travelling home.

4 Lord, thy word is light;
Led by it aright;
When a pilgrim, like my fathers,
Life's last shadow round me gathers,
May its brightening ray
Shine to perfect day.

5 With my latest breath,
Overcoming death,
From the body disencumbered,
With thy saints in glory numbered,
Jesus, may I be
Found in peace with thee.

6 Praise the Lord most high,
All below the sky,
Praise to thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;
Earth and heaven raise,
Songs of loudest praise.

Westminster. C. M.



HYMN 166.

1 HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom One-in-Three we know,
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Son, adore;
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing thy praise above.

5 Hail! holy, holy, holy, Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

HYMN 167.

1 FATHER of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

2 To know thy nature, and thy name,
One God in Persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.

5 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

HYMN 168.

1 O SUN of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing!
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quickening power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be placed;
All love be paid to thee!

HYMN 169.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

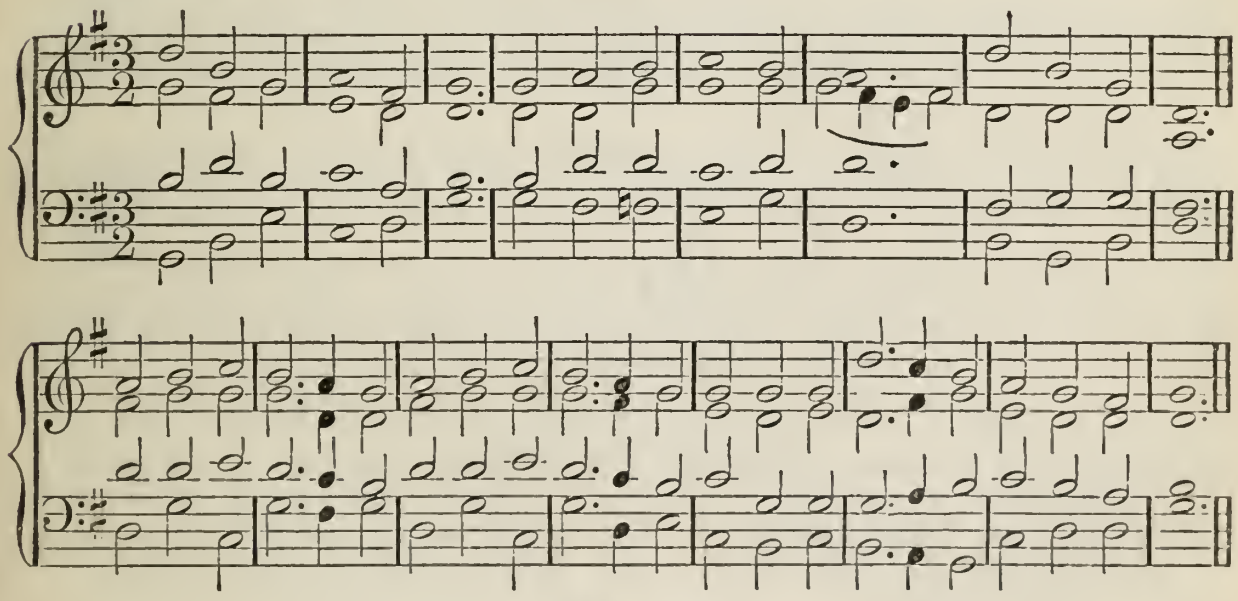
3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine;
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled!

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

Moscow. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.



HYMN 170.

1 THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

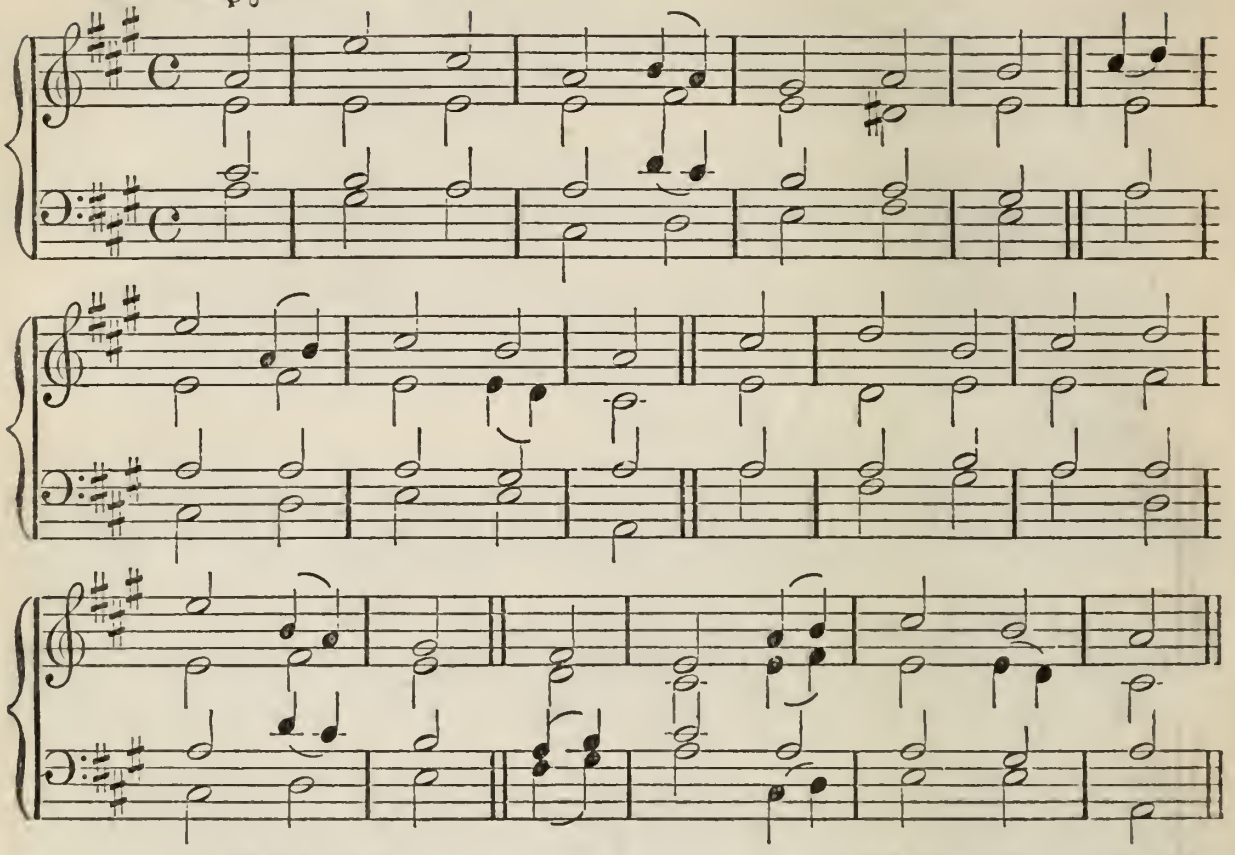
2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

I.—SCRIPTURE.

St. Stephen's. C. M.



HYMN 171.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines;
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near!
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 172. Ps. cxix.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will!

2 Send down thy Spirit, Lord, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
No covetous desires arise,
Nor selfish wish be mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road!
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

HYMN 173. Ps. cxix.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word, O Lord, the way imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When that pervades the sinner's mind,
And spreads its light abroad,
The meanest may instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
To guide us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
Oh! may it guard our earliest youth,
And cheer our latest age!

HYMN 174.

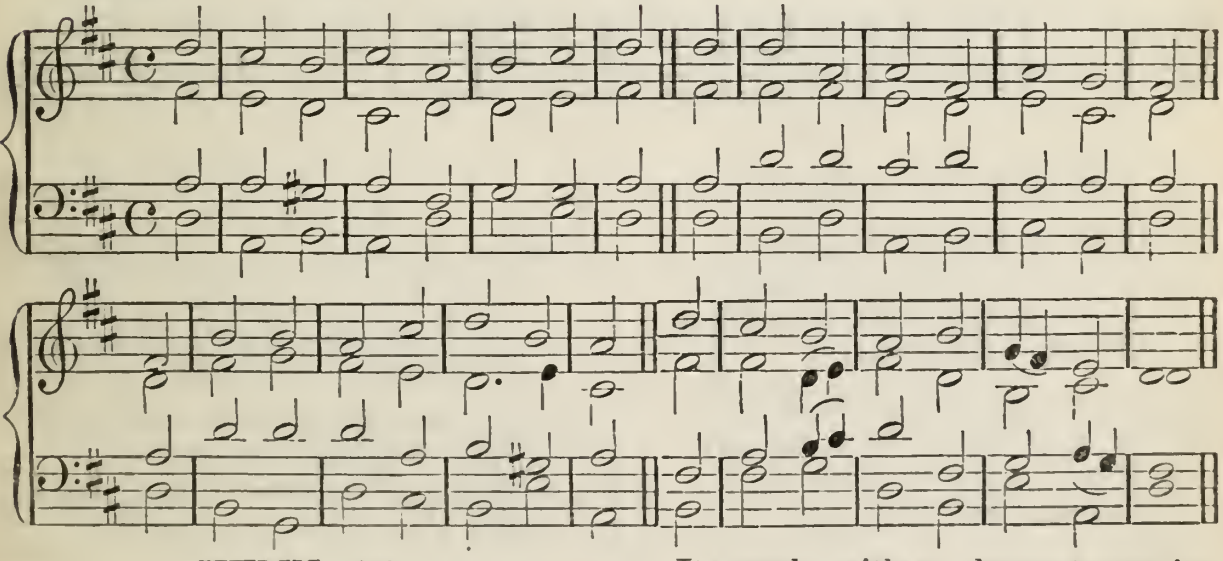
1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe;
One bright celestial ray send down,
And cheer thy sons beneath. [thee,

2 While in thy word we search for
And search with trembling awe,
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now thy revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

Erfurt. L. M.



HYMN 175.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way [day.
From earth to realms of endless

4 Oh! grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To mark and learn thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

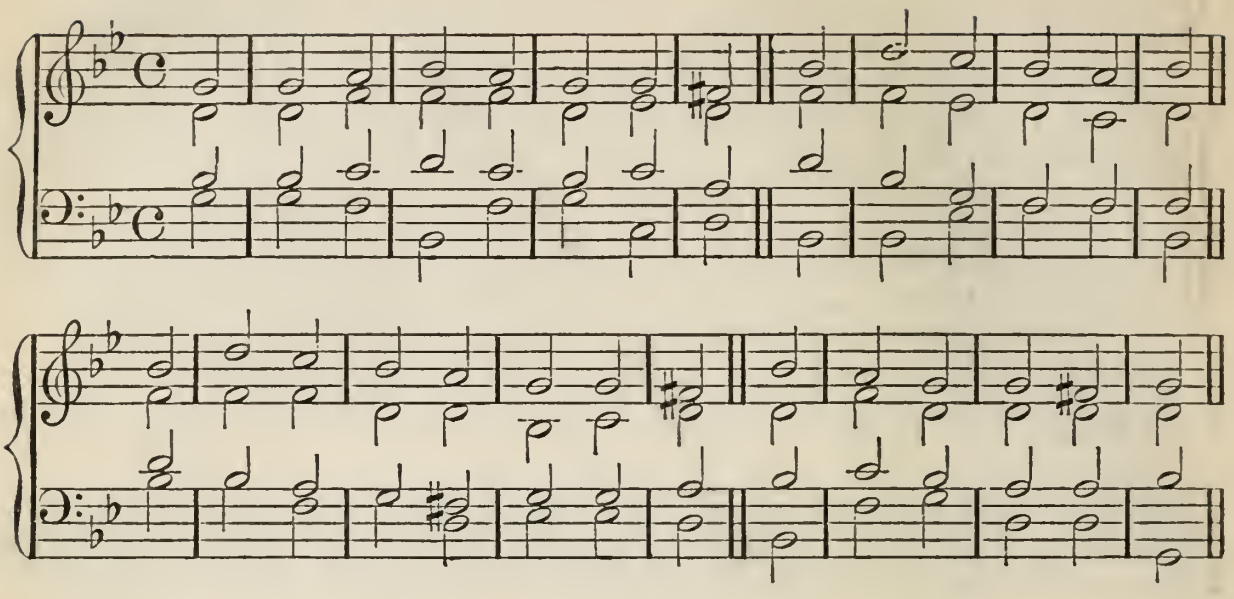
HYMN 176.

1 I HOLD the sacred book of God,
To hear, and keep, and use it free;
But holy martyrs shed their blood
To win this word of life for me!

2 With steady faith in Christ alone
The threats of impious power they spurned;
And, bold that holy faith to own,
They gave their bodies to be burned.

3 In heaven with palms they triumph now, [names;
We love to speak their honoured
Oh may our lips and lives avow
The truth they kept through blood and flames!

Windsor. C. M.



HYMN 177. Ps. xc.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

HYMN 178.

1 GREAT God! to me the sight afford,
To him of old allowed;
And let my faith behold its Lord
Descending in a cloud.

2 In thy revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

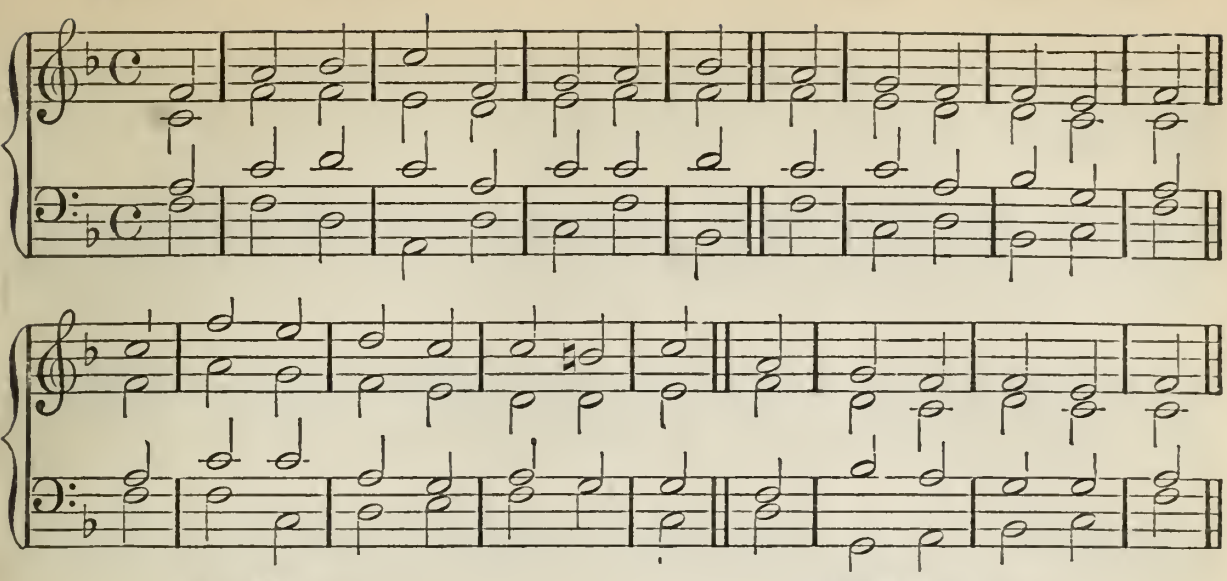
3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty!

4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art;
But let me rather prove
That name in-spoken to my heart,
That favourite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguished name,
Which suits a sinner best.

6 Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost apostate race.

Frency. C. M.



HYMN 179.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thy terrors move!
But soon goes forth thy pardoning word
To cheer whom thou dost love.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN 180.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if thou appear
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

HYMN 181.

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still:
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore!

4 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

5 Throughout the universe it reigns
Unalterably sure:
And while the truth of God remains
The goodness must endure.

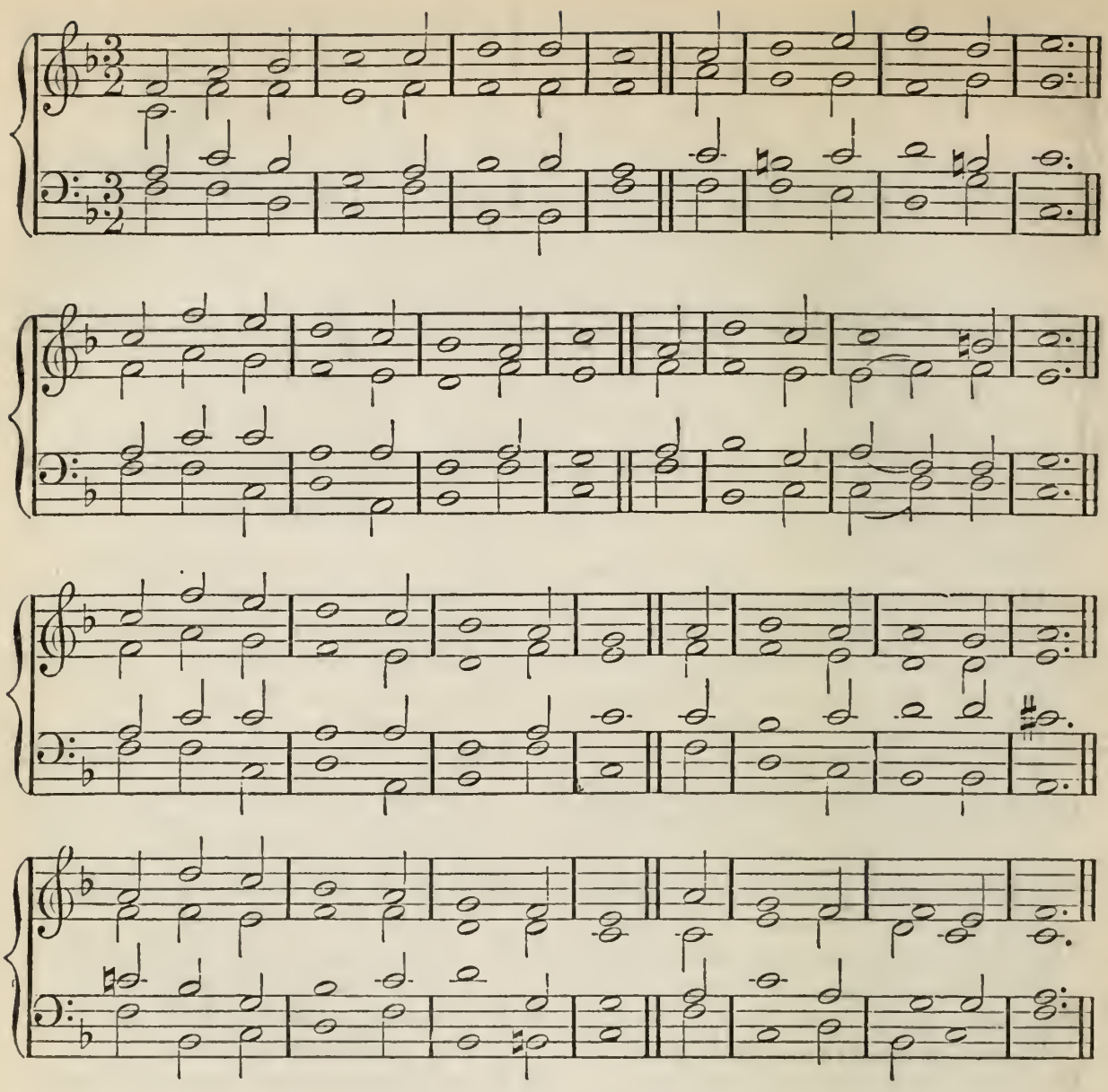
HYMN 182.

1 BEING of beings! God of love!
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move
And be with Christ in God.

Old 81st. D. C. M.



HYMN 183.

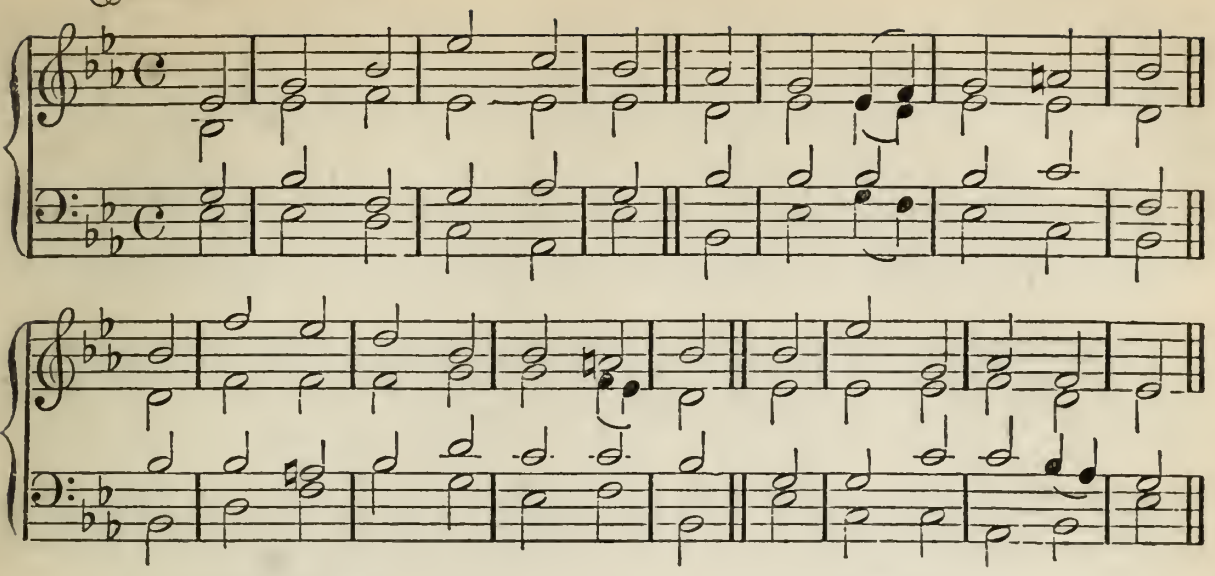
1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise! [signs,
Known through the earth by thousand
By thousands through the skies:
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And high on thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms, [join
Where vengeance and compassion
In their divinest forms;
Here the whole Deity is known
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains! [name,
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's
And try their choicest strains.
Oh! may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Moravia. S. M.



HYMN 184.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his most sure and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,—
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on:
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commit thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy wisdom infinite,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 And whatsoe'er thou will'st
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What thine unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

7 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might,—
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

8 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy word withstand?
When thou wouldst all our needs supply
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

PART II.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed; [tears,
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet Heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

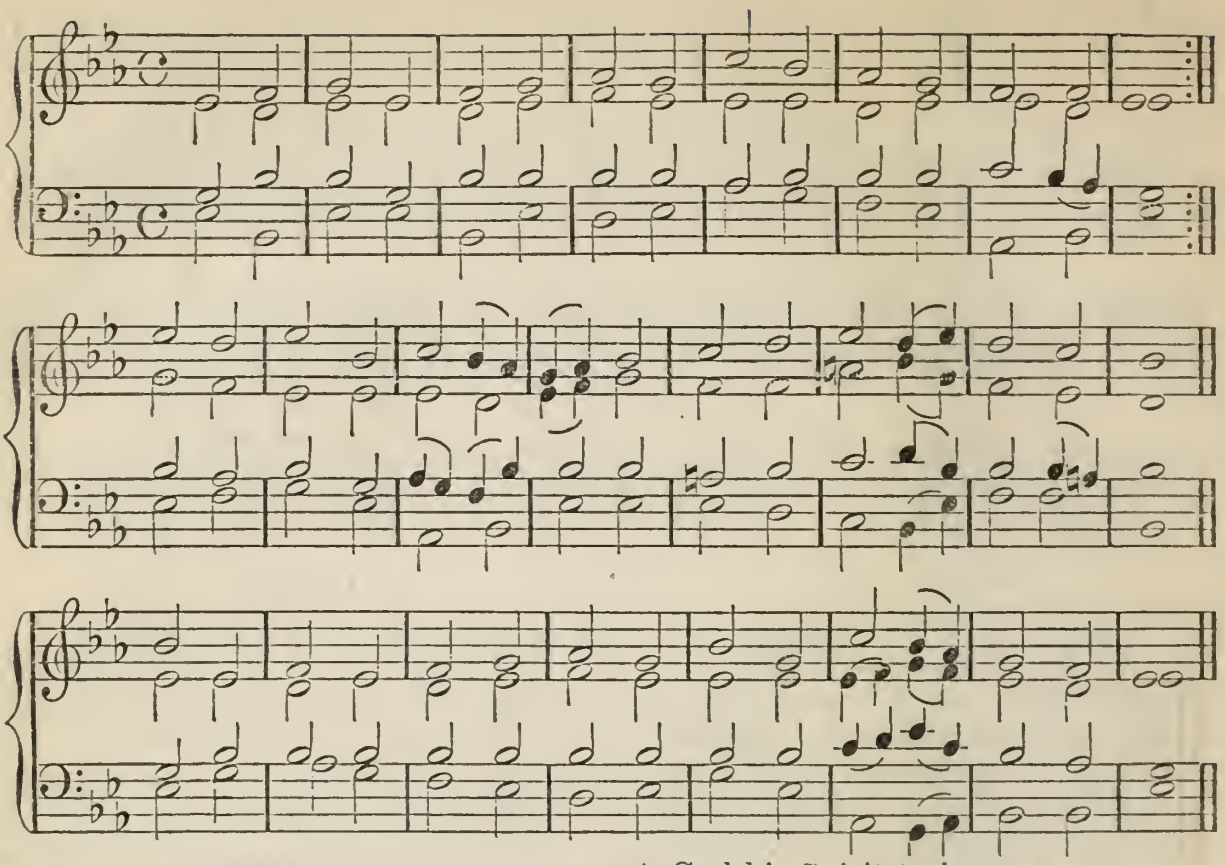
5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his sway,—
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless fear.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee:

8 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

St. John's. 8, 7, double.



HYMN 135.

1 I WILL sing my Maker's praises
And in him most joyful be,
For in all things I see traces
Of the good he meaneth me:
Nothing else but love could move him
With such sweet and tender care
All who try to serve and love him
Evermore to raise and bear.

2 As an eagle spreads her feathers
O'er her young secure from harm,
So the Lord his people gathers,
And protects them with his arm:
He who life and being gave me,
Even in my mother's womb,
He shall ever guard and save me,
From the cradle to the tomb.

3 Not less dear doth he esteem me,
Than the Son he loves so well;
Yea, he gave him to redeem me
From the quenchless flames of hell:
Well of life that springeth ever!
Sea of love that hath no ground!
Fruitless were my best endeavour
Depth of love like thine to sound.

4 God his Spirit to instruct me
In his holy word hath given,
That he safely may conduct me
Through this weary world to heaven,
He my heart's dark chambers filleth
With the clear pure light of faith:
And thereby e'en hell he stilleth,
And destroys the power of death.

PART II.

5 ALL which for my soul is needful
He will carefully provide,
Nor of that is he unheedful
Which my body needs beside:
When my strength cannot avail me—
At the best a broken reed—
God appears; he will not fail me
In the time of utmost need.

6 When I sleep he still is near me,
O'er me rests his sleepless eye;
And new gifts and blessings cheer me
When the morning streaks the sky:
Had not God's sweet angel hovered
Over me to shield and bless,
Surely I had not recovered
Out of many a sore distress.

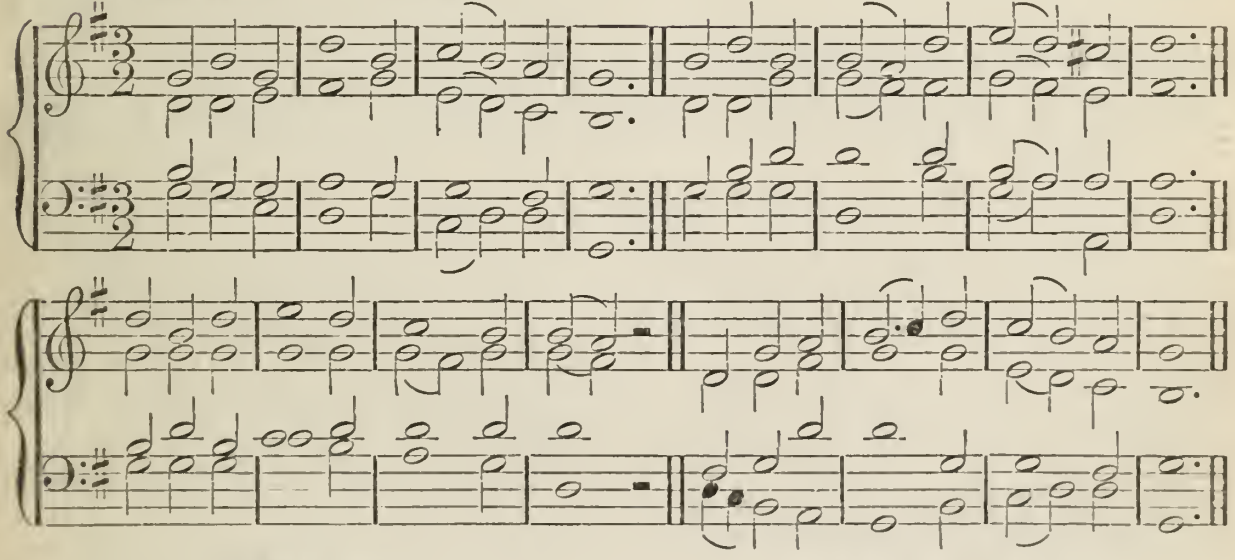
7 AS a father ne'er removeth
All his love for some lost child,
But the prodigal still loveth,
Yearning to be reconciled;
So my sins and many errors
Find a tender pardoning God,
Who doth not with penal terrors
Chasten them, but with the rod.

8 All his blows and scourges truly
For the moment grievous prove,
And yet, when I weigh them duly,
Are but tokens of his love;
Proofs that he is watching o'er me,
And would, by the cross and rod,
From this wicked world restore me
To my Father and my God.

9 On this thought I dwell with pleasure,
After war there cometh peace,
Christ's cross hath its time and mea-
And at last will wholly cease: [sure,
When the winter disappeareth,
Summer comes with flower and leaf,
So to him who waits and beareth,
Joy ere long shall follow grief.

10 Since then neither change nor cold-
In his precious love can be, [ness
Lo! I lift my hands with boldness,
As a child I come to thee.
Grant me grace, O God, I pray thee,
That I may with all my might
Love, and trust thee, and obey thee,
All the day and all the night.

Worcester. L. M.



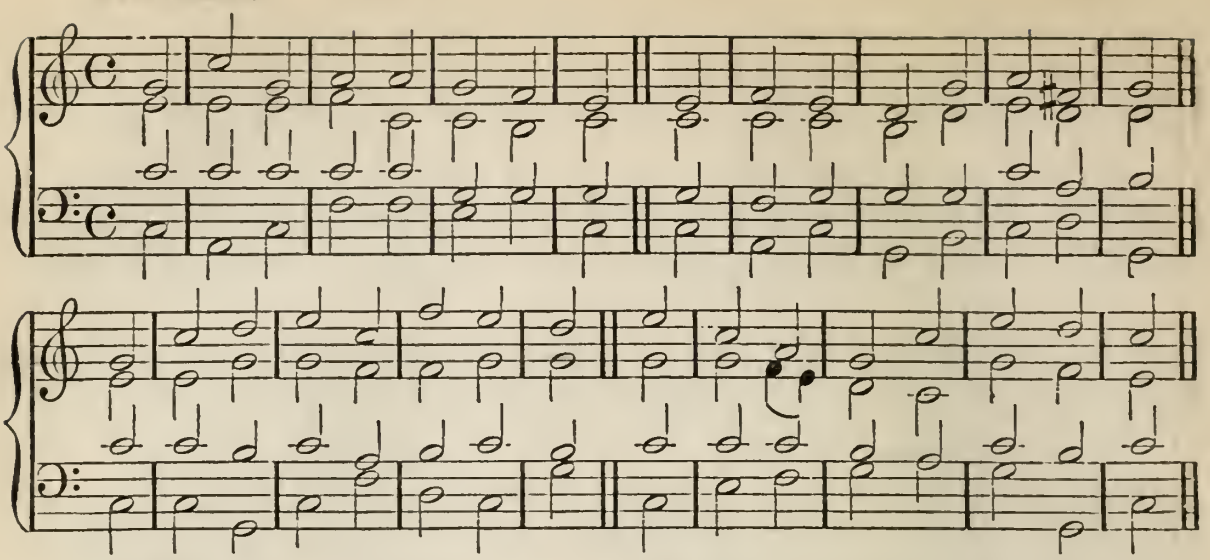
HYMN 186.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord:
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.
2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubin and seraphin,
The heavens and all the powers therein.
3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.
4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing!
Thus earth below and heaven above
Resound thy glory and thy love.

HYMN 187. Ps. lvii.

1 THY mercy, Lord, to us extend;
On thee alone our hopes depend;
Thy sheltering wings around us cast,
Till life's rude storm be overpast.
2 Our heart, O God, our heart is fixed;
Our fears with holy joy are mixed:
And with the heart our voice we raise
To thee in grateful songs of praise.
3 Thy praises, Lord, we will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends;
Thy love the highest heaven transcends.
4 Be thou, O Lord, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Crasselius. L. M.



HYMN 188. Ps. cxlix.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make his duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spread his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 But saints are lovely in his sight:
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And marks, and loves his image there.

HYMN 189.

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the majesty of God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

HYMN 190. Ps. xxxvi.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines:
Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
That veils and darkens thy designs.

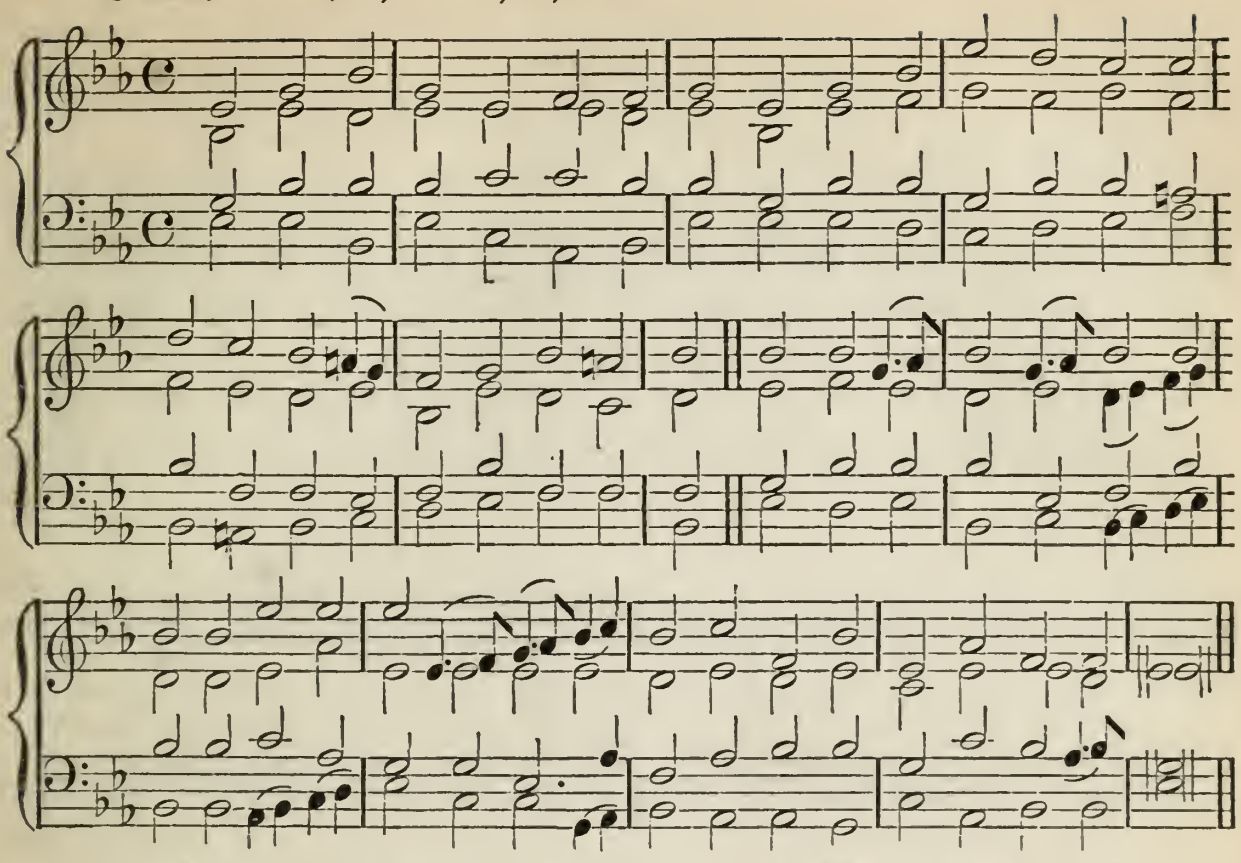
2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Exeter. 8, 8, 8 : 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 191. Ps. cxlvi.

1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
His sacred name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heavens in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Within his sacred courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And holy men on earth adore,—
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

HYMN 192. Ps. cxiii.

1 HAPPY the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

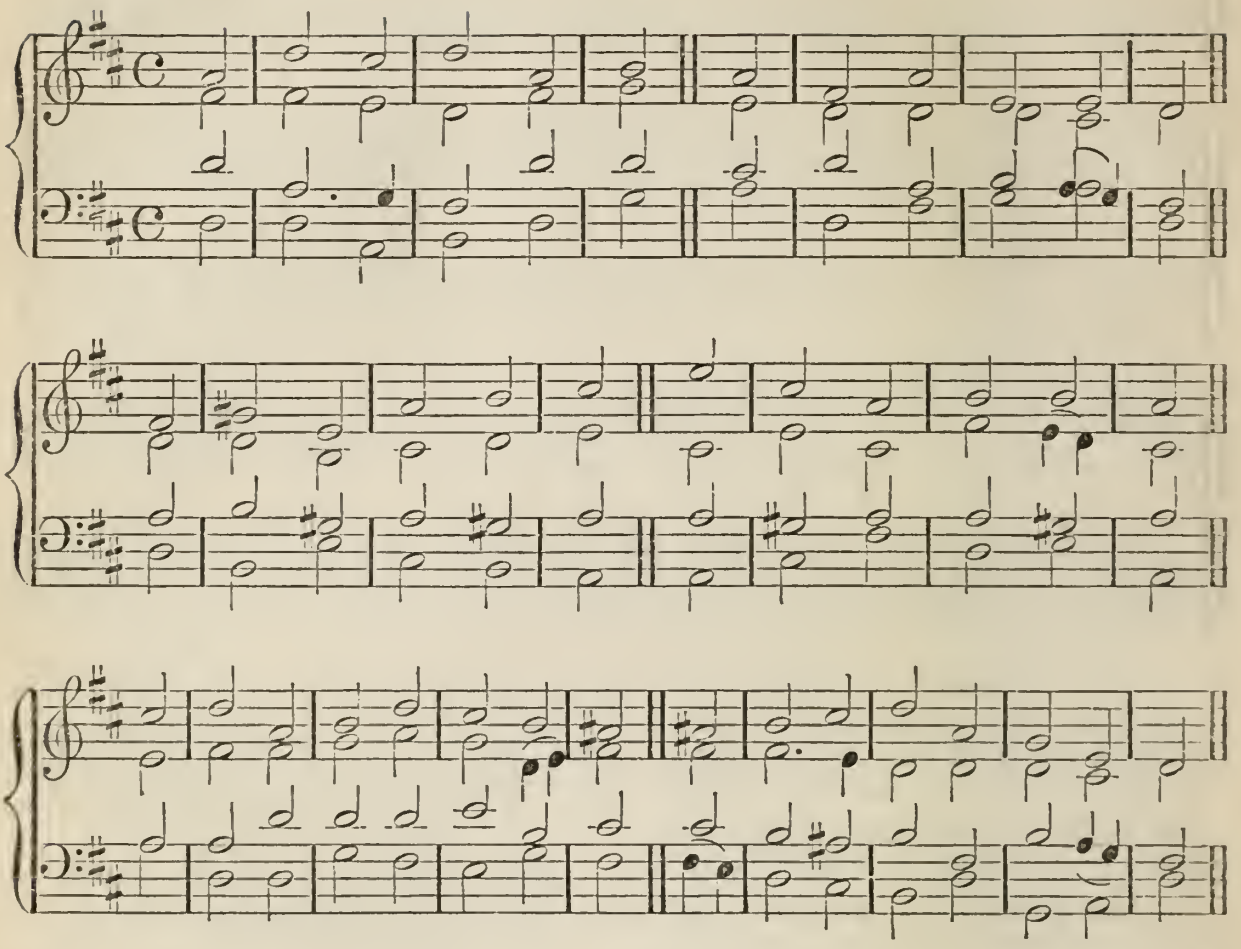
2 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

(*See verse 4 of previous hymn.*)

Croft's 148th.



HYMN 193. Ps. cxlviii.

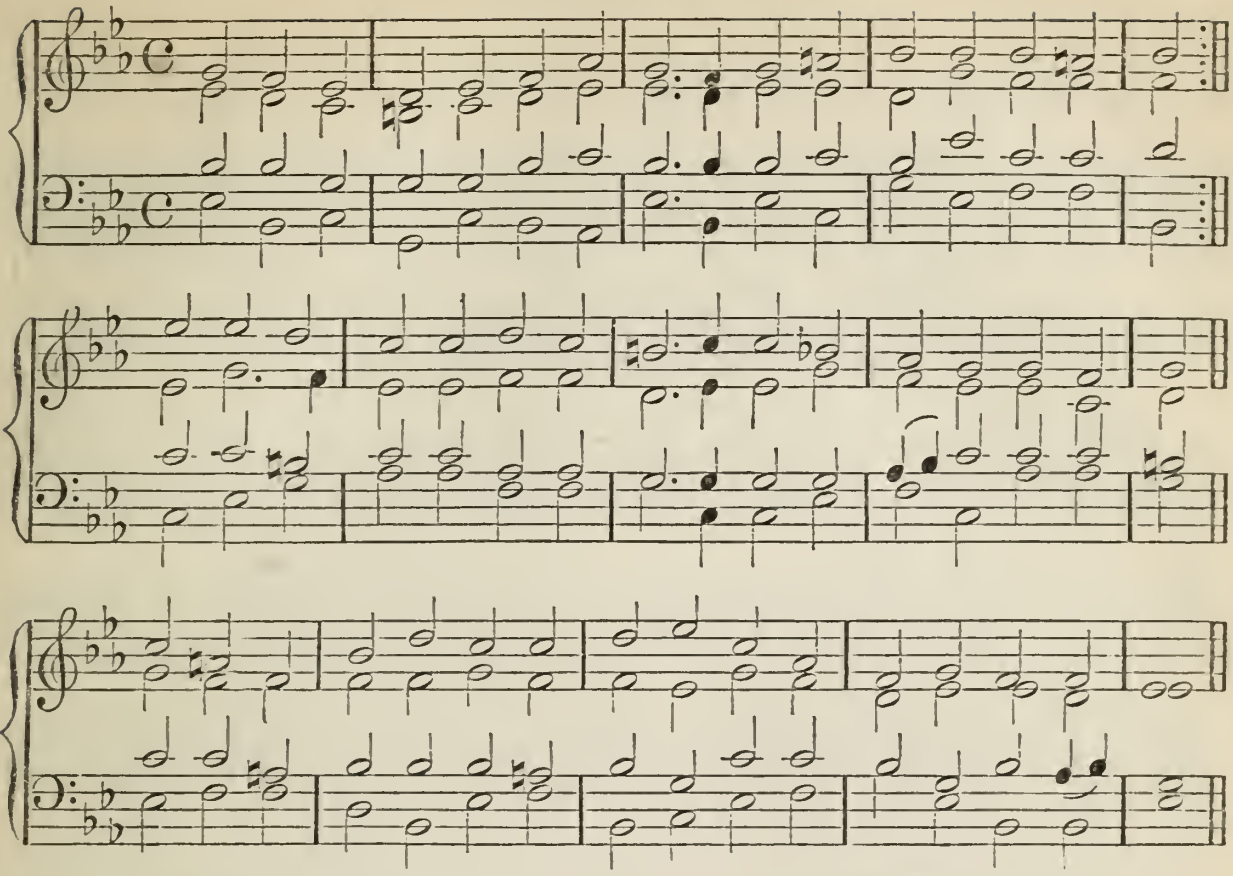
1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name;
In praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim,
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, the queen of night,
Thou sun, the orb of day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free;—
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 His chosen saints to grace,
He lifts to thrones on high;
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh;
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

Lambeth. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 194. Ps. xix.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The works of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

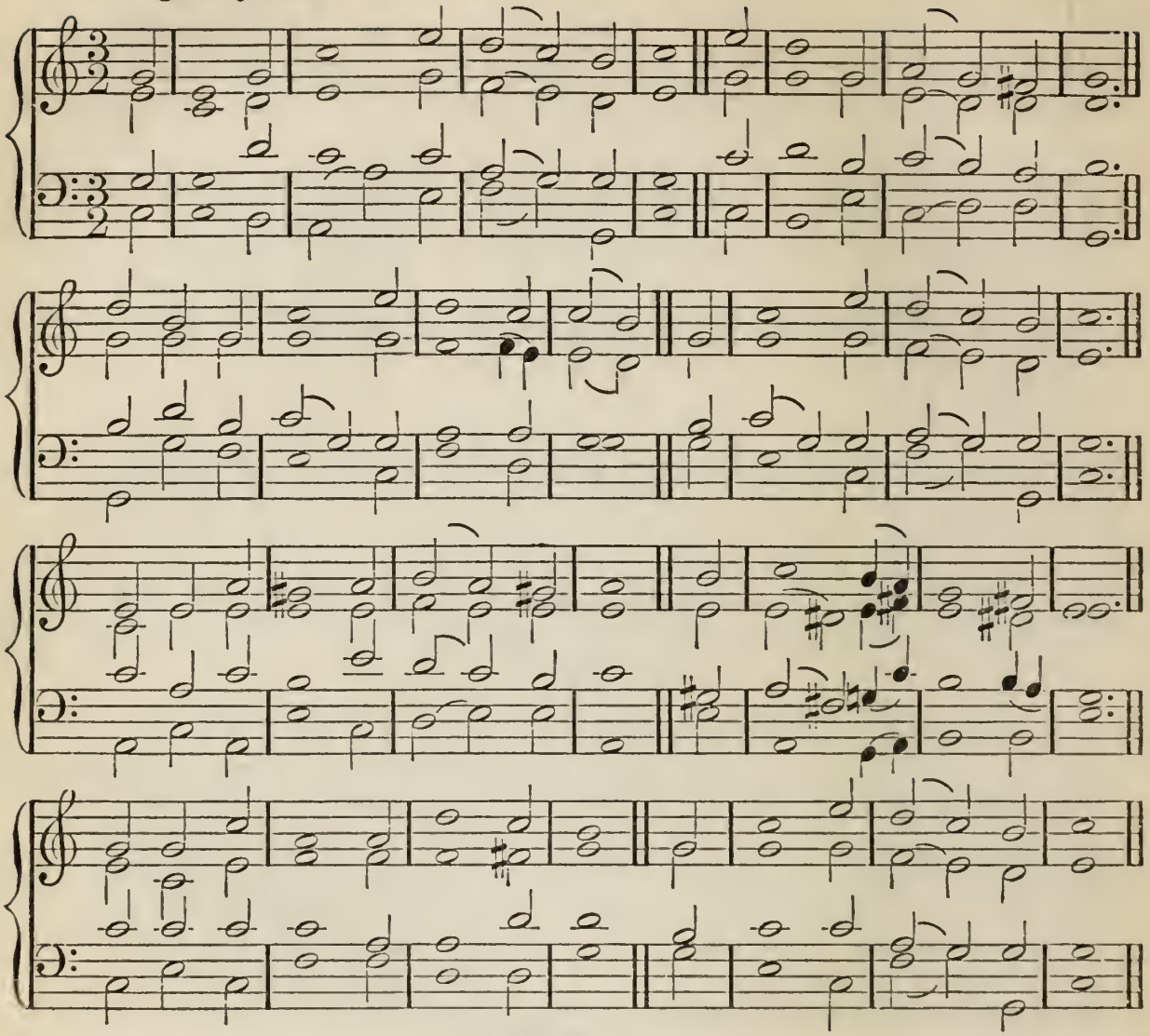
HYMN 195.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same!
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine.
Prostrate before thy feet we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee, sovereign Lord of all.

2 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That move in earth, or air, or sky;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye.
All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ.
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three!
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to thee.
Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is;
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy glories shall for ever shine.

St. Matthew's. D. C. M.



HYMN 196.

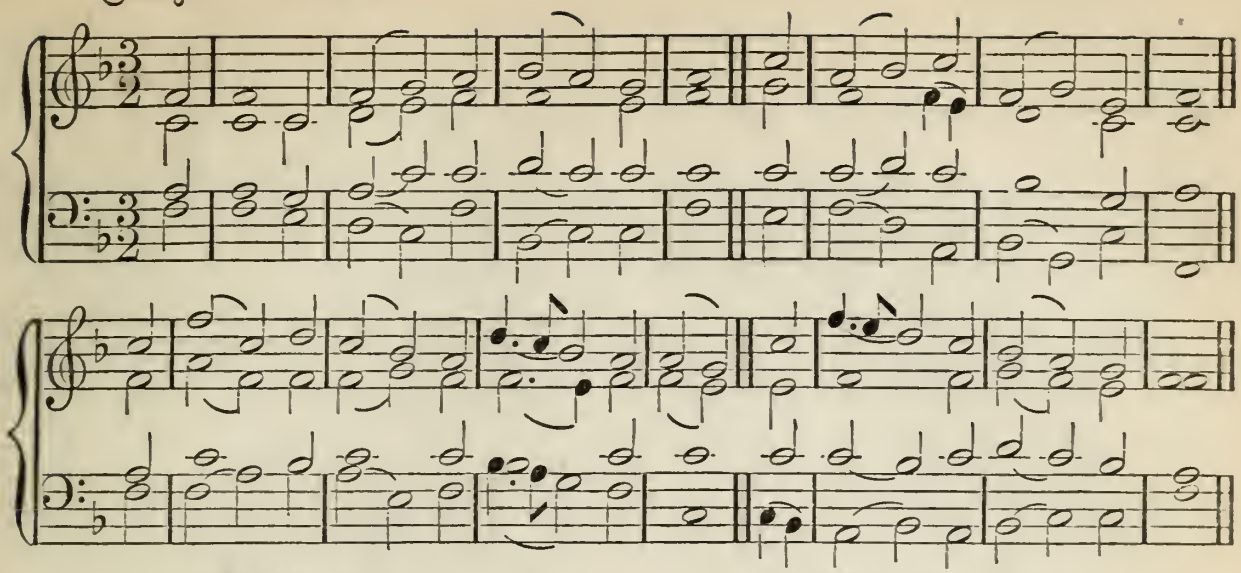
1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
To taste those gifts with joy.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Long ere my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

3 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Through every period of my life
May I thy love proclaim;
And after death in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme!
Yea, through eternal ages, Lord!
I would my tribute raise;
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Irish. C. M.



HYMN 197.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessing from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

HYMN 198.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let this sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend; [shine,
Thy presence through my journey
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 199. Ps. xci.

1 INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
To feeble, helpless worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove,
From enemies and storms.

3 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear?

HYMN 200.

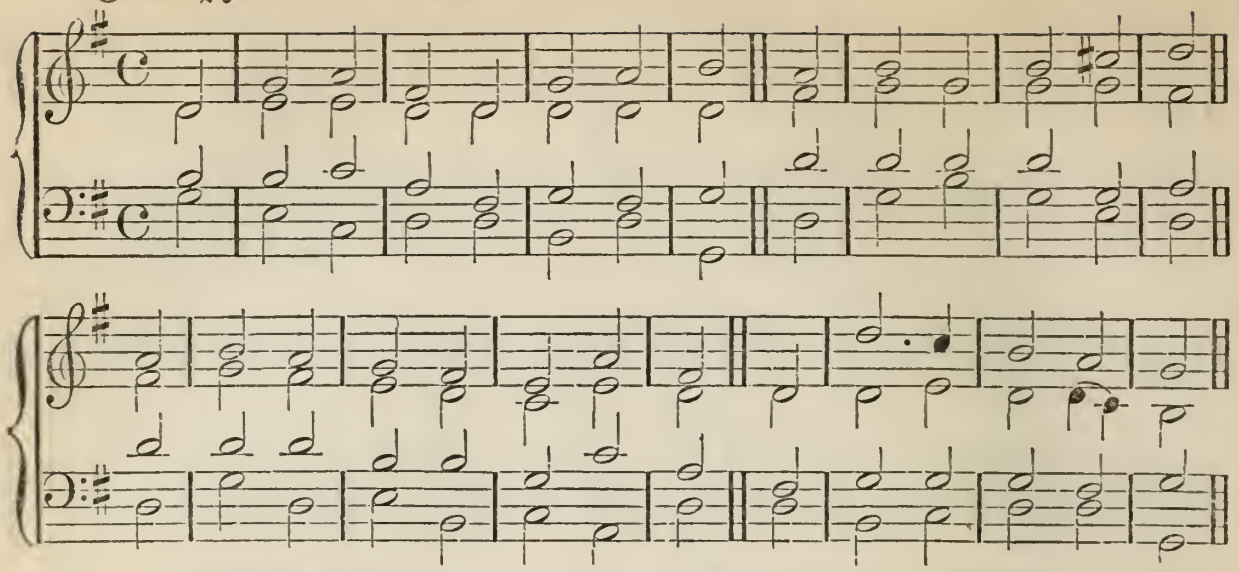
1 THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburned in fire.

3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our guide;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

Nottingham. C. M.



HYMN 201.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 202. Ps. cvii.

1 HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When in the dreadful whirls they hang,
High on the broken wave,
They find thee neither slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 From all their dangers and their fears,
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on thee.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, which roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

6 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
We will thy name adore;
We praise thee for thy mercies past,
And trust thy grace for more!

HYMN 203.

1 LORD, what thy providence denies
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good and just and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

2 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

3 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all thy ways are right.

4 My God, my Father! be thy name
My solace and my stay;
O, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

HYMN 204.

1 THOU boundless Source of every good!
Our best desires fulfil;
And help us to adore thy grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

4 Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

5 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If thou art with us there.

HYMN 205. Ps. xxxiv.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
Still shall the praises of my God
My heart and tongue employ.

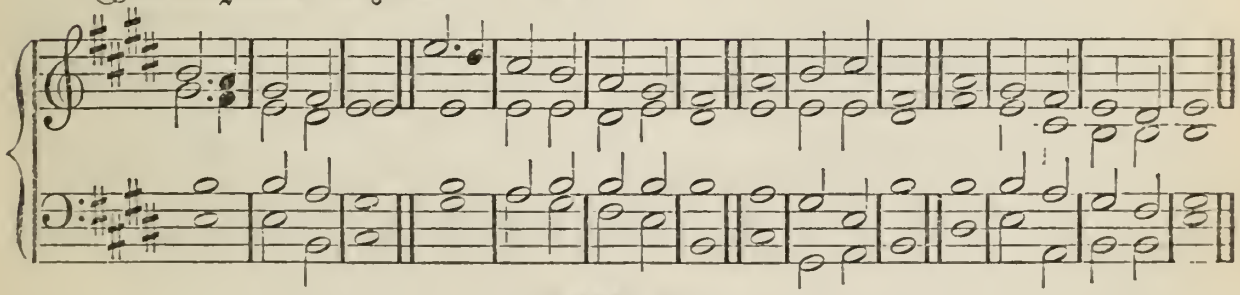
2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.

3 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 Oh! make but trial of his love:
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make ye his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

Mornington's Chant. No. 1.



HYMN 206.

1 O THOU that dwellest in the' heavens high,
Above yon' stars, and-with'in yon sky;
Where the dazzling fields never' needed light
Of the sun by' day, or-the' moon by night.

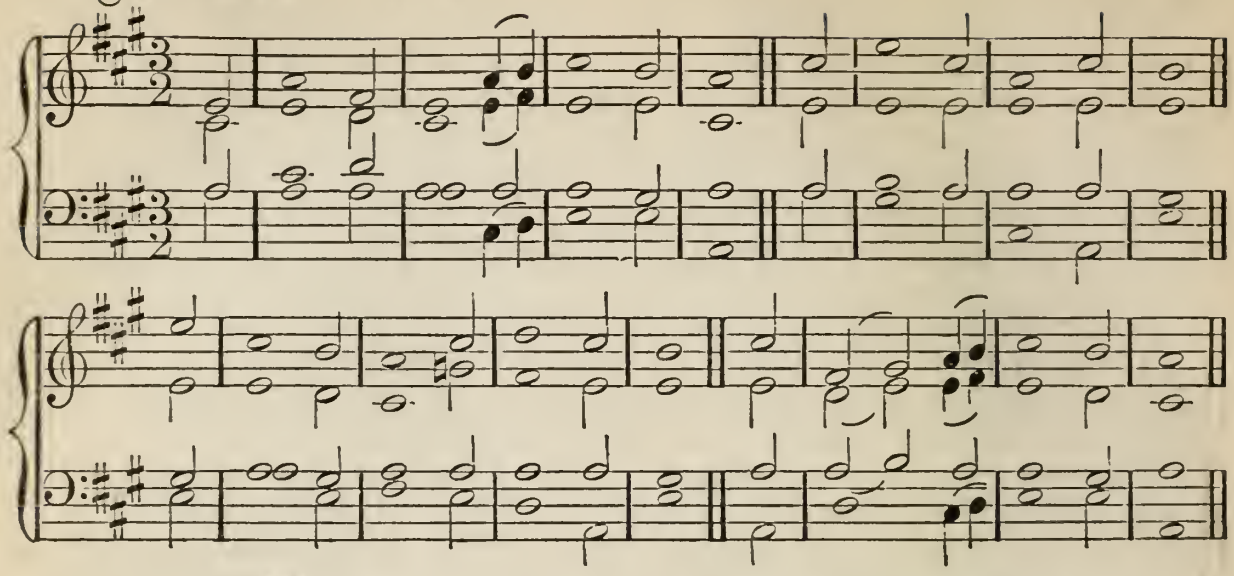
2 Though flaming millions a'round thee stand,
For the sake of' Him that's-at' thy right hand,
Oh think on those that have' cost him dear,
Now lingering in' sadness and' darkness here.

3 Our night is dreary, and' dim-is our day,
And if thou shalt' turn thy' face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and' helpless dust,
With none to' look-to, and' none to trust.

4 The powers of darkness are' all abroad,
They know no' Saviour, they' fear no God;
And we are trembling in' dumb dismay,
Oh, turn not' thou thy' face away.

5 Thine aid, O Mighty' One, we crave!
Not shortened' is thine' arm to save:
Let not thine anger' ever burn—
Return, O' Lord of' hosts, return!

All Saints. C. M.



HYMN 207.

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
On thee my hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one gracious word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought
And righteous word is thine.

5 From thee through Jesus we receive
The power on thee to call;
In thee, our God, we move and live:
Thou art our All in All.

HYMN 208.

1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love Divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Oh, could I lose myself in thee
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

5 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

6 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be ALL IN ALL.

HYMN 209.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
Still humbly bow before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Saviour, thy word is all my plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest wearied souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Laden with grief, and guilt, and pain,
By Satan's power depressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

HYMN 210.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear! [wounds,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear.

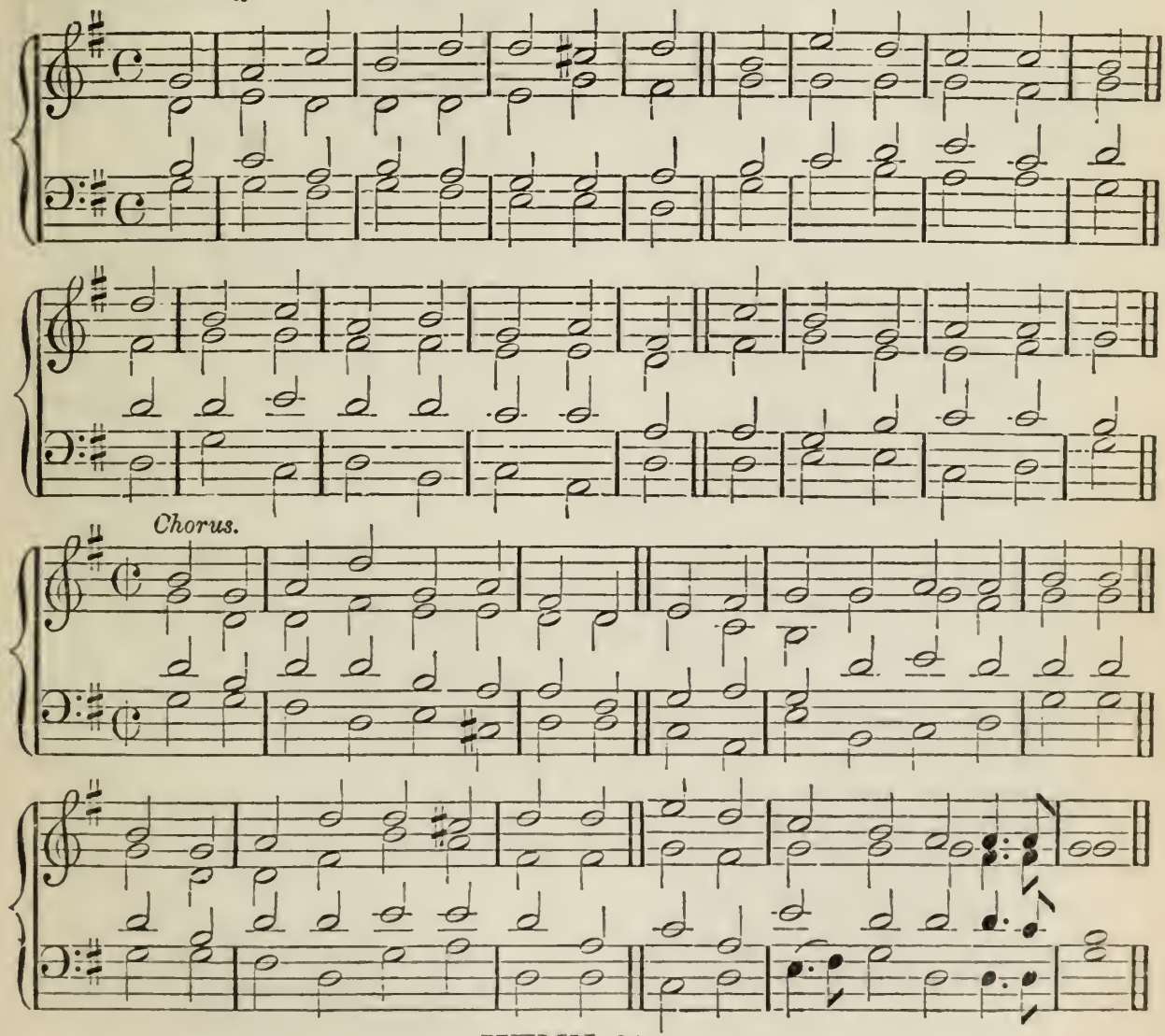
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I
My shield and hiding-place; [build,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Salisbury. P. M.



HYMN 211.

1 SALVATION; O the joyful sound!
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial to our fears.

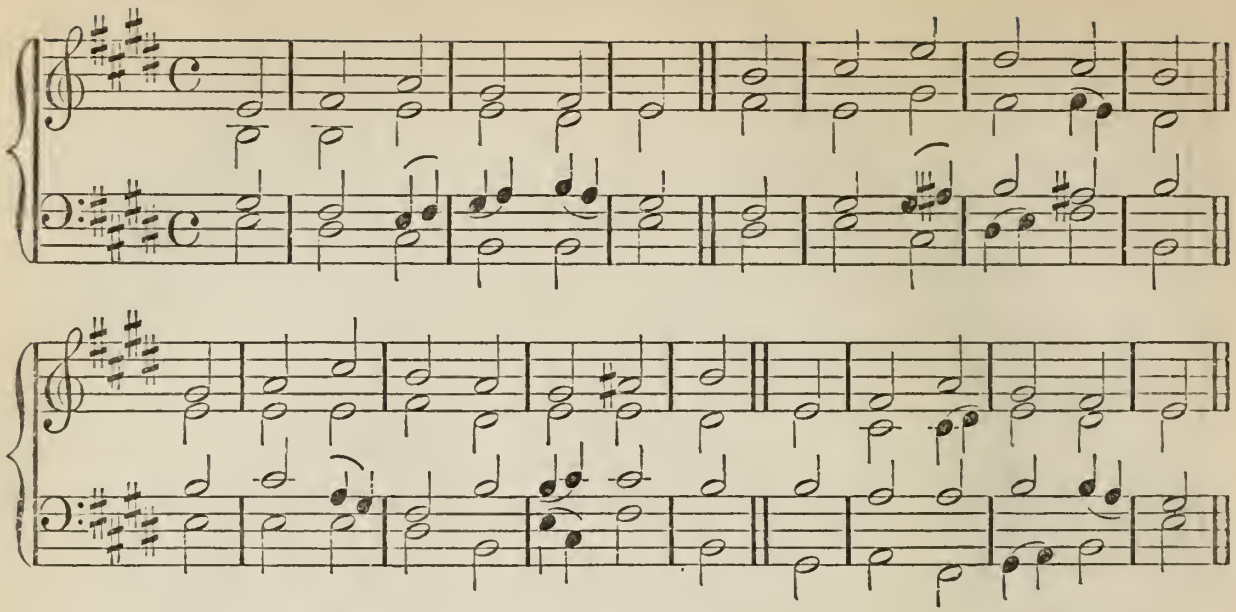
Chorus.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

2 Salvation! Let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to swell the sound. &c.

3 Salvation! O thou dying Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall our hearts inflame,
And dwell upon our tongues. &c.

Potsdam. S. M.



HYMN 212.

1 TO praise our Shepherd's care,
His wisdom, love, and might,
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,
And bid the world unite!

2 Supremely good and great,
He tends his blood-bought fold;
He stoops, though throned in highest state,
The feeblest to uphold.

3 He hears their softest plaint;
He sees them when they roam;
And if his meanest lamb should faint,
His bosom bears it home.

4 Kind Shepherd of the sheep!
A weakly flock are we;
And snares and foes are nigh, but keep
The lambs who look to thee.

5 And if through death's dark vale
Our feet should early tread,
Oh may we reach thy fold, and hail
The love which us has led.

HYMN 213.

1 THIS, this is he that came
By water and by blood!
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
Our sanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow!
The water and the blood applied
Shall wash us white as snow.

3 The water cannot cleanse,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our sins,
And our forgiveness seal.

4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine
That makes us meet for heaven.

HYMN 214.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

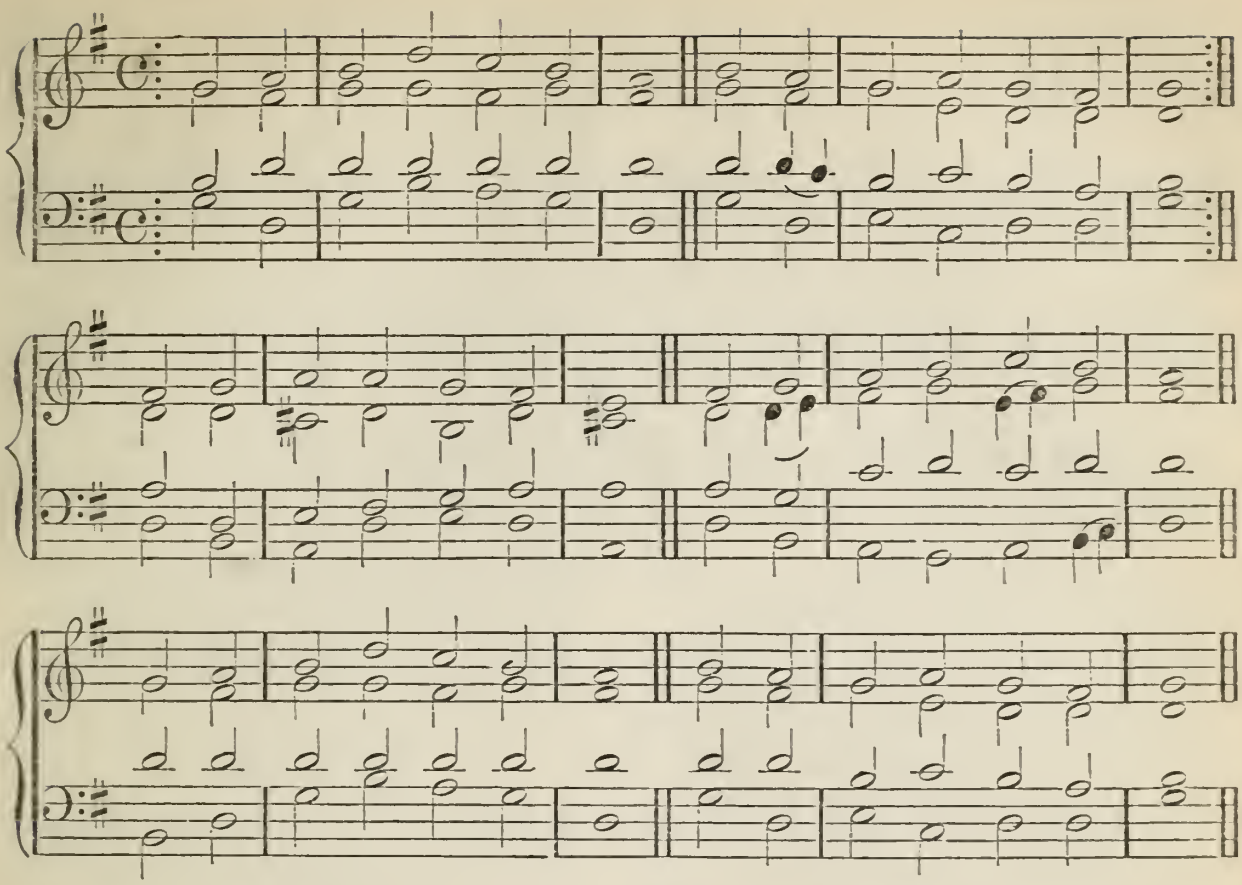
2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
Upon that head divine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Cassel. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 215.

1 JESU! lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past!
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

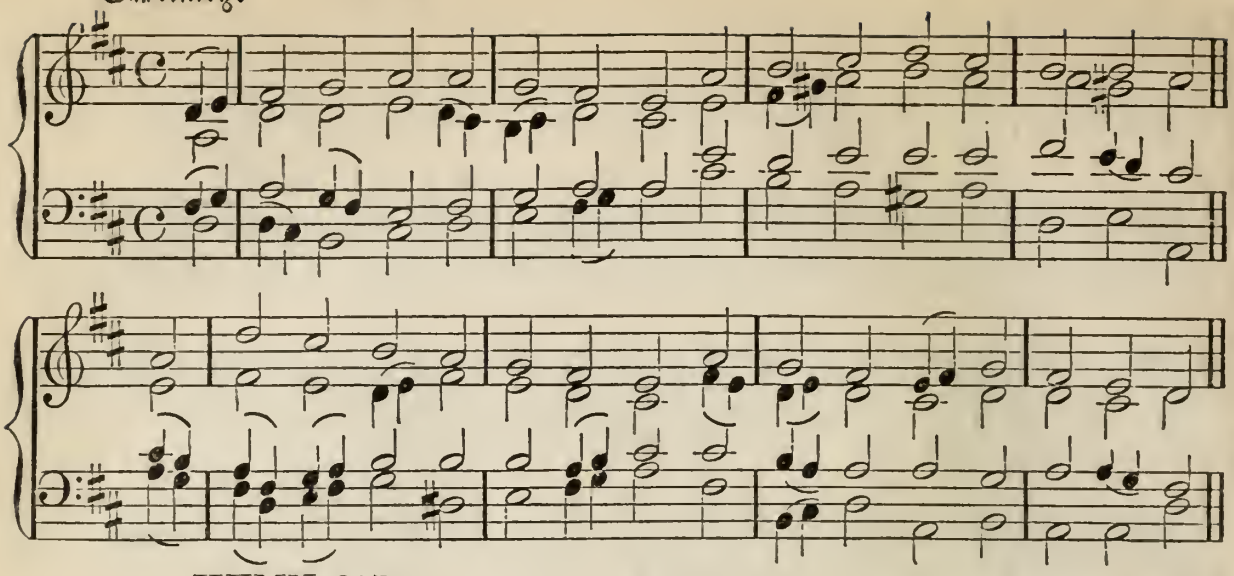
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 216.

1 OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me;
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee.
Thee to praise and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

Eisenach. L. M.



HYMN 217.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.

3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once expressed.

4 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.

5 This will proclaim how bright and fair,
The precepts of the gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

HYMN 218.

1 JESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee? [poor,
Scorned be the thought by rich and
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that great friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend:
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I not more revere his name.

4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain;
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my portion be,
That Saviour not ashamed of me!

HYMN 219.

1 ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath and heaven above.

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With stedfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

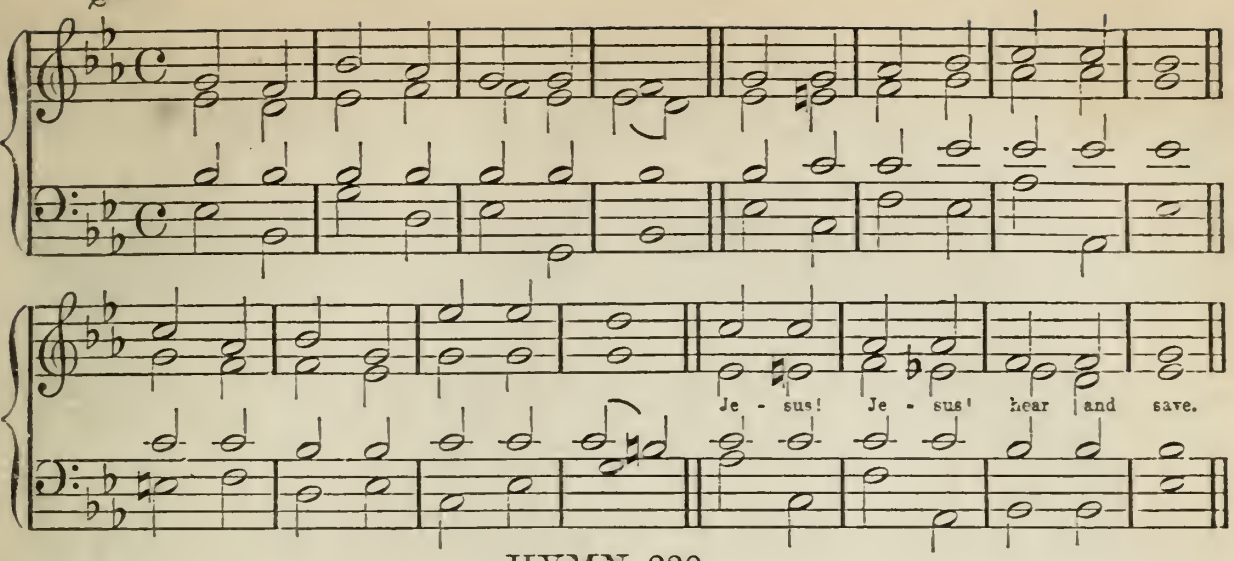
3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace!" [still!"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will. [now

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Kiel. 7, 7, 7, 5.



HYMN 220.

1 LORD of mercy and of might!
Of mankind the life and light!
Maker, Teacher infinite!
Jesus! hear and save!

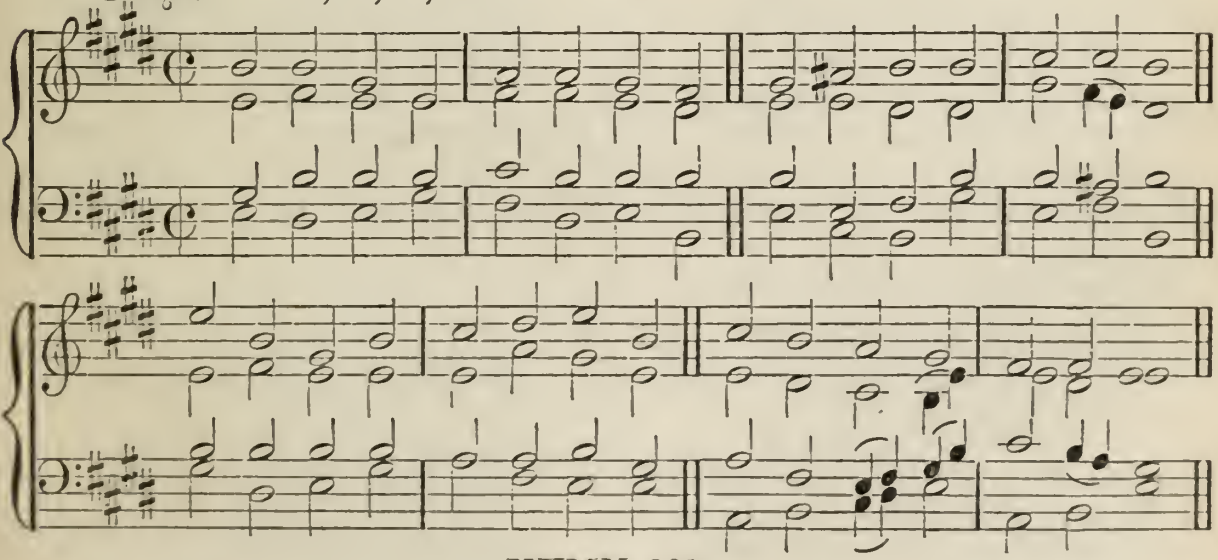
2 Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Great Creator! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child!
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus! hear and save!

4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
Jesus! hear and save!

5 Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us! help us when we cry!
Jesus! hear and save!

Gotha. 8, 7, 8, 7.



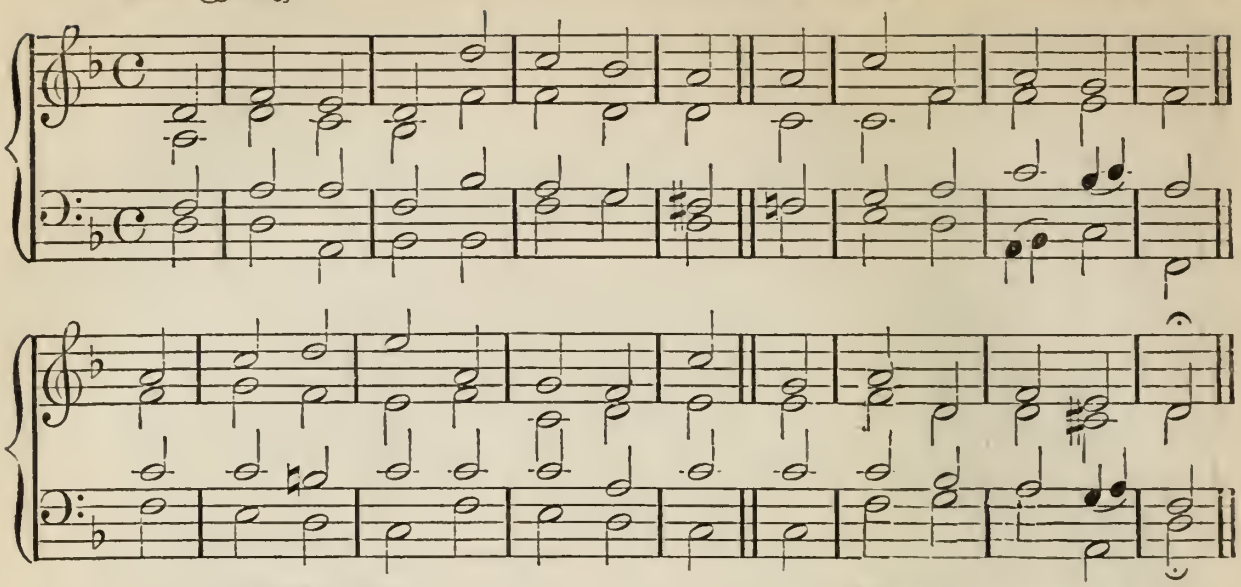
HYMN 221.

1 SAVIOUR, Source of every blessing!
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
Thou, to rescue me from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I'm come·
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.



HYMN 222.

1 OH, that I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem!
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him.

2 Oh, that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his peace expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more!

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Even now my sins remove;
From guilt and trouble set me free,
By thy victorious love.

5 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me know thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

HYMN 223.

1 HOW long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me!
Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.

2 He called me, when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill;
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet he called me still.

3 He called me, in the time of dread,
When death was full in view;
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

4 Yet, could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old;
Methinks he should not call in vain,
His wanderer to the fold.

5 O thou that every thought dost know,
And answerest every prayer!
Try me with sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair.

6 My struggling will by grace control,
Renew my broken vow;
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
My God! I hear thee now.

HYMN 224.

1 WHEN his lost sheep the Shepherd finds,
He calls his friends around;
"Rejoice with me, my friends," he cries,
"My wandering sheep is found."

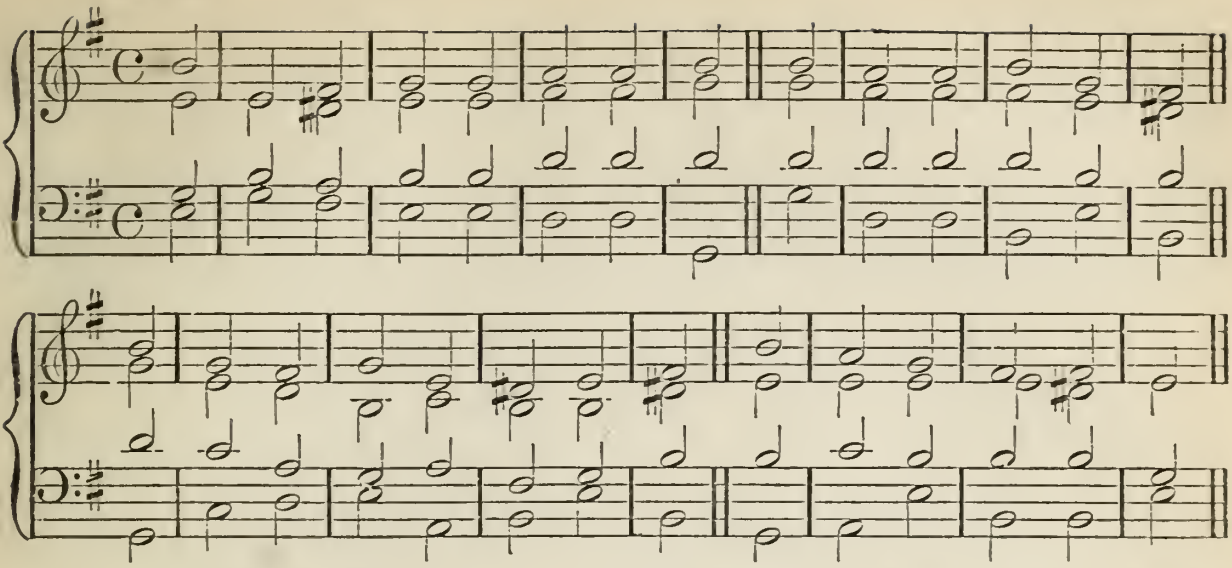
2 Far more exalted joys arise,
When a lost sinner turns;
And, in the anguish of his soul,
His past offences mourns.

3 Transports of unexpected bliss
Pervade the angelic choir;
"Another wanderer found!" they sing,
And sweep the sounding lyre.

4 The reconciled Father joys
To see the sinner weep;
And Jesus, with extended arms,
Welcomes his ransomed sheep.

5 Lord! we like sheep have gone astray;
Restore us to thy fold;
And there, that we no more may rove,
Thy helpless wanderers hold.

Silesia. C. M.



HYMN 225.

1 ETERNAL God! we look to thee,
To thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 From path to path we roam for rest,
But all our search is vain;
We seek for life among the dead,
For joy, where sorrows reign.

3 Alas! by passion's force subdued,
Too oft with stubborn will;
We blindly shun the latent good,
And choose the specious ill.

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh! let thy grace supply;
The good unasked, in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

HYMN 226.

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In thy atoning blood.

6 Our desperate state through sin de-
And speak our sins forgiven; [clare,
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN 227.

1 FATHER of all our mercies,—thou,
In whom we move and live;
Hear us in heaven thy dwelling now,
And answer and forgive.

2 When bound with sin and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee;
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.

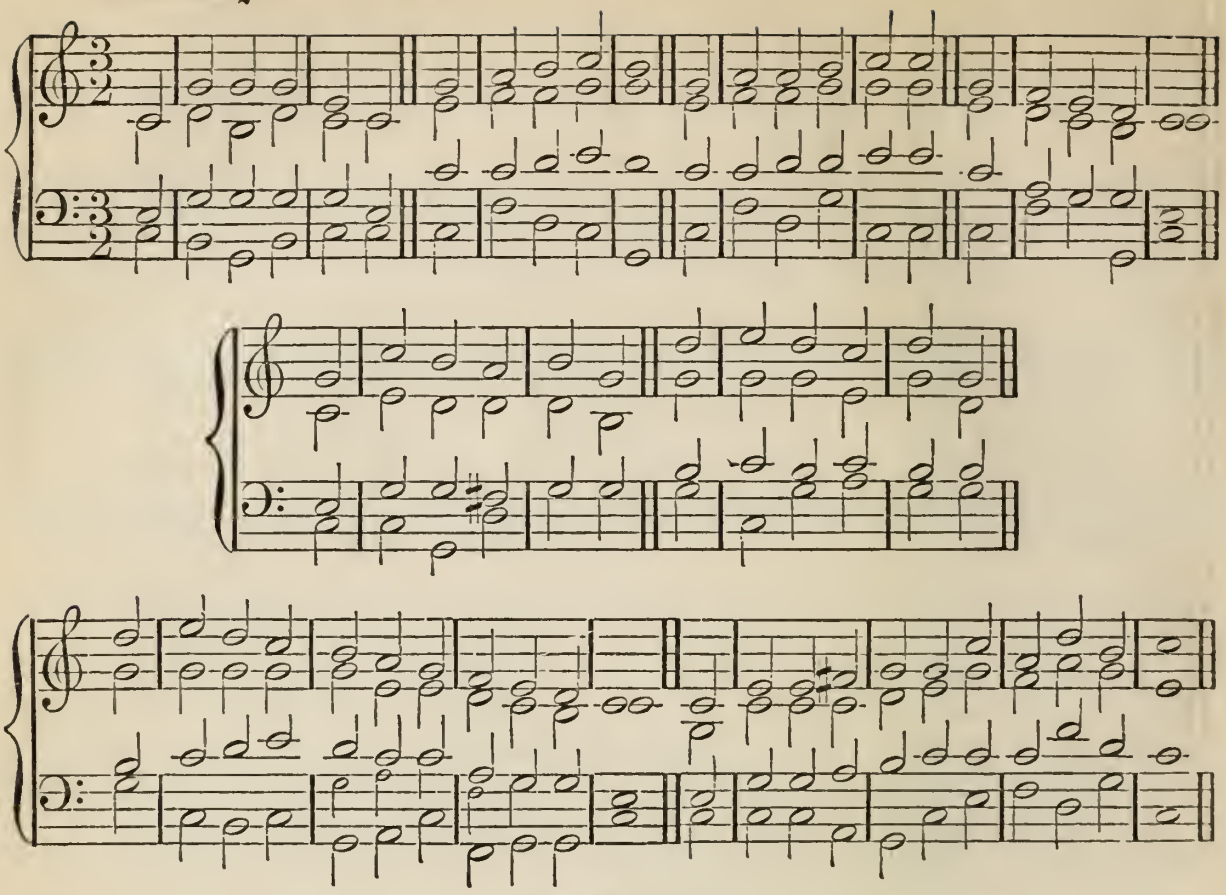
3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure;
By storm or calm, in thee be found,
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

5 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease;
Be thou the portion of our heart,
In thee may we have peace.

6 When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand;
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at thy right hand.

Oldenburg. P. M.



HYMN 228.

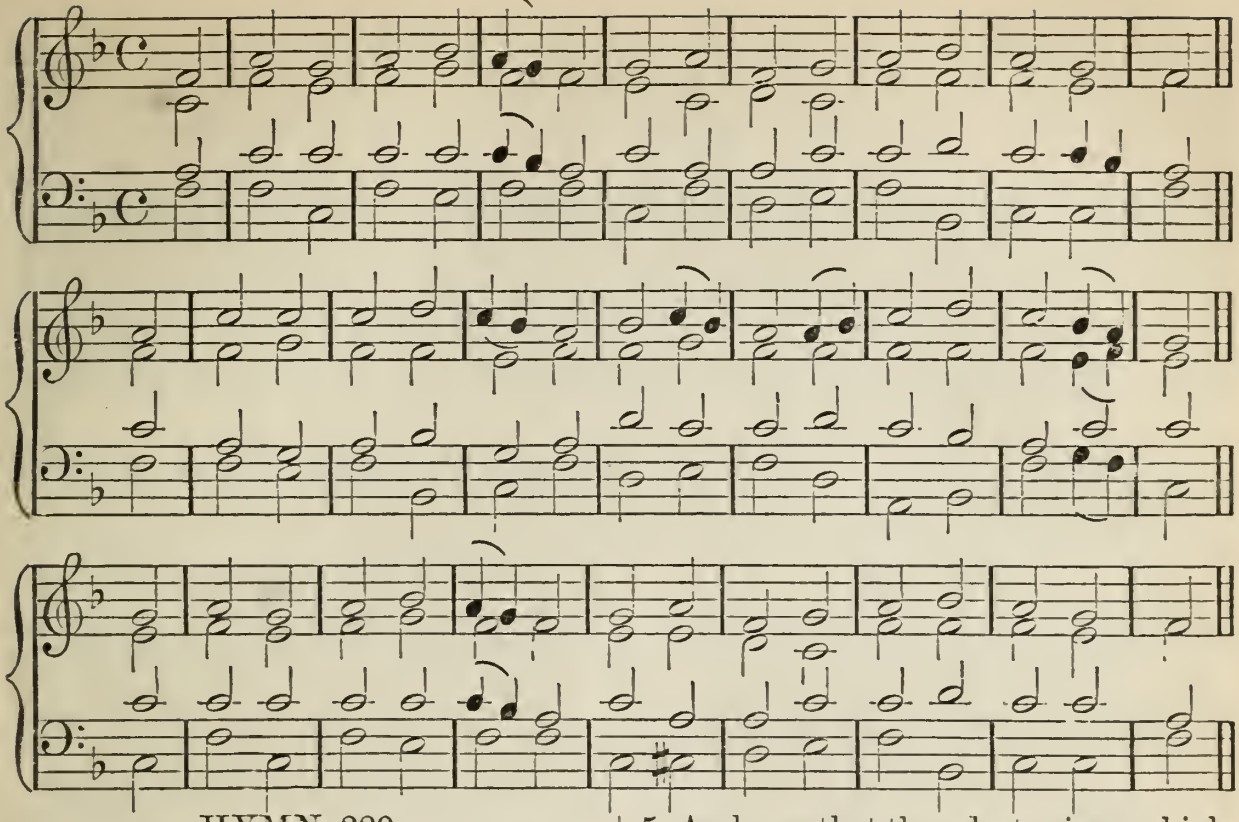
1 O FOUNTAIN eternal of life and of light,
Where all find refreshment, who seek it aright;
Pure spring of salvation
And true consolation!
From God's holy temple thy living stream rolls,
Abundant to quench the deep thirst of our souls.

2 Let him that is thirsty (in loudest voice call)
Now drink of the waters o'erflowing for all:
See where the glad river,
Flows full from the Giver!
All ye who are wretched and needy draw nigh,
This well-spring unfailing, your wants will supply.

3 Then, Jesus, I venture, athirst after thee,
In mercy receive me, for mercy's my plea;
The word thou hast spoken
Can never be broken:
Thou know'st I am needy and greatly distrest,
Thou callest the weary to come and find rest.

4 At length, O my Saviour, permit me to rest,
Where saints are no longer by suffering opprest;
Where joys beyond measure,
And fulness of pleasure,
In glory transcendent the conquerors share;
The palm of their triumph for ever they bear.

Dresden. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 229.

1 WE saw thee not when thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld thy cottage-home
In that despisëd Nazareth;
But we believe thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

2 We did not see thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do;"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that thou dost reign on high,
And thence thy waiting people bless;
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

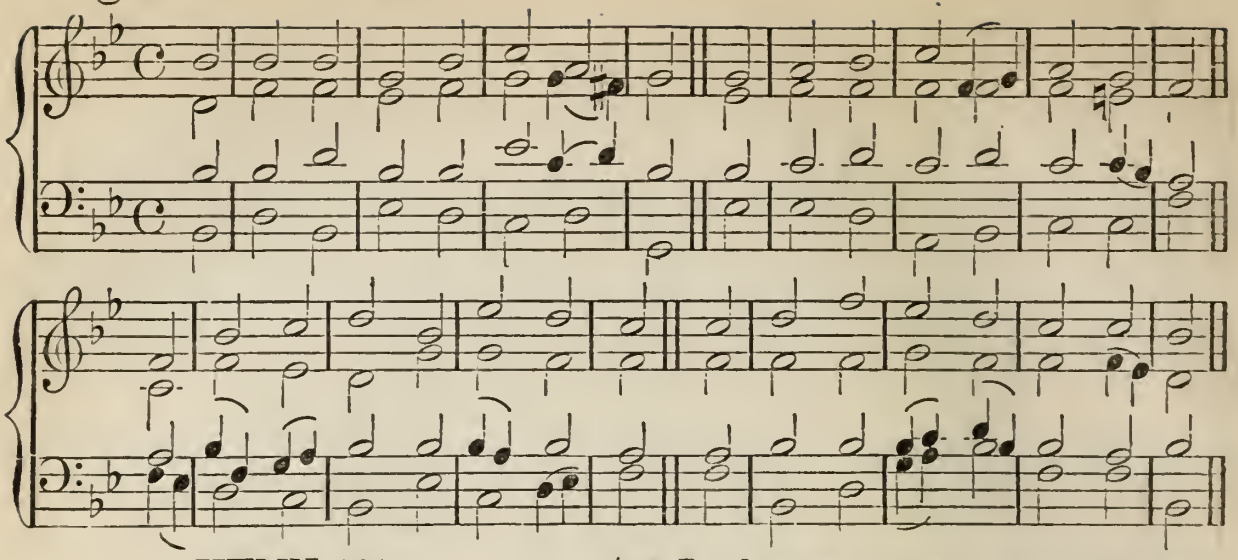
HYMN 230.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay!
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.

2 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home:
He all day long spreads out his hands;
"Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in my breast;
Believe, and I will give you rest.

3 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;
My saving grace for all is free;
I will in no wise cast him out
That comes a sinner unto me;
I can to none myself deny;
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

Breslau. L. M.



HYMN 231.

1 LET not the wise his wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in his might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years beats down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
The contrite soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I'll glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord, my righteousness, I'll praise,
I'll triumph in the love divine;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ, through endless ages, mine!

HYMN 232.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distrest,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and hasten to your God;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful hearts,
The hope thy gracious word imparts;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless thy kind inviting voice.

HYMN 233.

1 BE with me Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in thy narrow way.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from thee.

3 Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

HYMN 234.

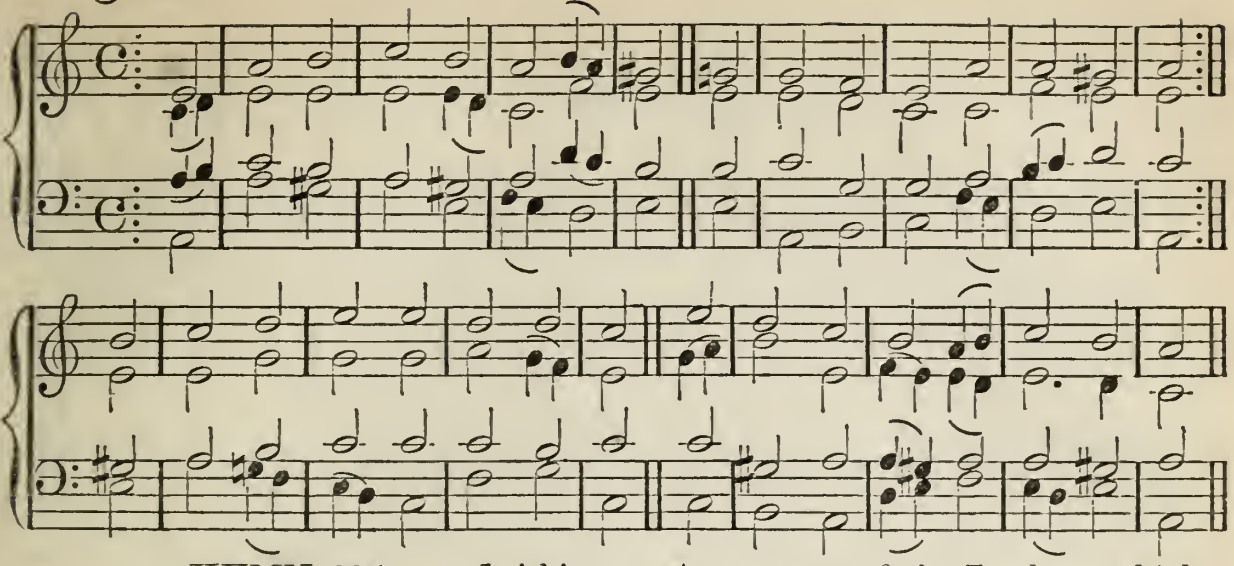
1 O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart:

2 There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And, trembling, to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me:

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Bremen. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 235. [within

1 WHEN struggling passions rage
To gain the mastery of the soul,
To drag me headlong into sin,
Despising reason's weak control,
Then bid those struggling passions cease, [peace!
Oh! hear my prayer, thou God of

2 When worldly cares my thoughts perplex,
With presage sad of future woes;
When troubles keen my spirits vex,
The loss of friends, the hate of foes;
Then bid those cares and doubtings cease, [peace!
Oh! hear my prayer, thou God of

3 When fears are strong and faith is weak, [breast;
When anxious doubts disturb my
And far and near I vainly seek
A short repose, and find no rest;
Then bid those fears and doubtings cease, [peace!
Oh! hear my prayer, thou God of

4 And when at length this earthly scene,
Shall fade before my glimmering sight,
Should clouds of darkness intervene
To hide thy beams of heavenly light,
Then bid those clouds of darkness cease,
And take me to the realms of peace!

HYMN 236.

1 WATCHED by the world with jealous eye, [shame;
That fain would see our sin and
As servants of the Lord most high,
As zealous for his glorious name,
May we in all his footsteps move,
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
By upright walk and lowly heart;
The proofs of godly fear to give, [live.
And show the world how Christians

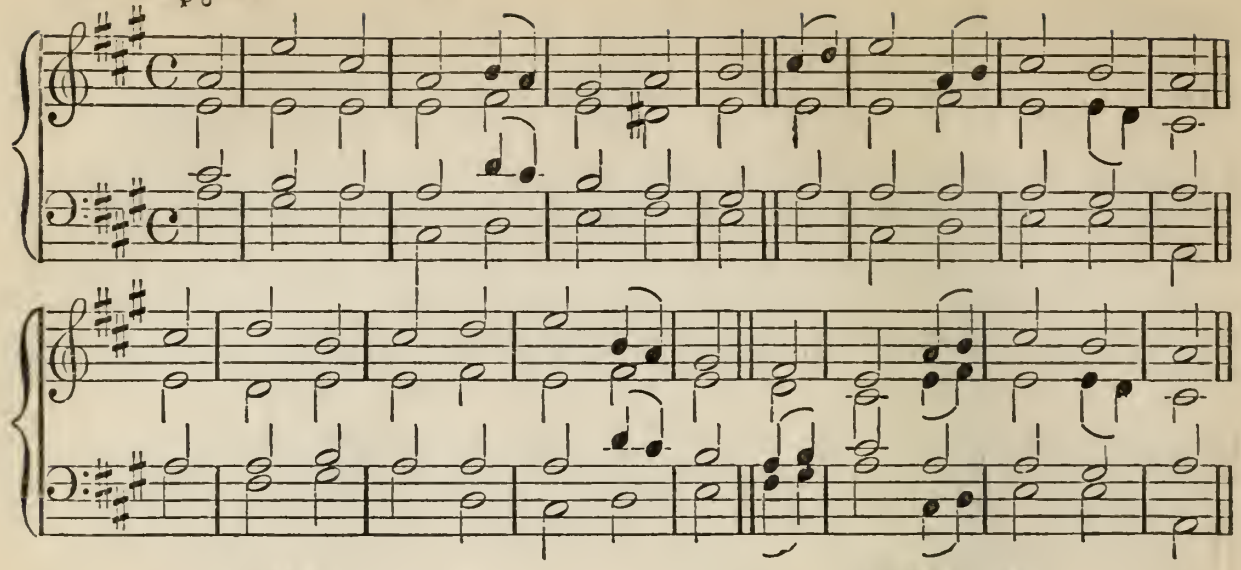
HYMN 237.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height, [knows;
Whose depth unfathomed no man
I see from far thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun [share?
That strives with thee my heart to
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found its all in thee.

3 Oh! crucify this self, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live;
Bid all my vile affections die,
Nor let one hateful lust survive;
In all things, nothing may I see,
Or aught desire, or seek, but thee.

4 Lord, draw my heart from earth away,
And make it only know thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Saviour, God, thine all;
Oh! dwell in me, fill all my soul,
And all my powers by grace control.

St. Stephen's. C. M.

HYMN 238.

1 OH! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

HYMN 239.

1 REFINING fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

2 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

3 My stedfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN 240.

1 TRY us, O God! and search the ground
Of every evil heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh! bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Pity thy helpless sheep;
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there thy wanderers keep.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Complete at length thy work of grace,
And take us to thy rest;
Among the saints who see thy face,
To be for ever blest.

HYMN 241.

1 IN duty, and in suffering too,
Lord, we thy steps would trace;
As thou hast done, so we would do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 With earnest zeal 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
Oh may that zeal our souls excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
Oh, may our whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

HYMN 242.

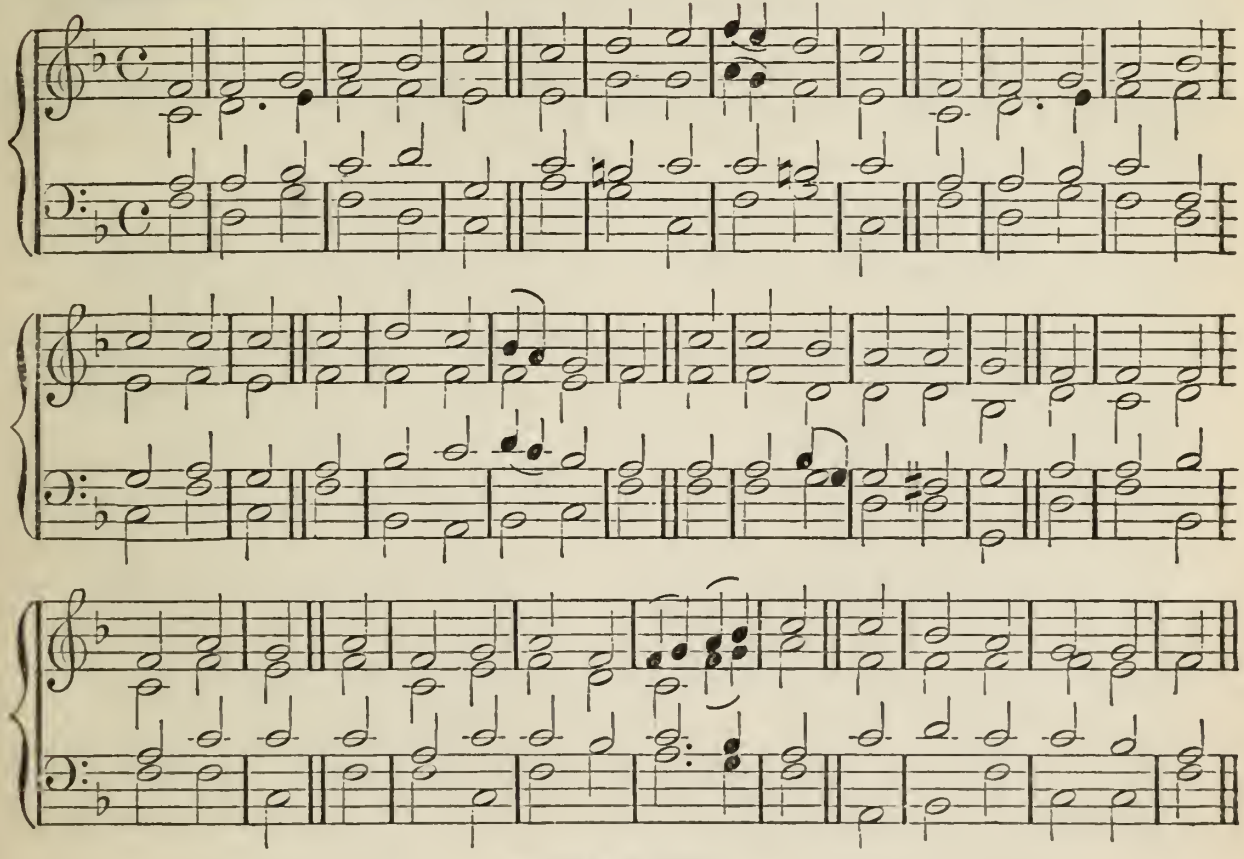
1 WHY should the children of a king,
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

Swabia. D. S. M.



HYMN 243.

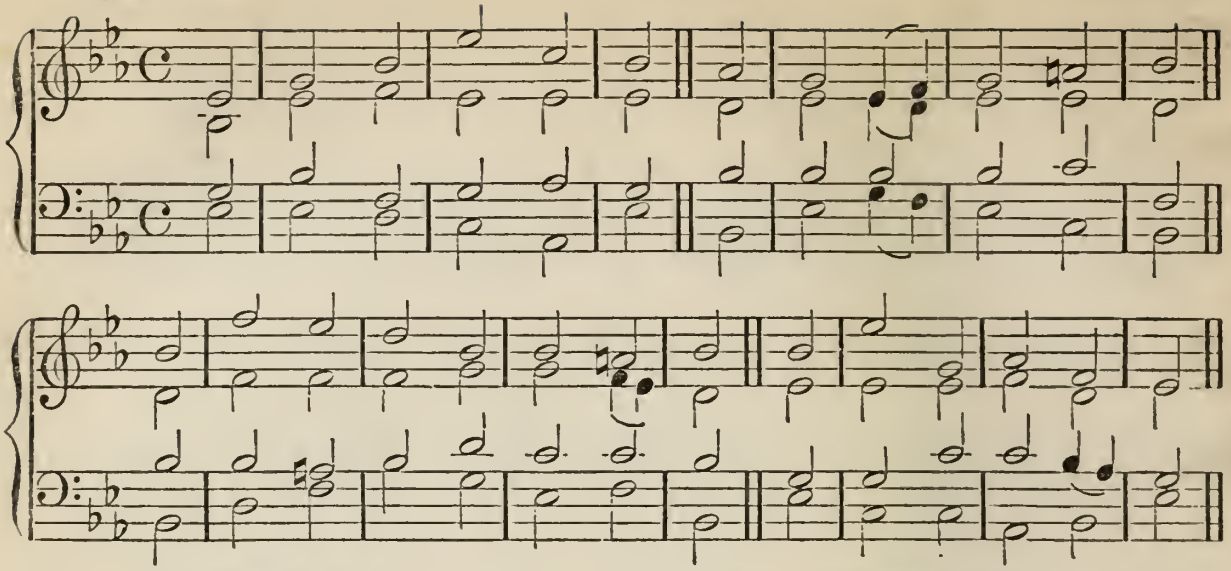
1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Moravia. S. M.



HYMN 244.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

HYMN 245.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the sky,
Our life and peace to bring;
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King:

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek,
Ours may this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

HYMN 246.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise!
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

HYMN 247.

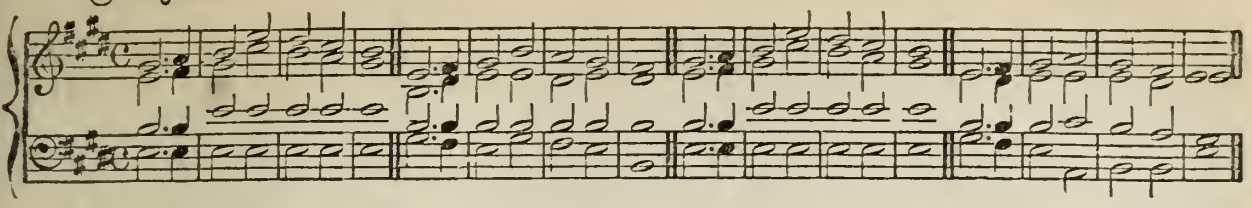
1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch; 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

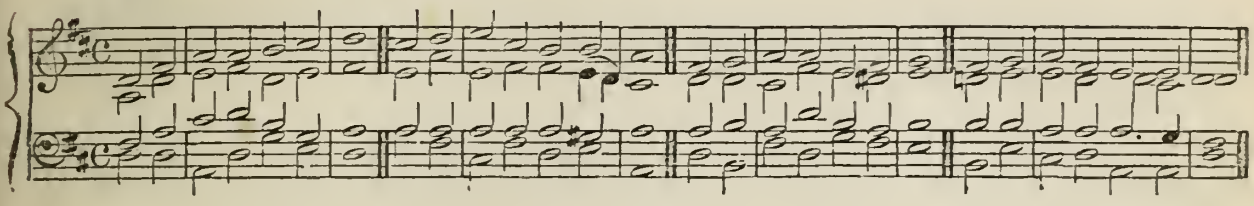
4 Oh! happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Durham. 7, 7, 7, 7.



Or this.

Lubeck. 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 248.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now,—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye ransomed flock and blest,
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 249.

1 OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward then in battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

HYMN 250.

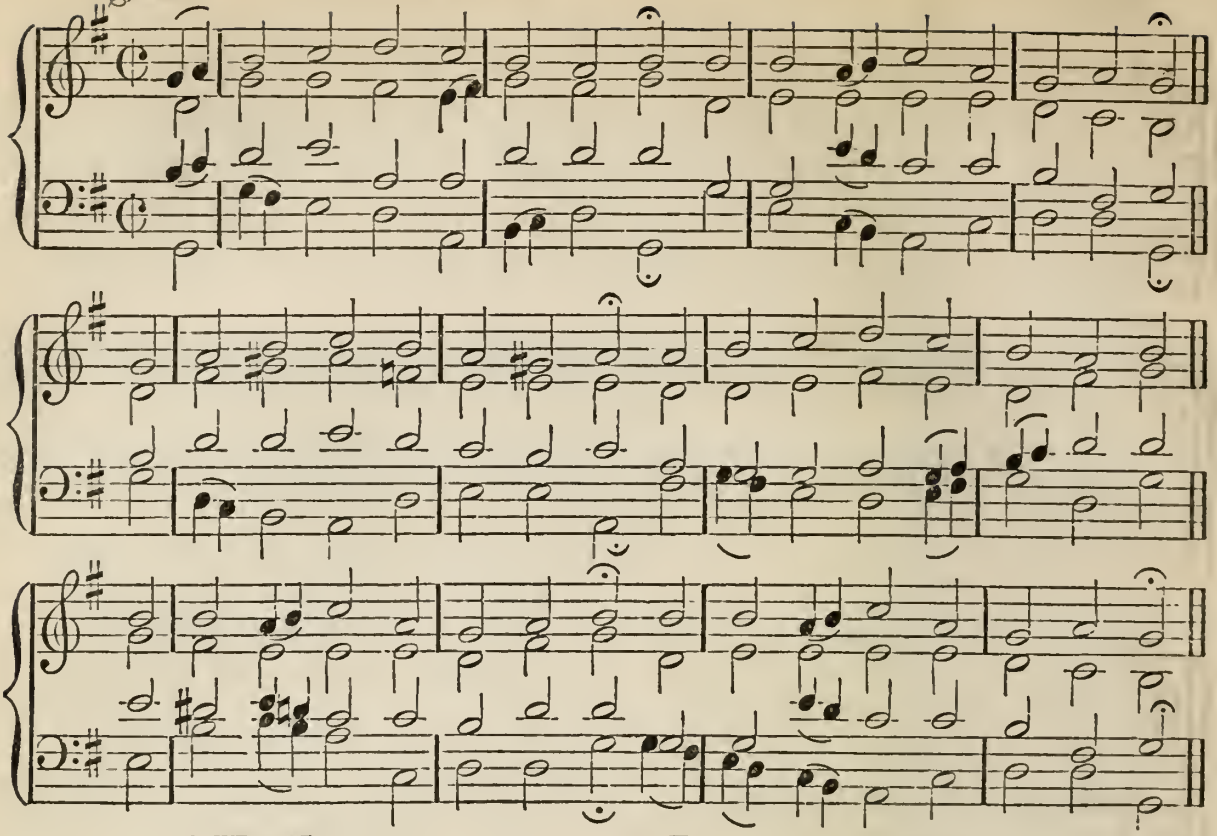
1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me:
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will,—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

Hallè. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 251.

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod;
The church of the First-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

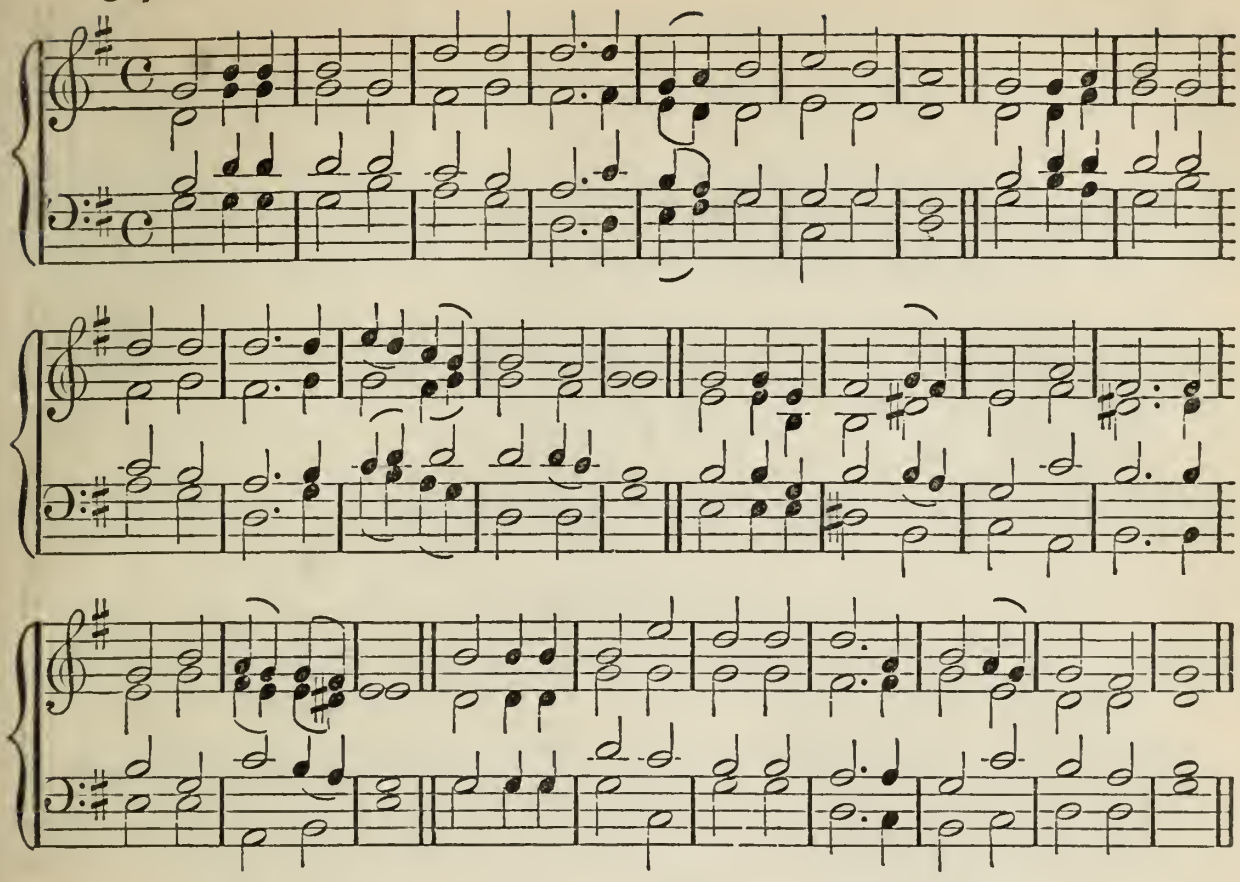
HYMN 252.

1 WHEN streaming from the eastern skies
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day!

2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend!
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

Ripon. D. C. M.



HYMN 253.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may—we must draw near:
God of all grace, we come to thee,
For broken, contrite hearts:
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

2 Give deep humility,—the sense
Of godly sorrow give,—
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live,—
Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone,
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone.

3 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay,—
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay;—
Give these,—and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit, through thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

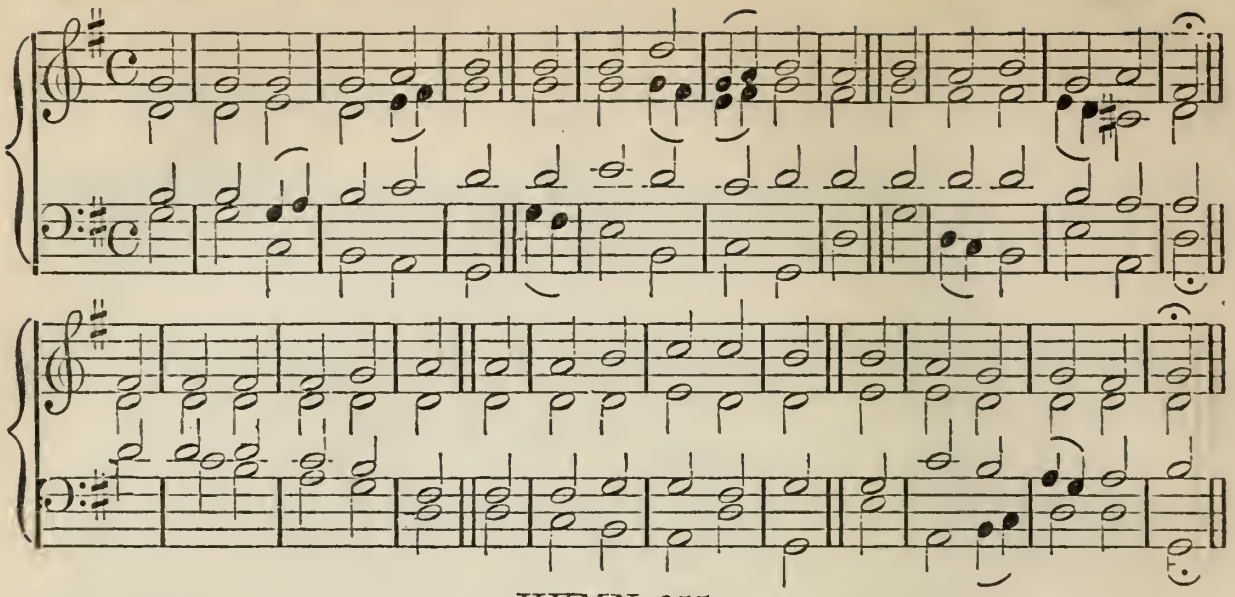
HYMN 254.

1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

2 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to thee in praise.
Then on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review:
Till love divine transported tell,
Our God's our Father too.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly thine.
May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it, or denies.

Llandaff. 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.



HYMN 255

1 THOU knowest, Lord, that they
Who seek our souls to slay,
Are mightier far than we;
O strong to save from harm!
Thy fainting servants arm
With thine own panoply.

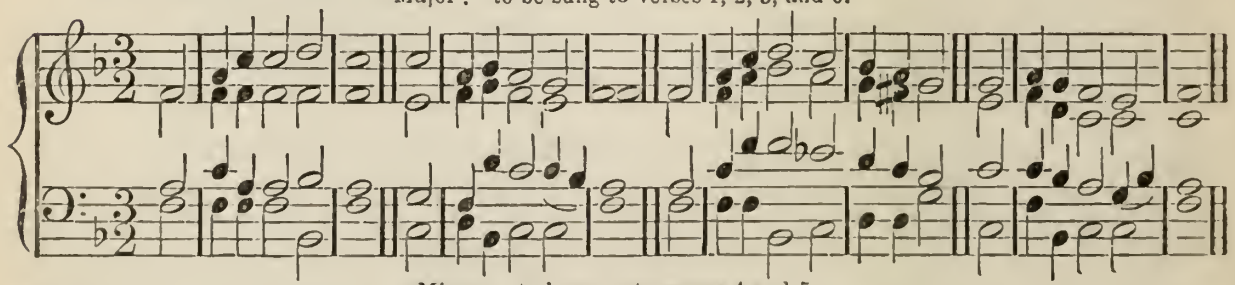
2 O'er rugged ways we toil;
Let then our feet the while
With gospel peace be shod;
And in our hands, O Lord,
Bear we thy Spirit's sword,
The living word of God.

3 Dark is the vale we tread,
Among the living dead,
Who live not, Lord, to thee;
Hell's ambushed archers lurk
In thought, and word, and work,
To smite us mortally.

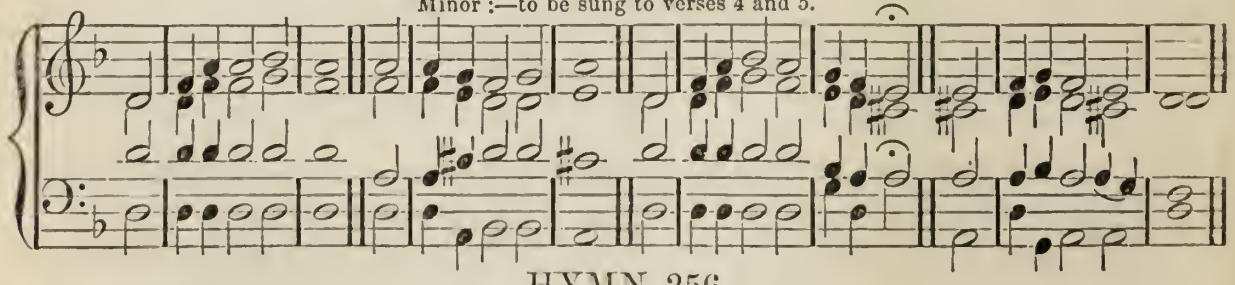
4 Give us the shield of faith;
So darts of hell and death
Shall round us harmless fall;
And when we faint, let prayer
Thy messenger be there,
On thee for strength to call.

St. Augustine. D. S. M.

Major :—to be sung to verses 1, 2, 3, and 6.



Minor :—to be sung to verses 4 and 5.



HYMN 256.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul? [sound,
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

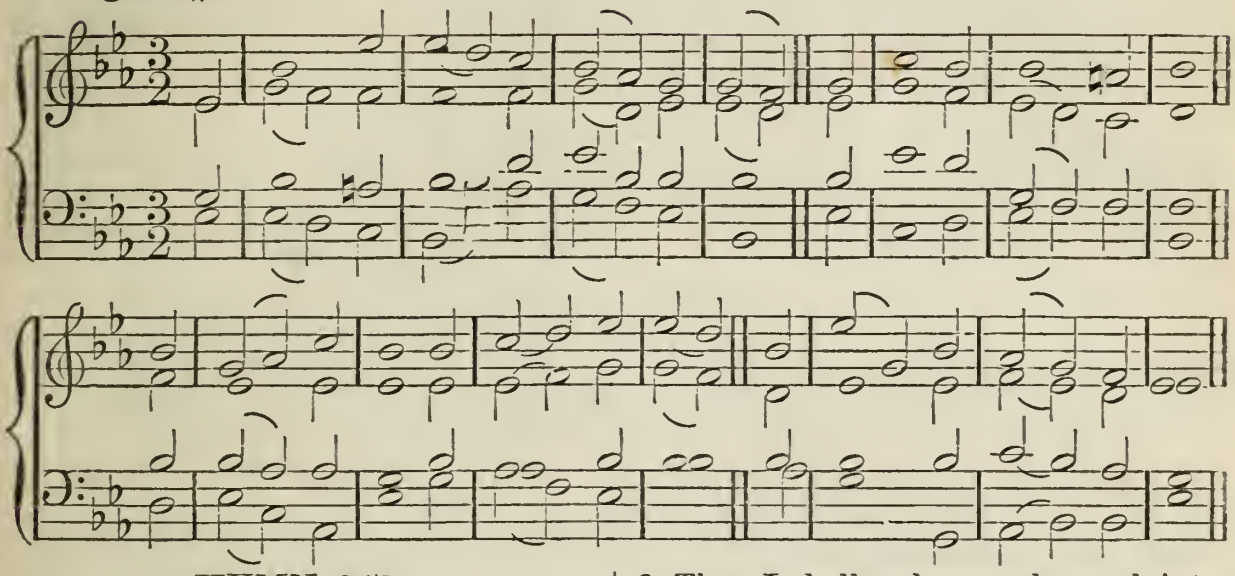
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath—
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;—
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone:—

6 Here would we end our quest;—
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

Abridge. C. M.



HYMN 257.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 258.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long—my days are blest,
When they are spent for thee;
If short my course—I sooner rest,
From sin and trouble free.

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

HYMN 259.

1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

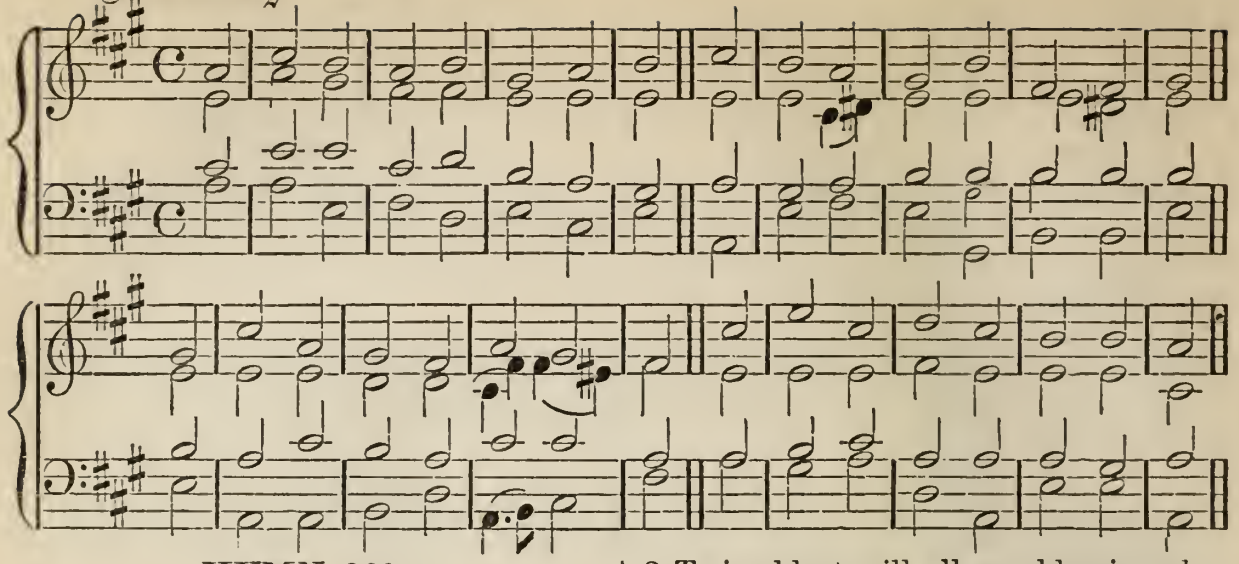
2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 Thy favour, all my journey through,
If thou vouchsafe to grant,
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;—
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth.

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

Luxemburg. L. M.



HYMN 260.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean!

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear, [near.
No fraud, while thou, my God, art

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart, [heart.
And raise my head, and cheer my

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN 261.

1 O THOU! who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Those wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be, [thee.
That stands between ourselves and

3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee,
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear;
And each vain-glorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vowed and fell.

5 Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy word, our safety from alarm,
Our strength, thine everlasting arm.

6 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the joyful summons come,
That calls thy willing servant home.

HYMN 262.

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail;
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 263.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand,
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light,
And guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage each weak and erring heart,
Early to choose the better part;
To yield the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

3 Then should the wildest storms arise,
And tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasure with us bear.

4 If thou our Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die;
Secure, when human comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 264.

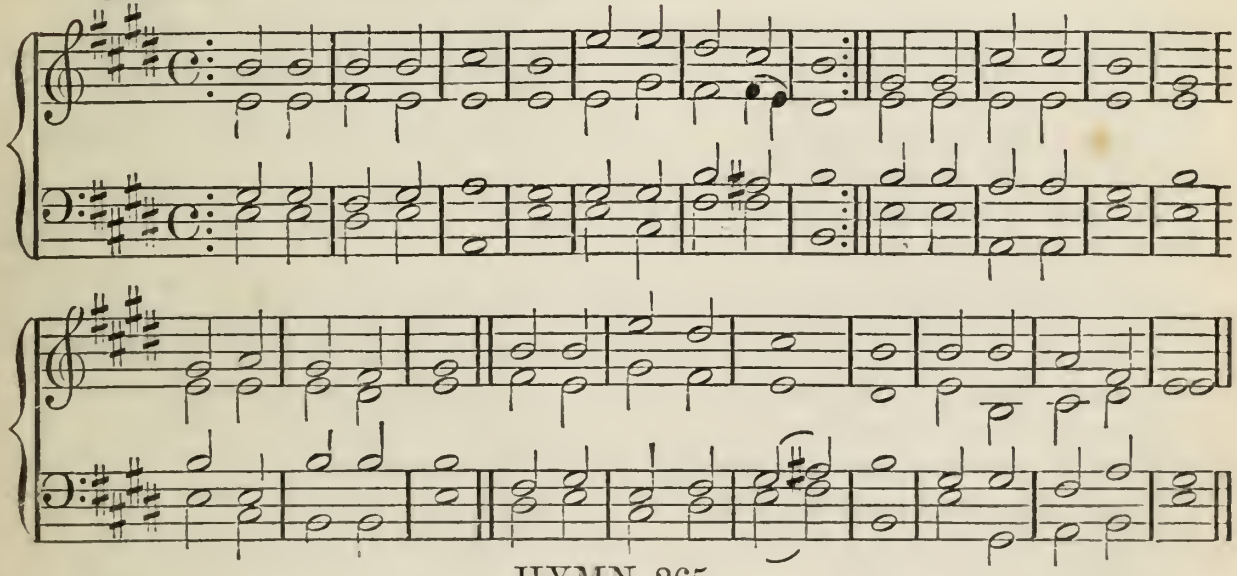
1 AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still:

2 So when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
That sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for sorrows past;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

Bohemia. 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.



HYMN 265.

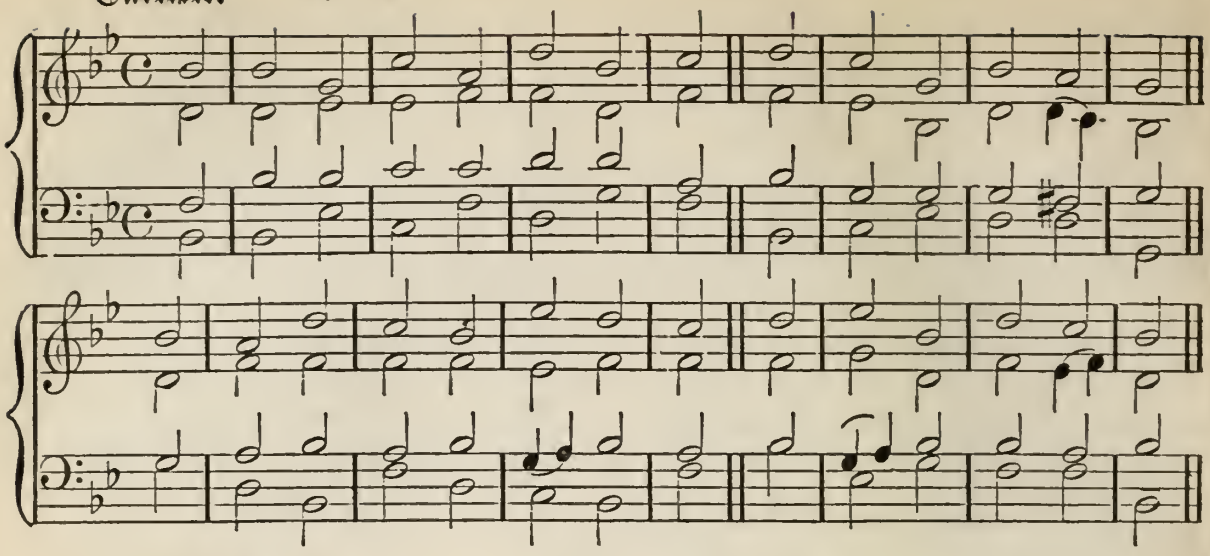
1 IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me;
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from thee;
When thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures,
Would this vain world charm;
Or, its sordid treasures,
Spread, to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise;
Pour thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then upon thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink;
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

Carlisle. C. M.



HYMN 266.

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For, oh! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side:
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 Oh, do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

HYMN 267.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of thy grace,
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise;
And he who in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN 268.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

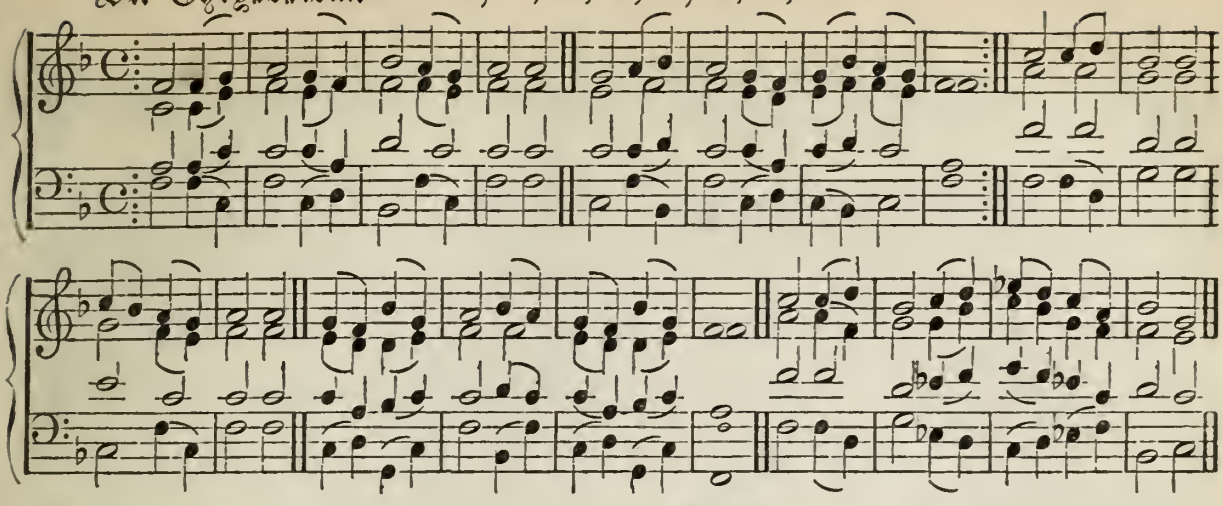
3 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

4 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

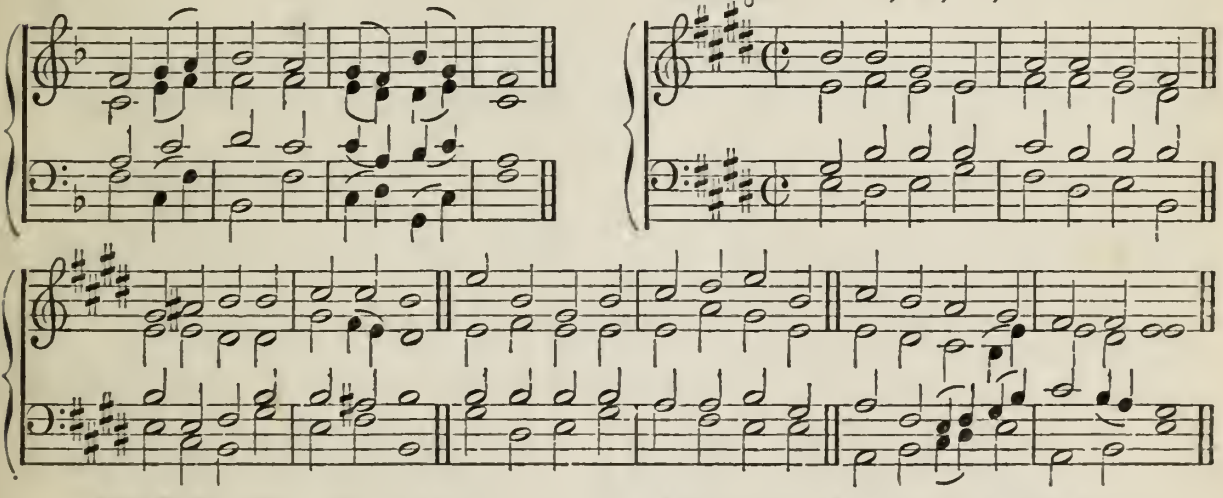
5 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

6 Come then, O house of Jacob! come,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

St. Chrysostom. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.



Gotha. 8, 7, 8, 7.



HYMN 269. Ps. lxxxv.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou art safe from all thy foes.

2 Here the stream of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Flows to cheer thy sons and daughters,
And all dread of want remove:
None can faint, where such a river
Freely pours their thirst t'assuage,
Blessings which, like God the giver,
Never fail from age to age.

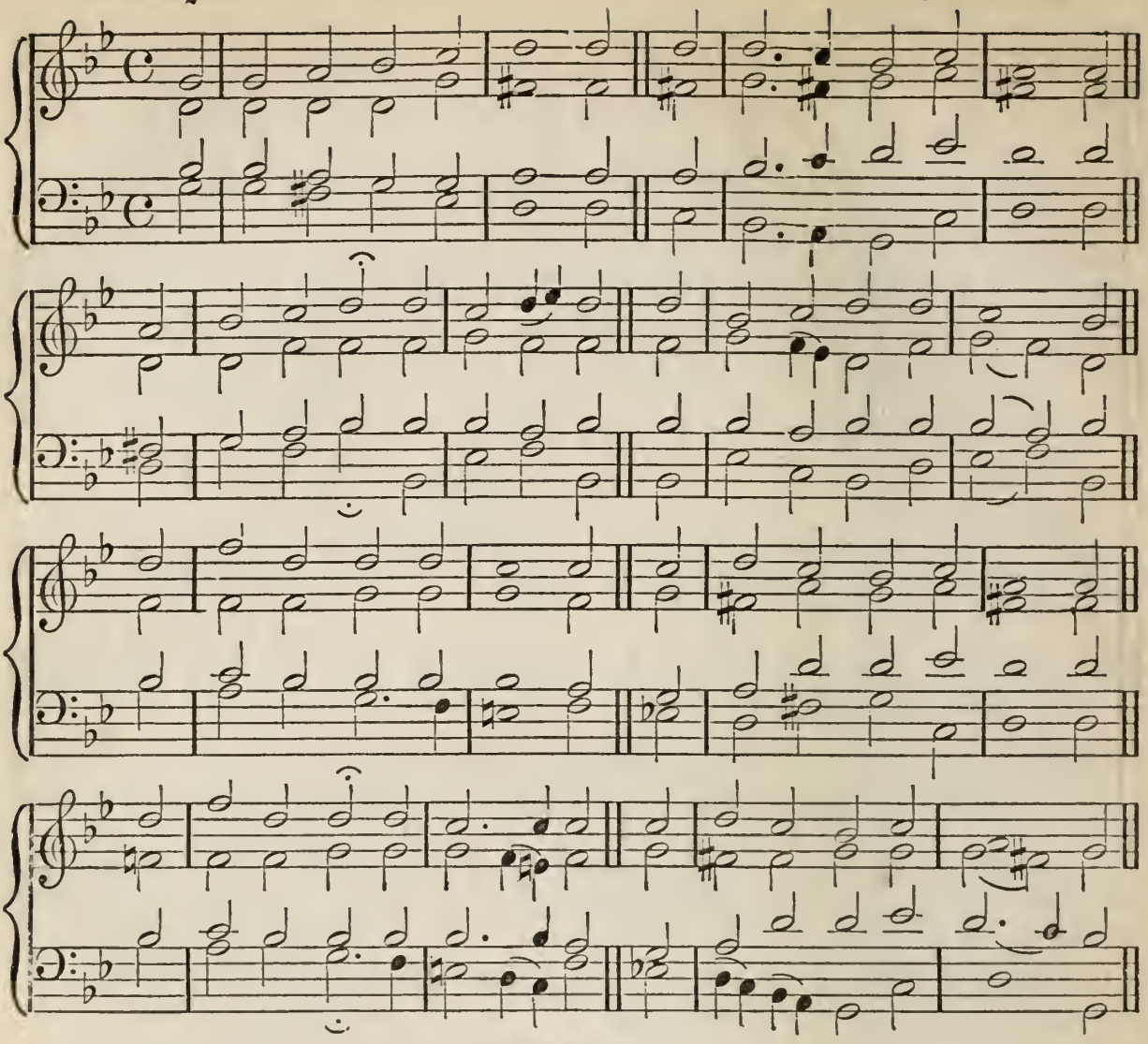
3 Saviour! if in Zion's city
Thou record our worthless name,
Let the world deride or pity,
We may well endure the shame:
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joy and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 270.

1 HOLY Ghost! whose fire celestial,
Light and life divine imparts,
Come and dwell in breasts terrestrial,
Heaven reveal in all our hearts.
Come and pour, in blest effusion,
Heavenly unction from above;
Scattering wide, in rich diffusion,
"Comfort, light, and fire, and love."

2 Keep thy church in holy union;
Foes remove—give peace at home;
Source of peace and sweet communion,
Where thou dwell'st no ill can come.
Teach us humbly to adore thee,
While on earth we pass our days;
Then transport our souls to glory,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Gottingen. P. M.



HYMN 271.

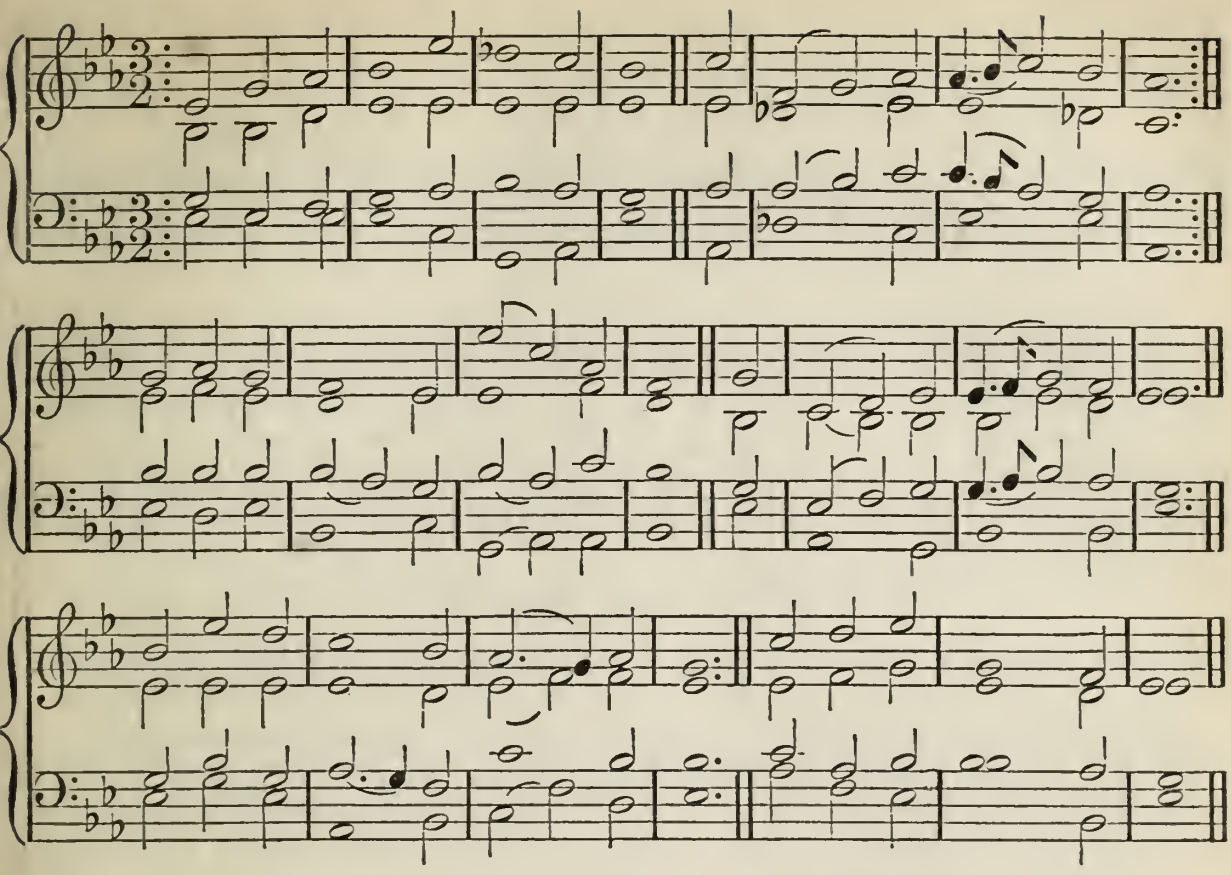
1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation.
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise
In grateful lays,
Which ever brings us nigher;
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour;
The love divine
That made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
Ere death our conflict closes.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us;
The world despise,
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us;
And, if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

Brunswick. D. C. M.



HYMN 272.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between,
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

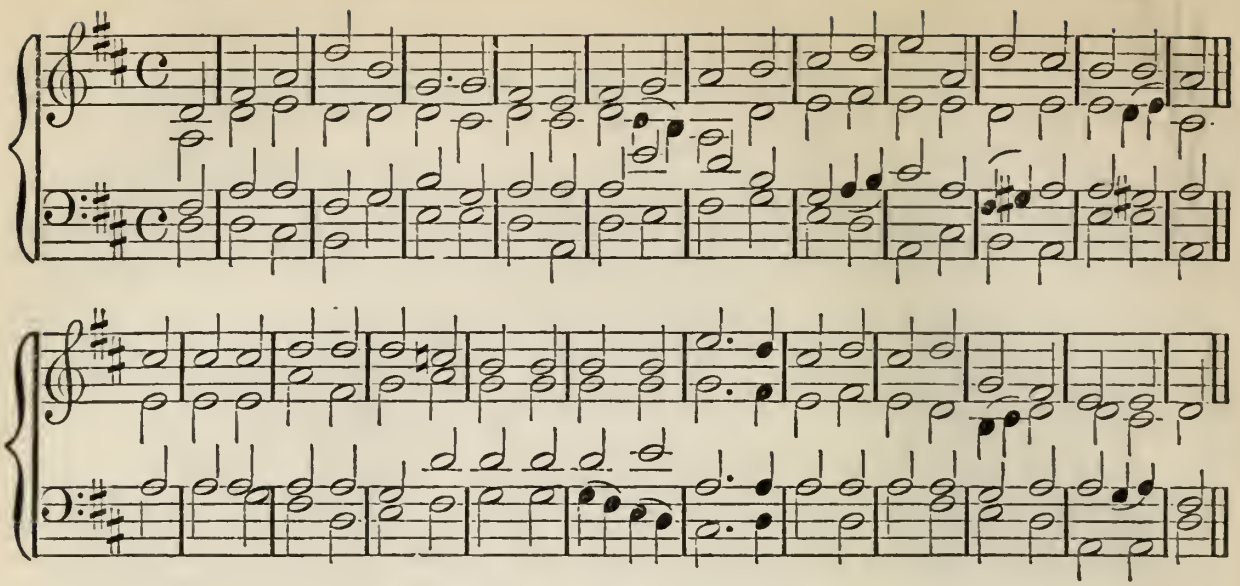
HYMN 273.

1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day;
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh! for the golden floor;
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh! for a heart that never sins,
Oh! for a soul washed white!
Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh! by thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh! by thy life laid down!
Oh! that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

St. Jude. 8, 8, 6: 8, 8, 6.



HYMN 274. Ps. cxxii.

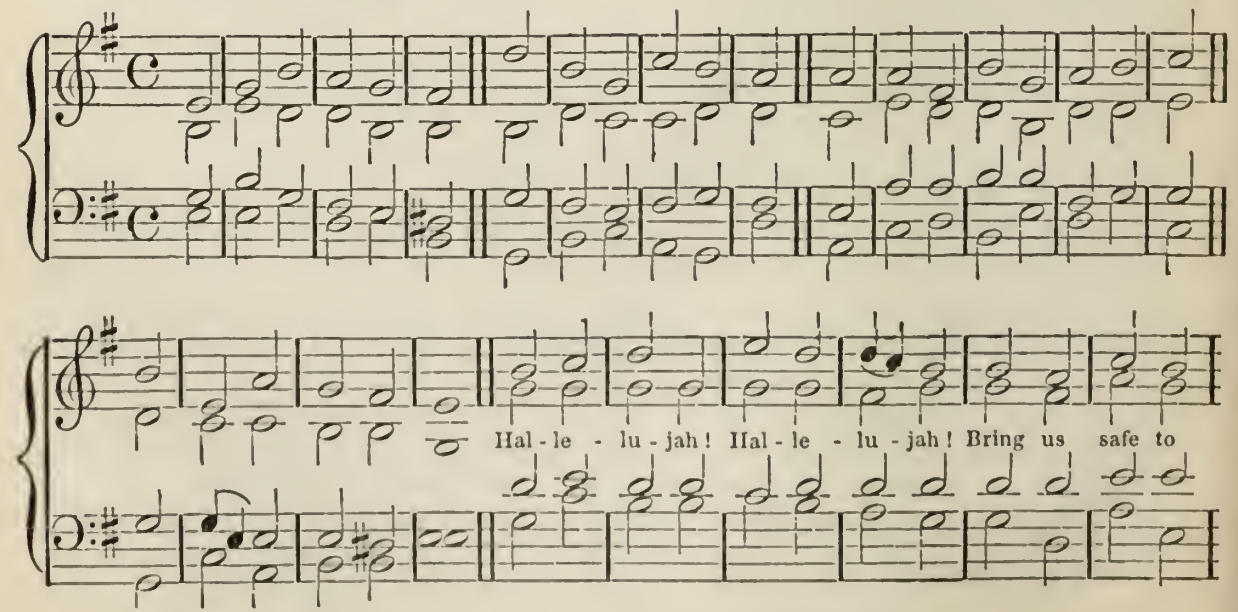
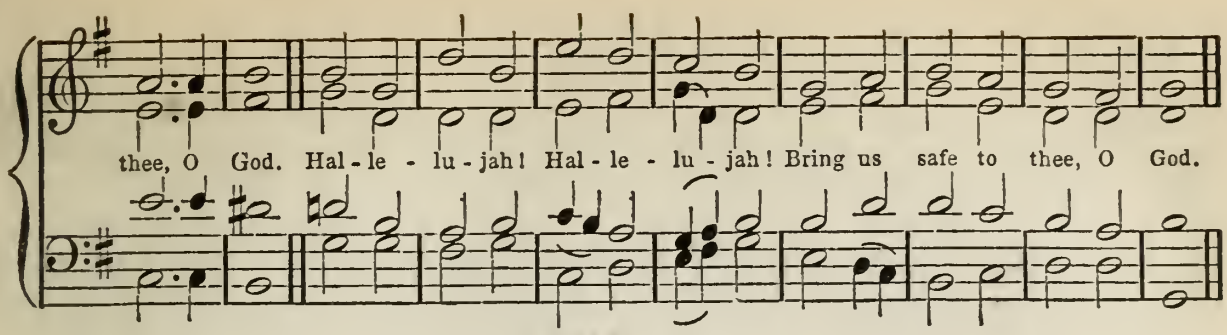
1 WITH joy may I behold the day,
That calls my willing soul away
To dwell among the blest;
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to his rest.

2 E'en now to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise,
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crowned with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues em-
Before the Almighty King. [ploy,

4 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings out-
For evermore shall dwell; [spread,
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enrolled,
And bid the world farewell.

Ludlow. P. M.



HYMN 275.

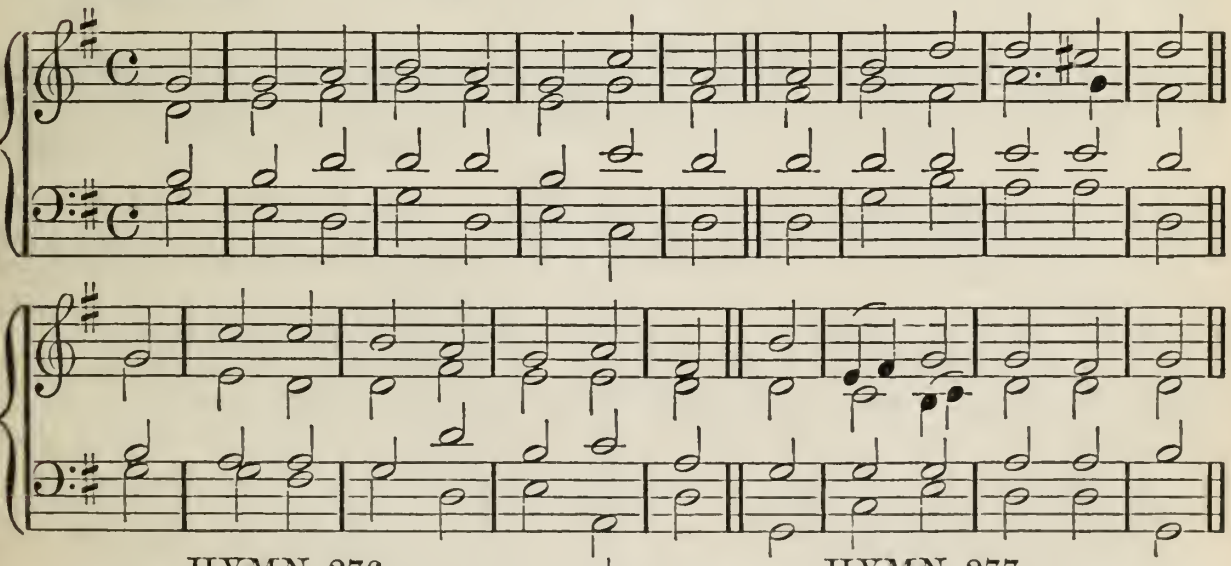
1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain; Hal.
Bring us safe to thee, O God.

2 There sin and sorrow cease,
And, every conflict o'er,
Thy saints repose in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more. Hal. &c.

3 There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing,
And love in every bosom reigns;
For God himself is King. [Hal. &c.

4 We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasures share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.
Hal., &c.

Gloucester. C.M.



HYMN 276.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

4 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

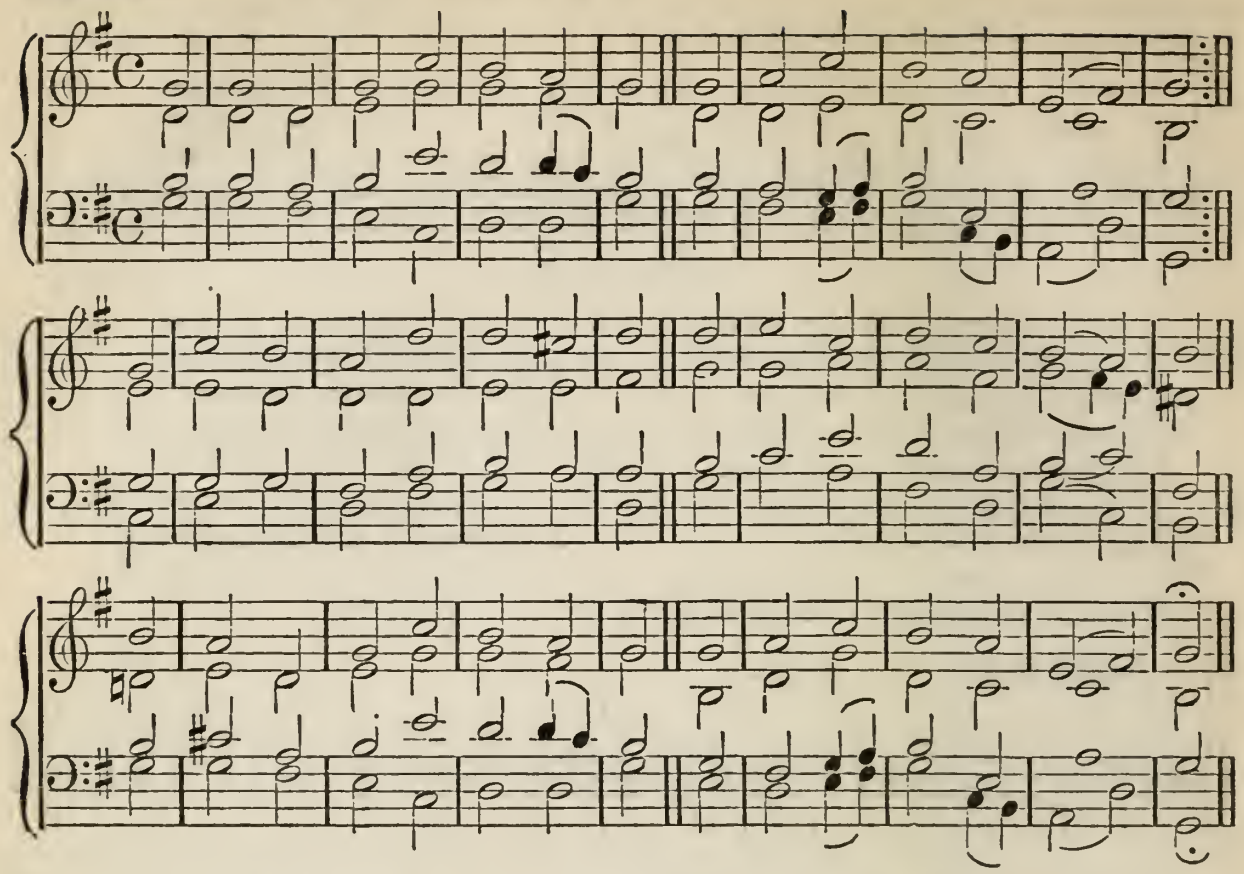
HYMN 277.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory
They, with united breath, [came;
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Lusatia. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

HYMN 278.

1 WE hail thee, Lord, thy Church's Rock,
With joyful acclamation,
Thou Guardian Shepherd of thy flock,
Come, feed thy congregation:
We own the doctrine of thy cross
To be our sole foundation:
Accept from every one of us
The deepest adoration.

2 Thy peace protect, when fears assail,
Each lowly heart possessing:
Thy hand, once piercèd with the nail,
Bestow on us a blessing;
That hand, which to thy family
In grief and lone affliction,
Ere thou ascendedst up on high,
Imparted benediction.

3 Unseen thou art, yet we by sight
Can scarce be more assurèd;
As yet thy lustre is too bright
To be by man endurèd:
Faith now the want of sight supplies
In every true believer;
The time will come when these our eyes
Shall see thy face for ever.

PART II.

4 YE who from Jesus Christ have strayed,
And his communion slighted,
Oh, now return, be not afraid,
You're lovingly invited:
Come, all who long for inward peace,
Let not your sins alarm you,
From all your guilt he will release,
And with his Spirit arm you.

5 O thou, who always dost abide
Thy body's Head and Saviour,
Be still thy servants' constant guide,
Direct their whole behaviour:
A bright example may they be
To all thy congregation,
And in thy temple faithfully
Discharge their ministration.

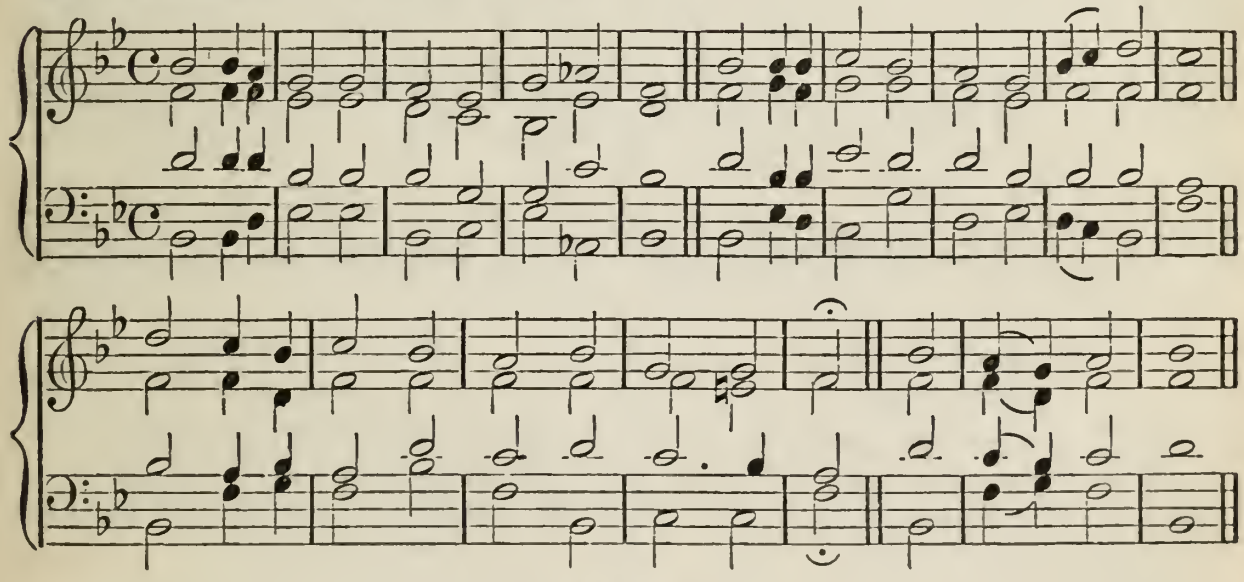
6 Thy statutes to thy Church declare,
Still watch o'er its salvation:
Each member make thy special care,
And aid him in his station.
We bless thy holy name for all
Who have in thee departed;
Still guard the weak, the lost recall,
Bind up the broken-hearted.

7 O HEAVENLY Father! God of grace,
Regard thy Son's oblation;
Make every heart thy holy place,
Thy will is our salvation.
Reveal the counsels of thy love,
Its depths of condescension, [prove,
Give us its height and breadth to
Oh, love past all dimension!

8 Jesus, the Church's Head and Lord,
Who as a shepherd leadest,
And with thy precious blood and word
Thy people richly feedest:
For mercies in such countless throng
We bow our hearts before thee,
And hope we shall in heaven ere long,
More worthily adore thee.

9 O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,
Accept our adoration:
Thou ever didst attend the Son,
And aid his ministration:
Thou teachest us the way to bliss;
Keep still in thy protection
That Church of which he ruler is:
We follow thy direction.

St. Clement's. 10, 10, 10, 4.



HYMN 279.

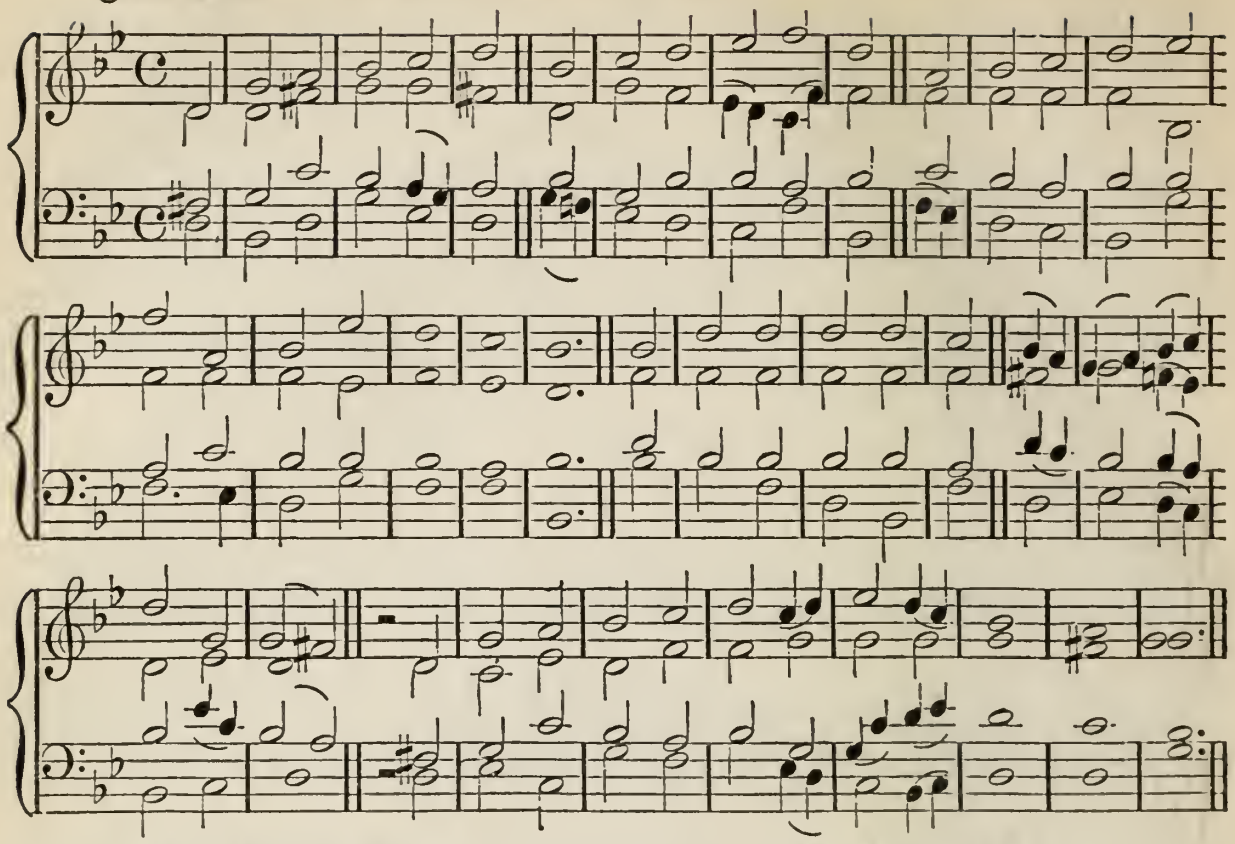
1 O CHRIST, the leader of that war-worn host
Who bear thy cross, haste! help, or we are lost;
And crush the foes who long in deadly strife
Have sought our life!

2 Thyself, oh, shield thy children with thine arm;
Restrain the power of him who seeks our harm:
O'er all that would thy members here assail
Do thou prevail.

3 And grant us peace,—peace in the church and school;
Peace to the powers that our country rule;
To every wounded conscience, aching heart,
Thy peace impart.

4 And heaven and earth eternally shall raise
Thy goodness and thy boundless love to praise,
Glad songs to thee, the guardian of thy flock,
Our sheltering Rock!

Jerusalem. 6, 6, 8, 4, 6, 6, 8, 4.



St. Andrew's Day.

HYMN 280.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

St. Andrew's Day.

PART II.

1 THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At his command:
The goodly land I see
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.

2 There dwells the Lord our king,
The Lord our righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

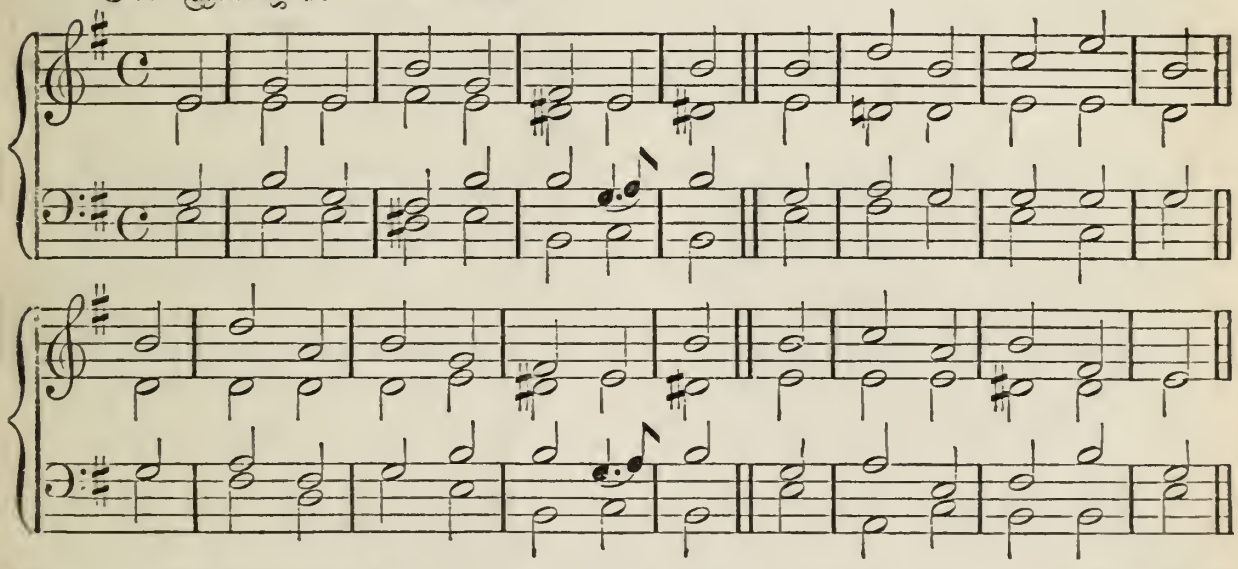
3 Before the Three-in-One
They all exulting stand;
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

1 THE God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty, King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee."

2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at his Almighty grace,
For ever new;
He shows his prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, thro' all the world above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high,
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry;
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Old Martyrs. C. M.



St. Stephen's Day.

HYMN 281.

1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.

4 Like him with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong;
He prayed for them that did the
Who follows in his train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints their hope they
And met the cross and flame.

6 They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

St. Stephen's Day.

HYMN 282.

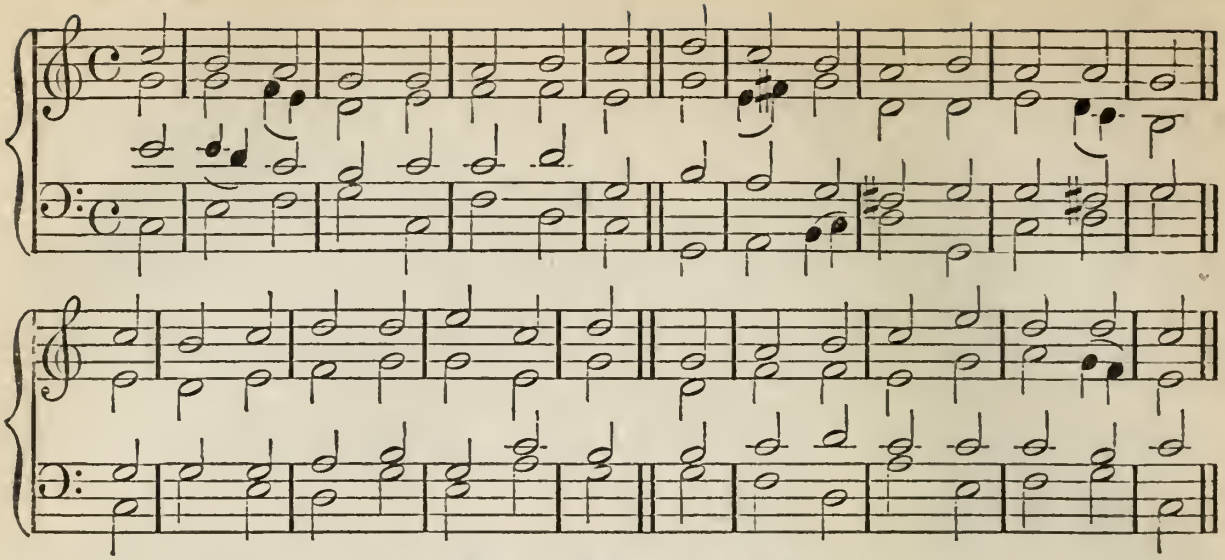
1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

3 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord, our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Goldel. L. M.

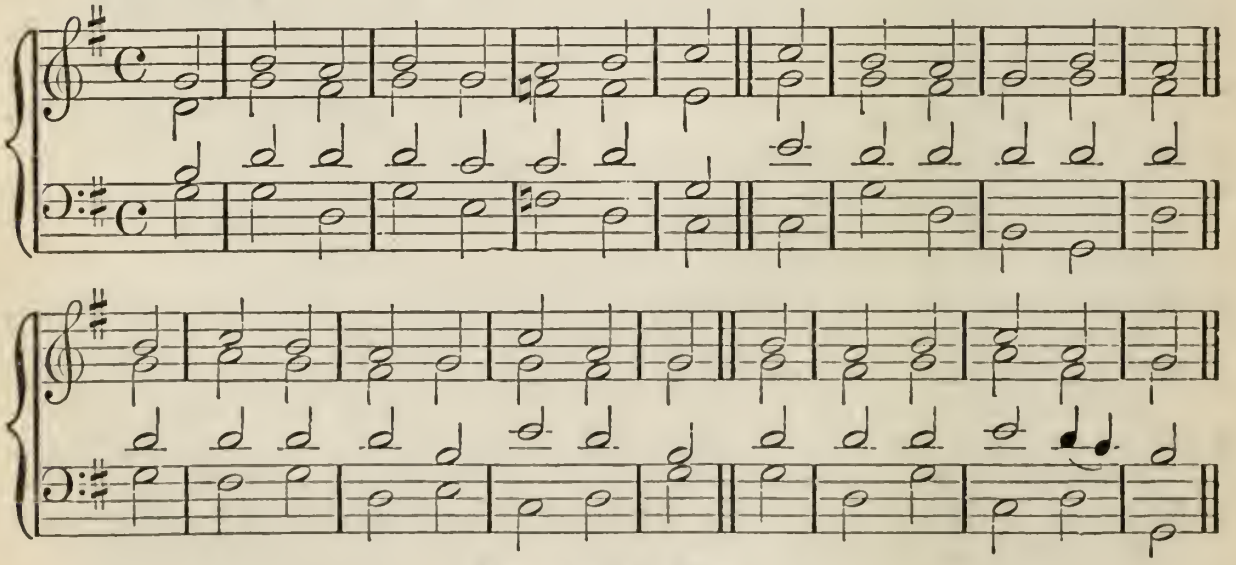


St. John the Evangelist's Day.

HYMN 283.

1 O GOD, who gav'st thy servant grace,
Amid the storms of life distrest,
To look on thine incarnate face,
And lean on thy protecting breast:
2 To see the light that dimly shone,
Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,
Pure image of the Eternal One!
Through shadows of thy mortal veil;
3 Be ours, O King of mercy, still
To feel thy presence from above,
And in thy word and in thy will
To hear thy voice, and know thy love;
4 And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to thee.

Canterbury. C. M.



Innocents' Day.

HYMN 284.

1 O WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb!
O Rachel, weep not so!
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow.
2 Firstlings of faith—the murderer's knife
Has missed its deadliest aim;
The God for whom they gave their life,
For them to suffer came.

3 Though feeble were their days and few,
Baptized in blood and pain,
He knows them, whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.
4 Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb;
O Rachel, weep not so!
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow.

Conversion of St. Paul.

HYMN 285.

1 O THAT thou wouldst the heavens rend,
In majesty come down;
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!
2 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.
3 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.
4 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's name.

Presentation of Christ.

HYMN 286.

1 IN stature grows the heavenly Child,
With death before his eyes,
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.
2 The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor,
And he who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.
3 Those mighty hands that stay the sky,
No earthly toil refuse,
And he who set the stars on high,
An humble trade pursues.
4 He before whom the angels stand,
At whose behest they fly,
Now yields himself to man's command,
And lays his glory by.

St. Matthias's Day.

HYMN 287.

1 TO be the gracious Saviour's choice,
Attend him day by day,
To see his life, to hear his voice,
To kiss him and betray!
2 O fearful thought! yet not in vain
The page recording tells
How deeply fixed the guilty stain,
In Adam's offspring dwells.
3 It tells how, rankling deep within,
Breaks forth the deadly taint;
How foul the character of sin,
How sure its punishment!
4 May all the traitor's awful fate
With pitying thoughts deplore;
And scan their own uncertain state,
And tremble and adore!

The Annunciation.

HYMN 288.

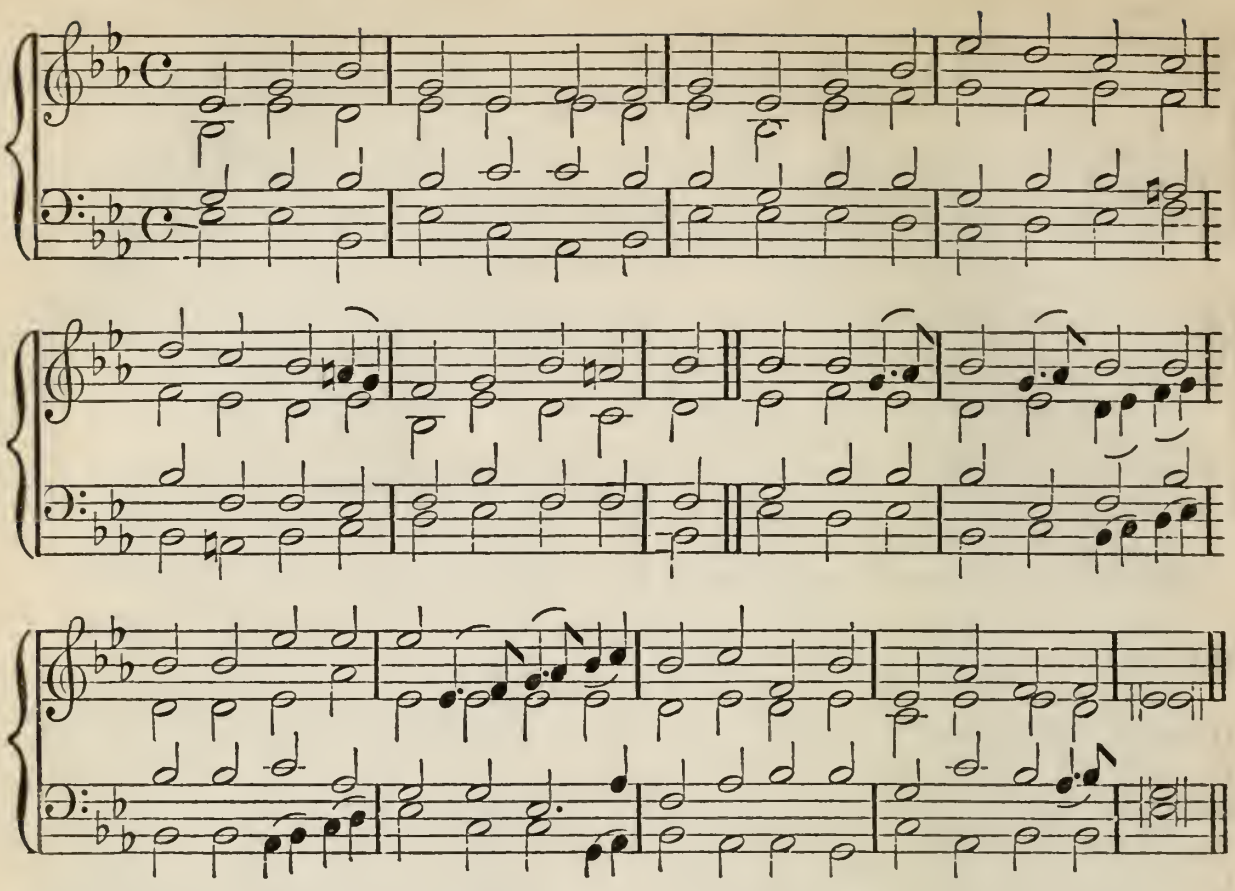
1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
5 He speaks; and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

St. Mark's Day.

HYMN 289.

1 BLEST Lord, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe
And put salvation on.
2 Jesus, let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run:
3 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go,
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

Exeter. 8, 8, 8 : 8, 8, 8



St. Philip and St. James's Day.

HYMN 290.

1 SERVANTS of Christ, his truth who know,
Forth to your glorious warfare go,
Strong in Jehovah's name and might;
Gladly take up the hallowed cross,
And counting all beside as dross,
Beneath its sacred banner fight.

2 Above the world, its smile or frown,
On all its vanities look down,
Its wealth and pleasure, power and state;
The man who dares its gods despise,
The Christian, he alone is wise;
The Christian, he alone is great.

3 O God, let all our lives declare
How blest thy faithful servants are,
How far above these earthly things;
How pure, when washed in Jesus' blood;
How great the chosen sons of God,
A holy race of priests and kings.

St. Barnabas the Apostle.

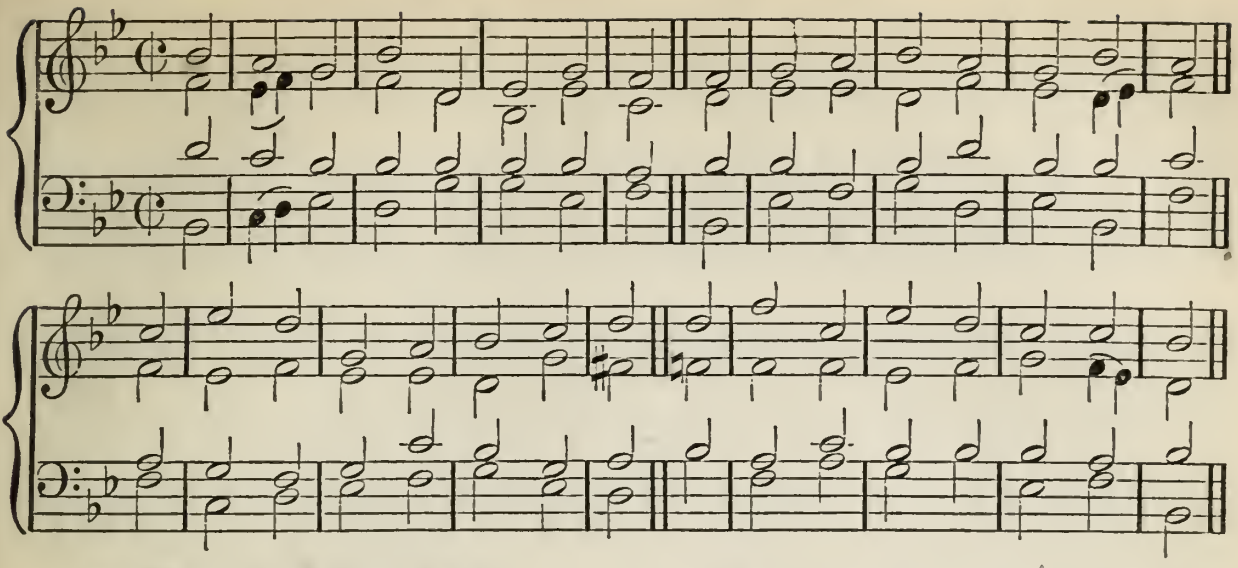
HYMN 291.

1 O WHO shall dare, in this frail scene,
On happiest human thoughts to lean,
On friendship, kindred, or on love?
Since not apostles' hands can clasp
Each other in so firm a grasp, [prove.
But they shall change and variance

2 Yet sometimes, though too seldom here,
The Saviour's power and love appear,
When reconciled Christians meet;
And face to face, and heart to heart,
High thoughts of holy love impart,
In silence meet, or converse sweet.

3 O then the glory and the bliss,
When all that pained or seemed amiss
Shall melt with earth and sin away;
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Filled with each other's company,
Shall spend in love the eternal day.

Whitehall. L. M.



St. John the Baptist's Day.

HYMN 292.

1 WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,
His messenger before him went;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
On high prophetic mission sent.

2 Yet all that here in worship bend,
Have honour greater far than he;
He was the bridegroom's joyful friend,
His body and his spouse are we.

3 A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn.

4 Boldly he spake the heaven-taught word,
Yet joyed he in the bridegroom's voice;
So may thy pastors teach, O Lord,
So thy church hearken and rejoice.

St. Peter's Day.

HYMN 293.

1 CREATOR of the rolling flood,
On whom thy people hope alone;
Who cam'st by water and by blood,
For man's offences to atone:

2 Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set thy servant Peter free;
To feed on earth thy chosen sheep,
And help to build a church to thee:

3 Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on thy bounteous hand;
To seek thy help in humble prayer,
And on thy sacred rock to stand:

4 And when, our livelong toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free;
To cast with joy our burden down,
And rise, O Lord, and follow thee.

St. James's Day.

HYMN 294.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

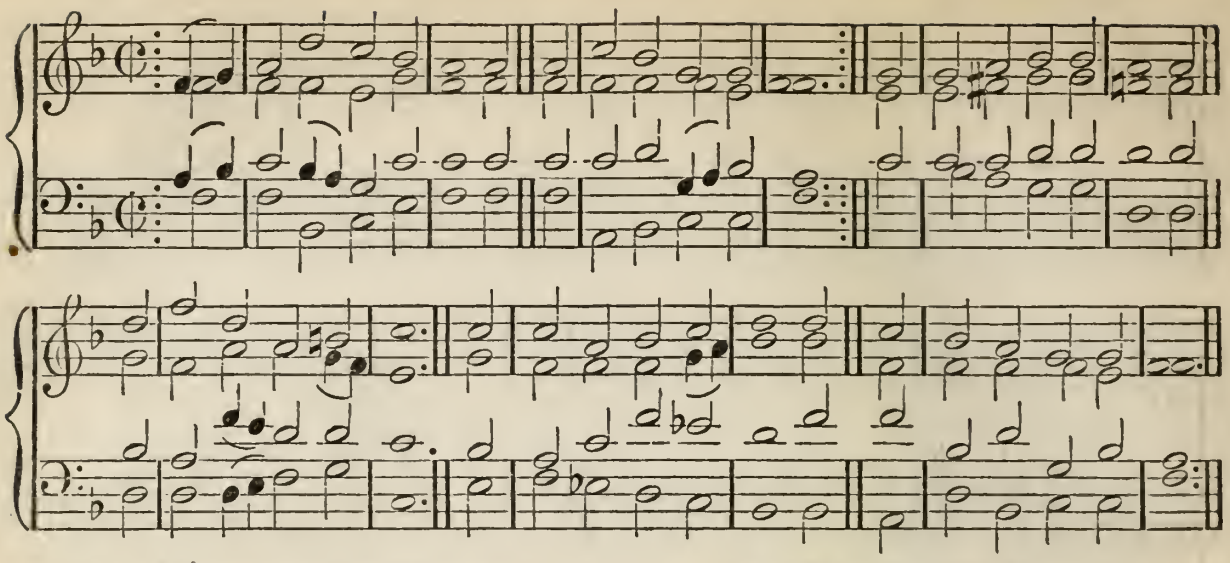
3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy, who his guest retains!
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

Konigsberg. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.



St. Bartholomew the Apostle.

HYMN 295. Ps. xlv.

1 WITH hearts in love abounding,
Prepare we now to sing
A lofty theme, resounding
Thy praise, Almighty King;
Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
Redeemed the human race;
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
Breathe words of truth and grace.

2 In majesty transcendent,
Gird on thy conquering sword;
In righteousness resplendent,
Ride on, Incarnate Word!
Ride on, O King Messiah,
To glory and renown;
Pierced by thy darts of fire,
Be every foe o'erthrown!

3 So reign, O God, in heaven,
Eternally the same;
And endless praise be given
To thy eternal name!
Clothed in thy dazzling brightness,
Thy church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought of gold.

4 And let each gentile nation
Come gladly in her train,
To share thy great salvation,
And join her grateful strain.
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
Awake the trembling string;
One song of joy and gladness
The ransomed world shall sing!

St. Matthew the Apostle.

HYMN 296.

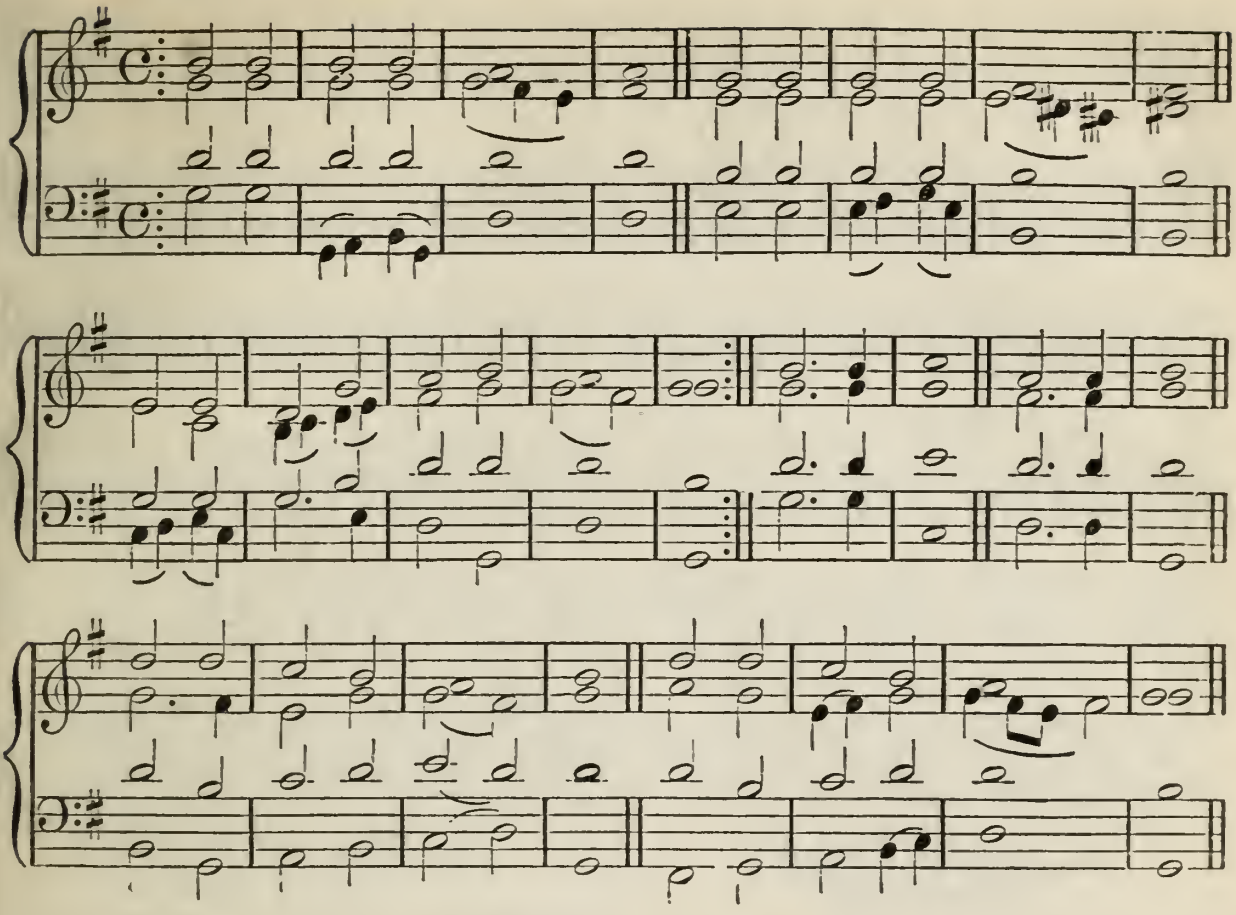
1 FROM every earthly pleasure
From every transient joy;
From every mortal treasure,
That soon will fade and die,
No longer these desiring,
Upwards our wishes tend
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light;
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true we are but strangers,
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
There is a rest above;
Still onward are we pressing,
To reach that land of love.

4 Our hope is in the Saviour
So graciously revealed;
Our strength, his grace and favour;
His mighty arm, our shield.
Rejoice we then before him,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
With grateful hearts adore him,
And loud hosannas sing.

Groningen. P. M.



St. Michael and all Angels.

HYMN 297.

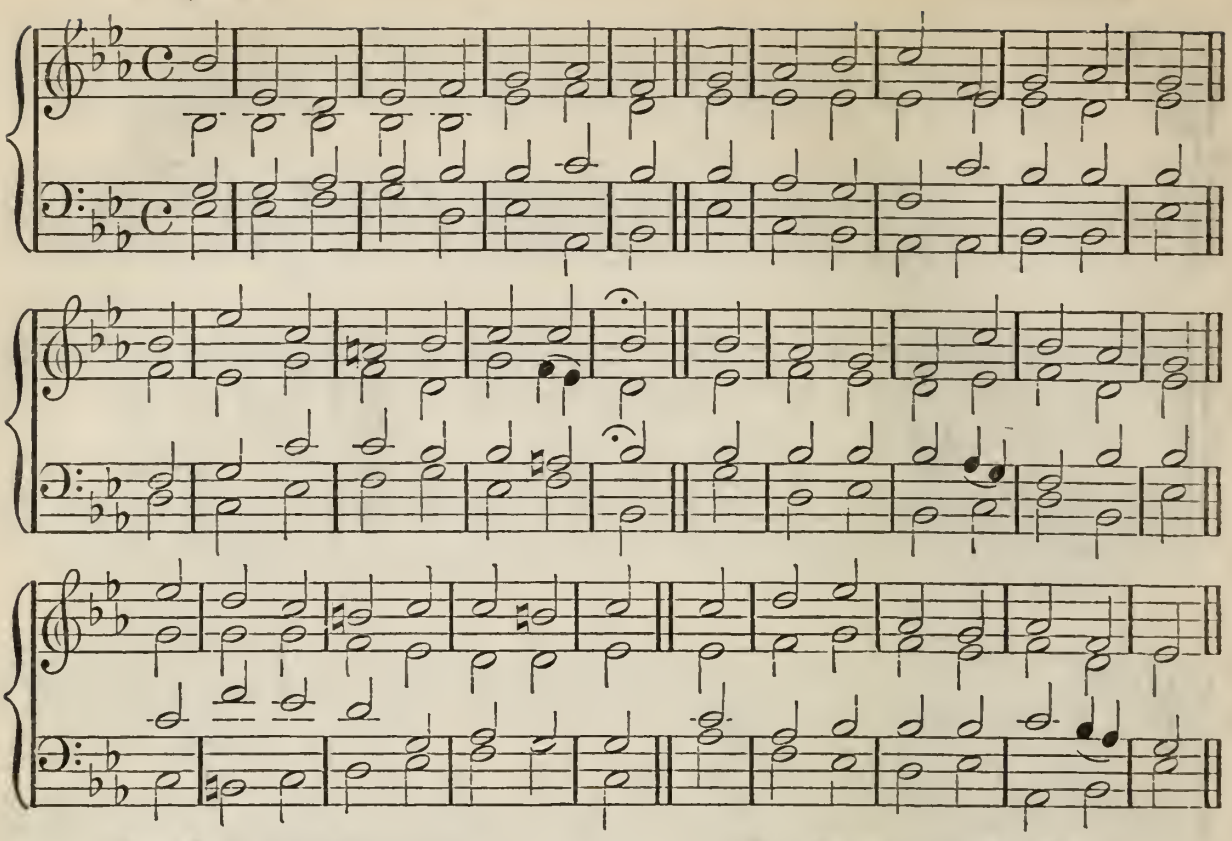
1 GOD reveals his presence;
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him:
God is in his temple,
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone
God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
Praise his name for ever.

2 God reveals his presence;
Hear the harps resounding,
See the crowds the throne surrounding:
Holy, holy, holy,
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending.
Bow thine ear
To us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.

3 O thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit,
Trusting only in thy merit:
Like the holy angels
Who behold thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore thee:
Let thy will,
Ever still,
Rule thy church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

4 Jesus, dwell within me,
Whilst on earth I tarry,
Make me thy blest sanctuary;
Then on angel-pinions,
Waft me to those regions,
Filled with bright seraphic legions:
May this hope
Bear me up,
Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on thee, my Saviour.

St. Paul's. 8, 8, 8; 8, 8, 8.



St. Luke the Evangelist.
HYMN 298.

1 O JESU, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows;
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compassed round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began;
Thou, when the appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But God with God, wast man with man.

3 Renew thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to thee are dear:
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace be there!

4 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call:
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All

St. Simon and St. Jude.
HYMN 299.

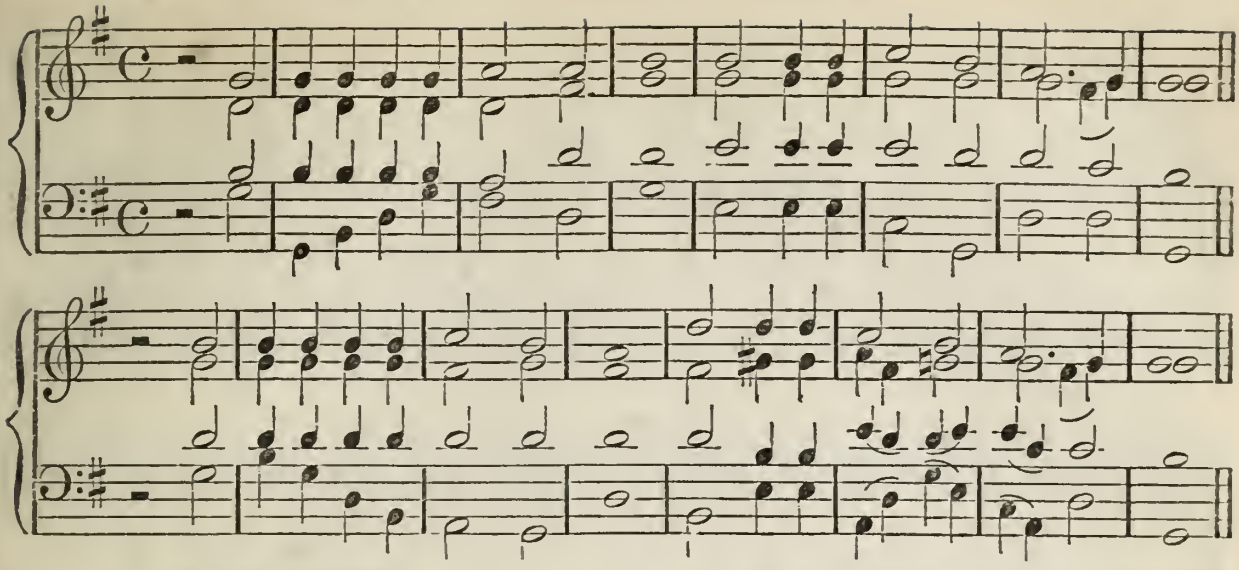
1 HOW good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same;
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame.

2 The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless;
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of his blessings pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

3 Jesus, thou precious Corner-stone,
Preserve inseparably one,
Whom thou didst by thy Spirit join:
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine!

4 Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowing grace;
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.

Stirling. L. M.



All Saints' Day.

HYMN 300.

1 LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame:
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blessed.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace;
Him, day and night, they ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

5 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God!"

All Saints' Day.

HYMN 301.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene;
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.

4 O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,
Impress thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with thee.

All Saints' Day.

HYMN 302.

1 YE, hallelujahs sing on high,
Blest angels, while we silent lie;
Joyful ye hymn the ever-blest
Before the throne, and never rest.

2 I with your choir celestial join
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the world and night farewell.

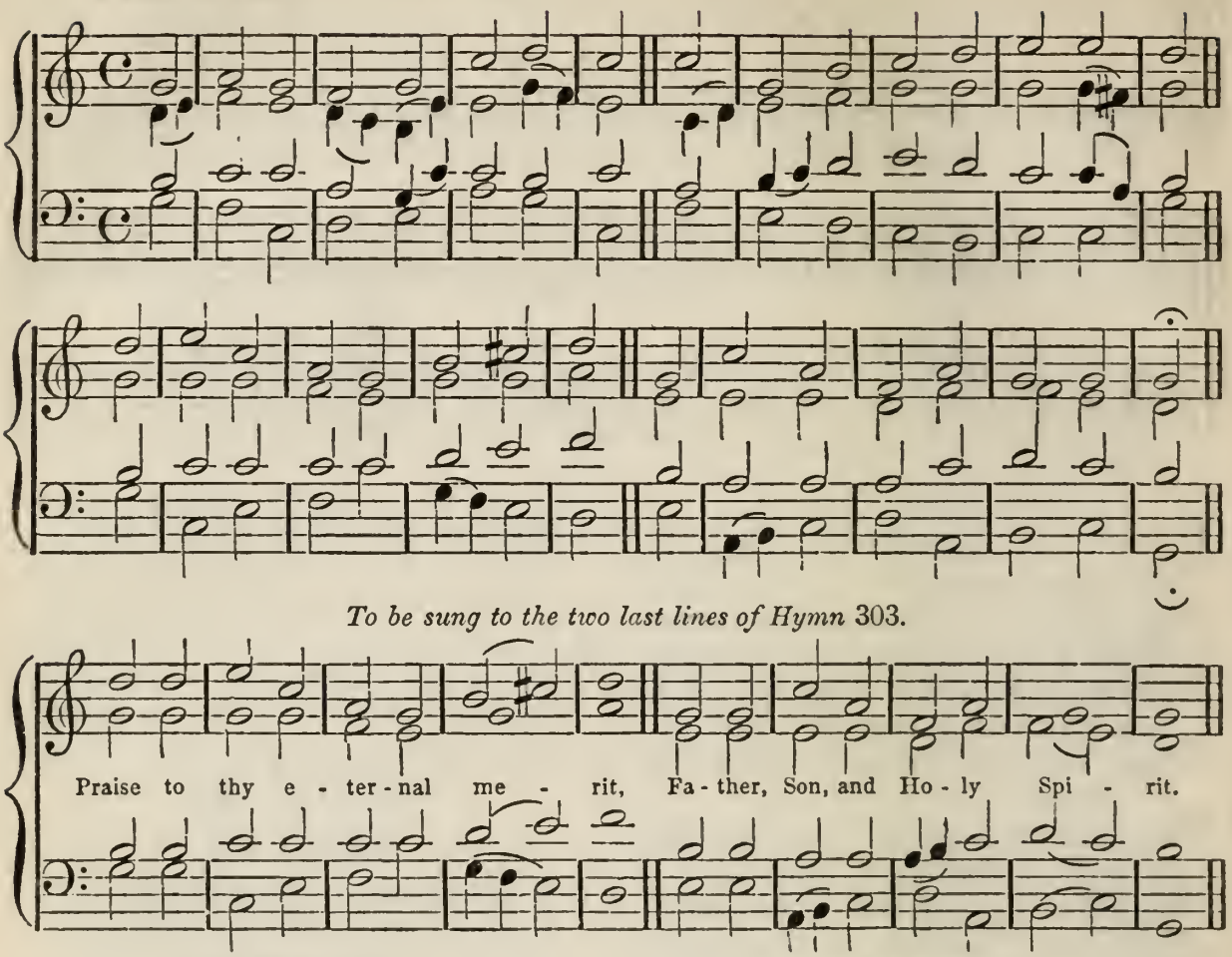
3 My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in thy arms I will entrust;
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

4 Among thy saints, or at their feet,
Appoint for me some blissful seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day.

5 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Veni, Creator. L. M.



To be sung to the two last lines of Hymn 303.

HYMN 303.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but one:
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;—

Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

HYMN 304.

1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high,
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply, [ness.
And clothe thy priests with righteous-

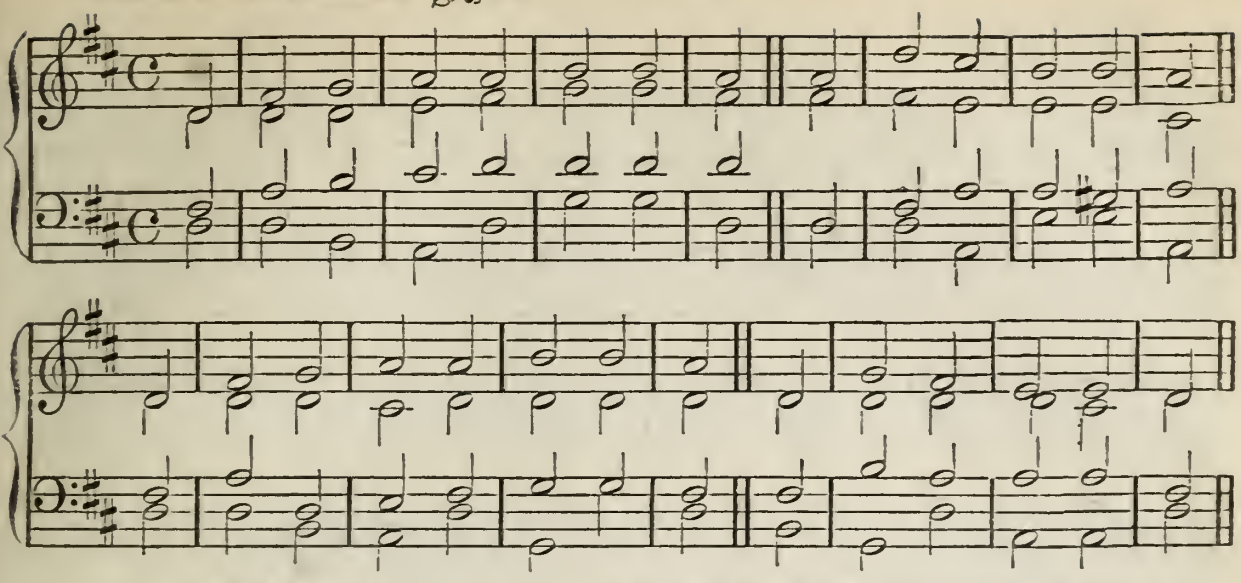
2 Within thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
Let all the church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love.

4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night on guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5 Then, when their work is finished here,
Let them in hope their charge resign,
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
May they with crowns of glory shine.

Tallis's Ordination Hymn. C. M.



HYMN 305.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love;
2 Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.
3 Thou art the very Comforter
In grief and all distress;
The heavenly gift of God most high,
No tongue can it express;
4 The fountain and the living spring
Of joy celestial;
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
The unction spiritual.
5 Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
By them Christ's church doth stand:
In faithful hearts thou writ'st thy law,
The finger of God's hand.
6 According to thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace;
That through thy help God's praises
Resound in every place. [may

PART II.

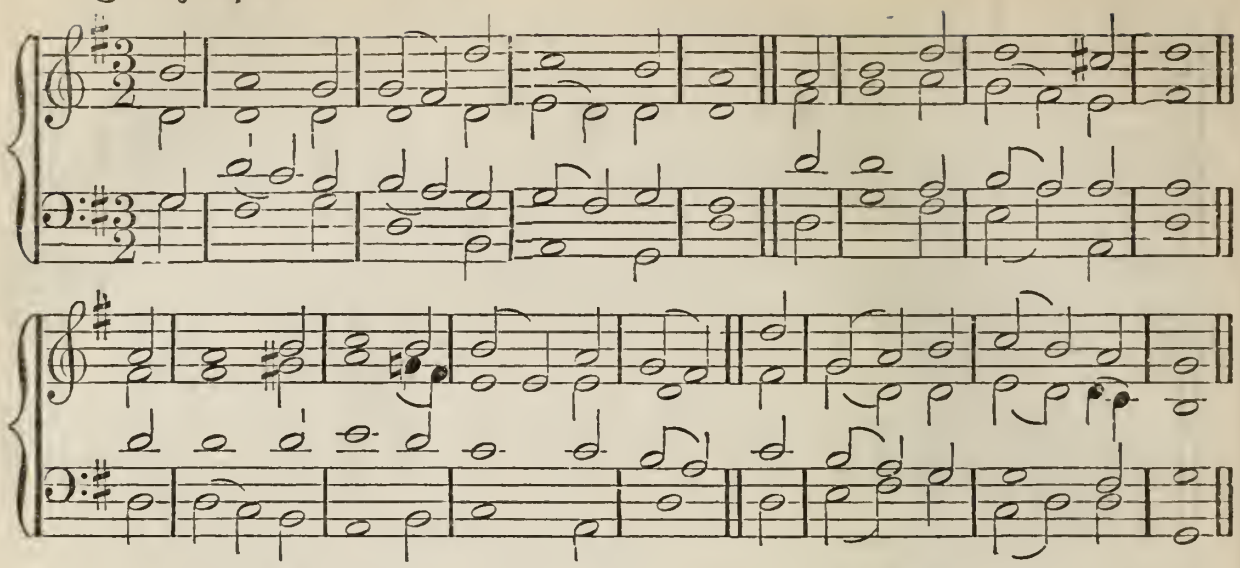
1 O HOLY Ghost, into our minds
Send down thy heavenly light;
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
To serve God day and night.
2 Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
(For, Lord, thou knowest us frail;)
That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.
3 Put back our enemy far from us,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and man,
(The best, the truest gain;)
4 And grant that thou being, O Lord,
Our leader and our guide,
We may escape the snares of sin,
And never from thee slide.
5 Such measures of thy powerful grace
Grant, Lord, to us, we pray,
That thou may'st be our comforter
At the last dreadful day.

PART III.

1 OF strife and of dissension
Dissolve, O Lord, the bands,
And knit the knots of peace and love
Throughout all Christian lands.
2 Grant us the grace that we may know
The Father of all might,
That we of his beloved Son
May gain the blissful sight;
3 And that we may with perfect faith
Ever acknowledge thee,
The Spirit of Father and of Son,
One God in persons three.
4 To God the Father laud and praise,
And to his blessed Son,
And to the Holy Spirit of grace,
Co-equal three in One.
5 And pray we that our only Lord
Would please his Spirit to send
On all that shall profess his name,
From hence to the world's end.

BAPTISM.

Northampton. C. M.



HYMN 306.

1 IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And mark thee his alone:

2 In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain:

3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit with him on high:

4 Thus outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for his own;
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

Adult Baptism.

HYMN 307.

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin;
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone;
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

HYMN 308.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

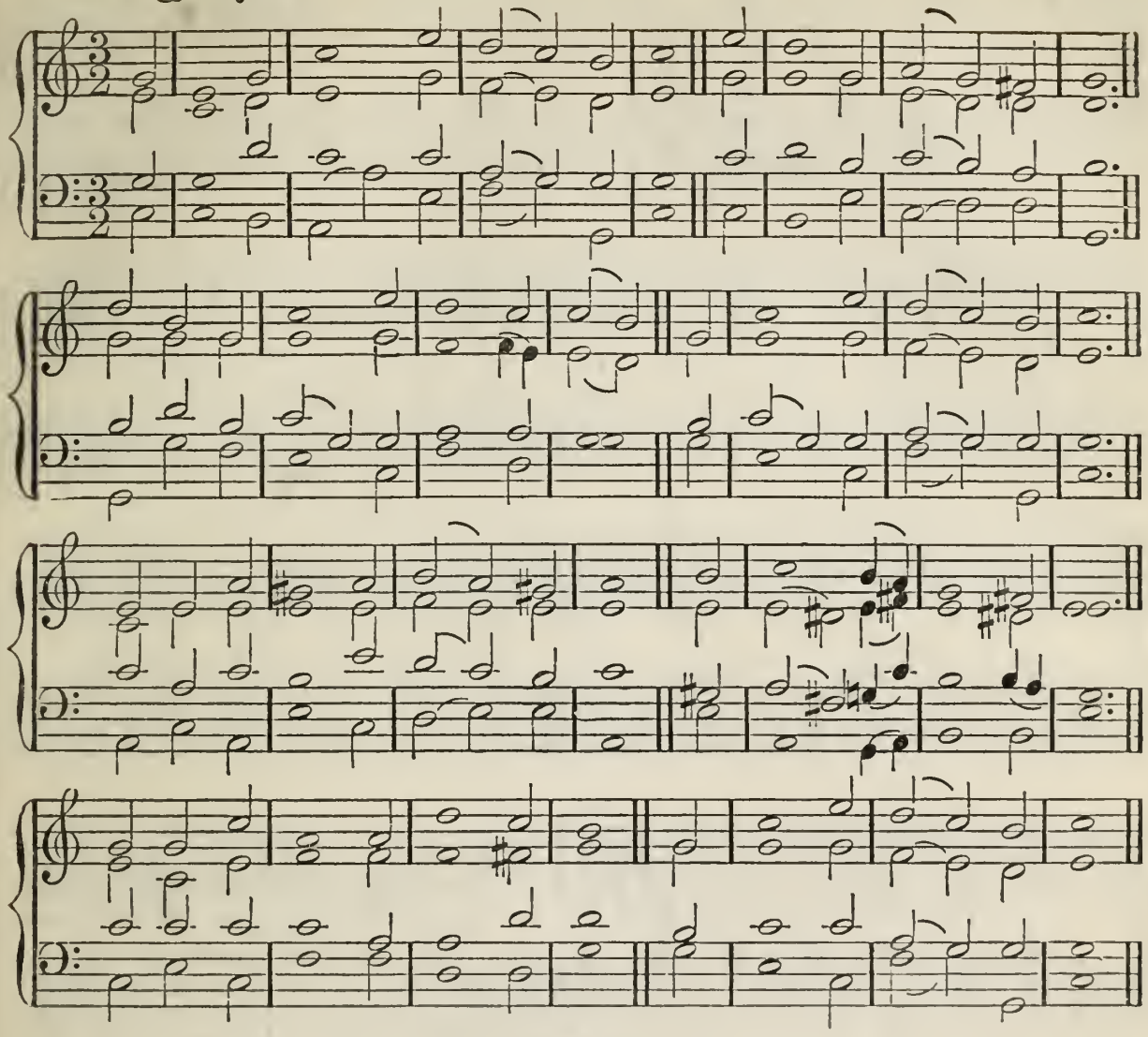
2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup of blessing I will take,
And thus remember thee.

3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary;
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee.

4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me!
Yes, while a thought or breath remains,
Will I remember thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And thought and memory flee;
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

St. Matthew's. D. C. M.



HYMN 309.

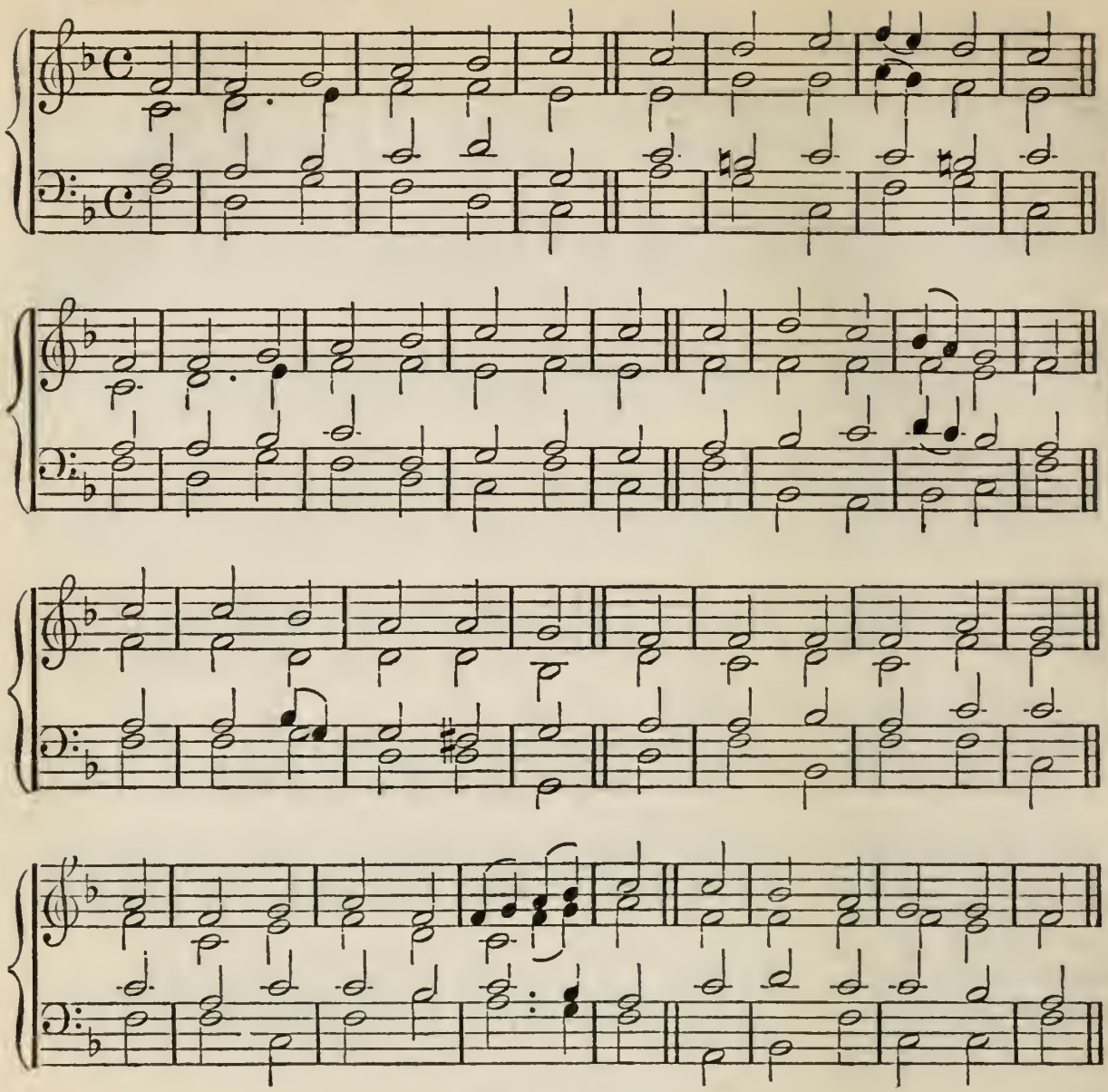
1 JESU, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipt in blood!
Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.
The tokens of thy dying love,
Oh, let us all receive;
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And consciously believe.

3 The cup of blessing, blessed by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.
The grace which sure salvation brings,
Let us herewith receive;
Satiate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

4 The living bread, sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Swabia. D. S. M.



HYMN 310.

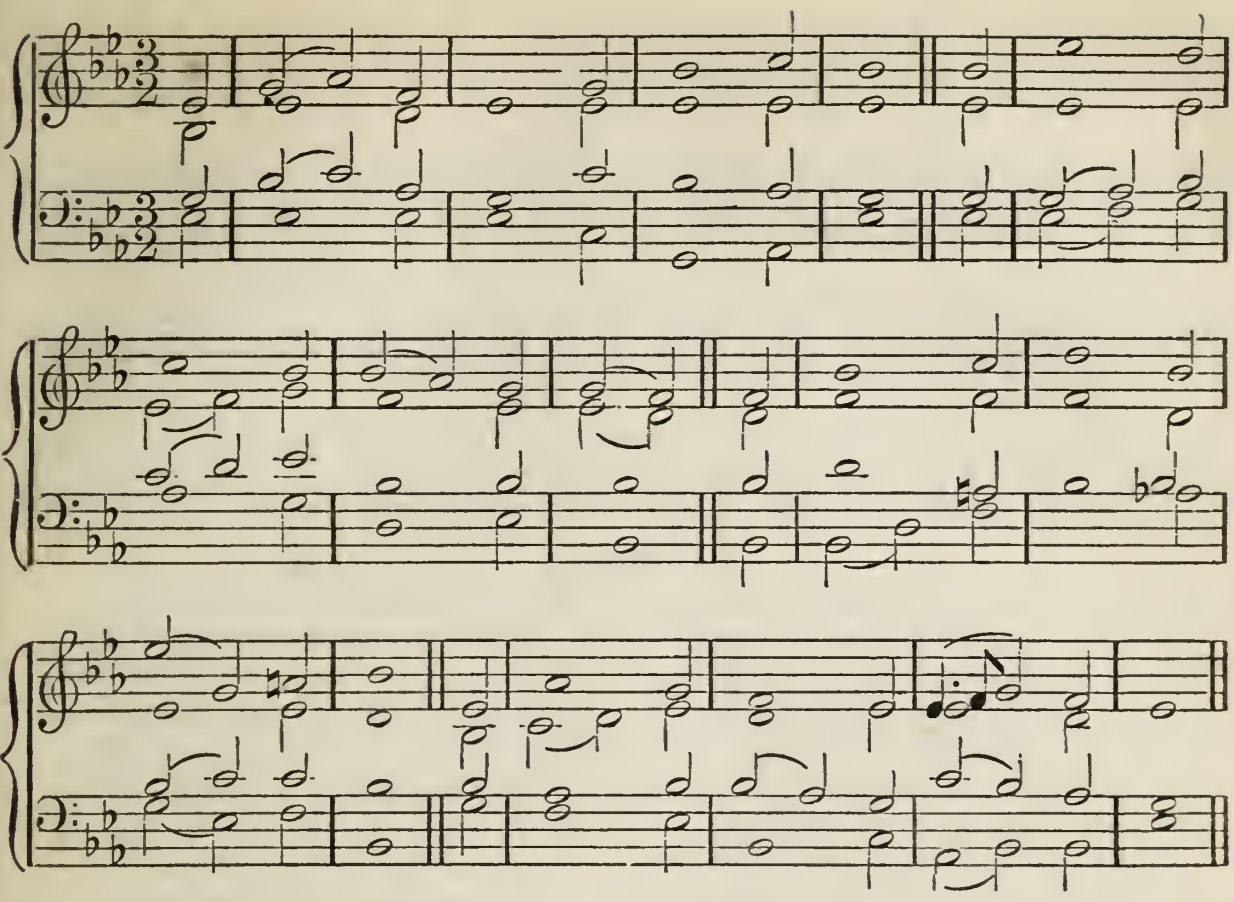
1 COME, all who truly bear
The name of Christ our Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his dying word.
Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus Crucified:
"In memory of my dying love,
Do this," he said,—and died.

2 The pledge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will;
His dear and chosen ones,
The purchase of his blood;
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.

3 Then let us all profess
Our Master's honoured Name;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb.
In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

4 Part of his church below,
We thus our right maintain;
Our living membership we show,
And in his fold remain.
Give God the Father praise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit of all grace
Be equal honour done.

Rockingham. L. M.



HYMN 311.

1 MY God, and is thy table spread,
And doth the cup with love o'erflow!
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 Oh! let thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

5 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend:
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live,
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN 312.

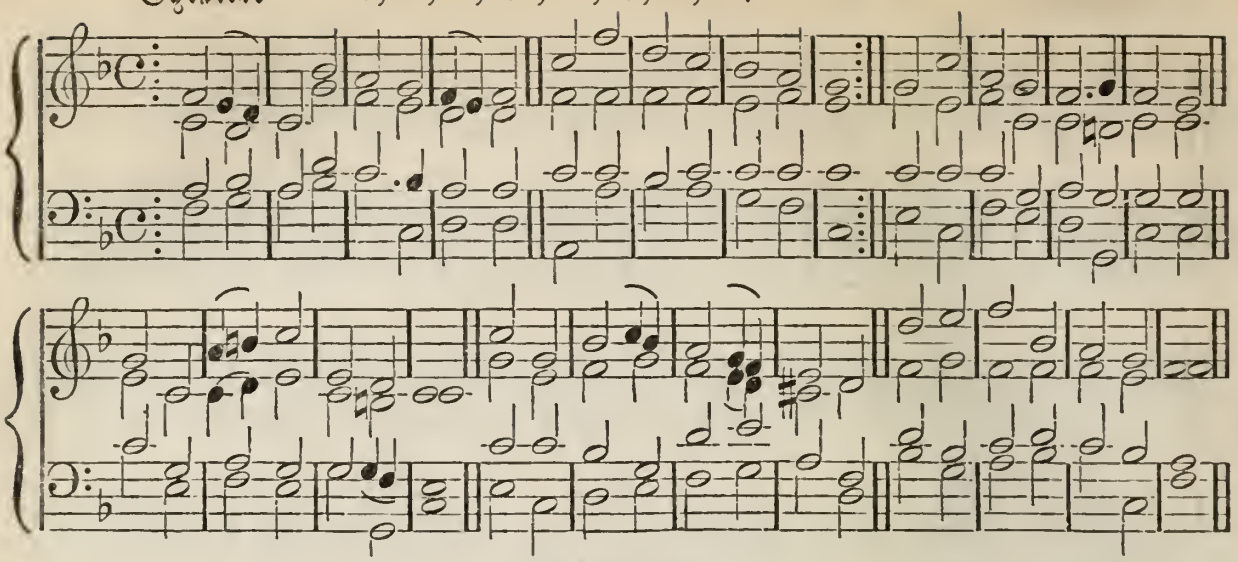
1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

3 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all!

Chester. 8, 7, 8, 7; 8, 7, 8, 7.



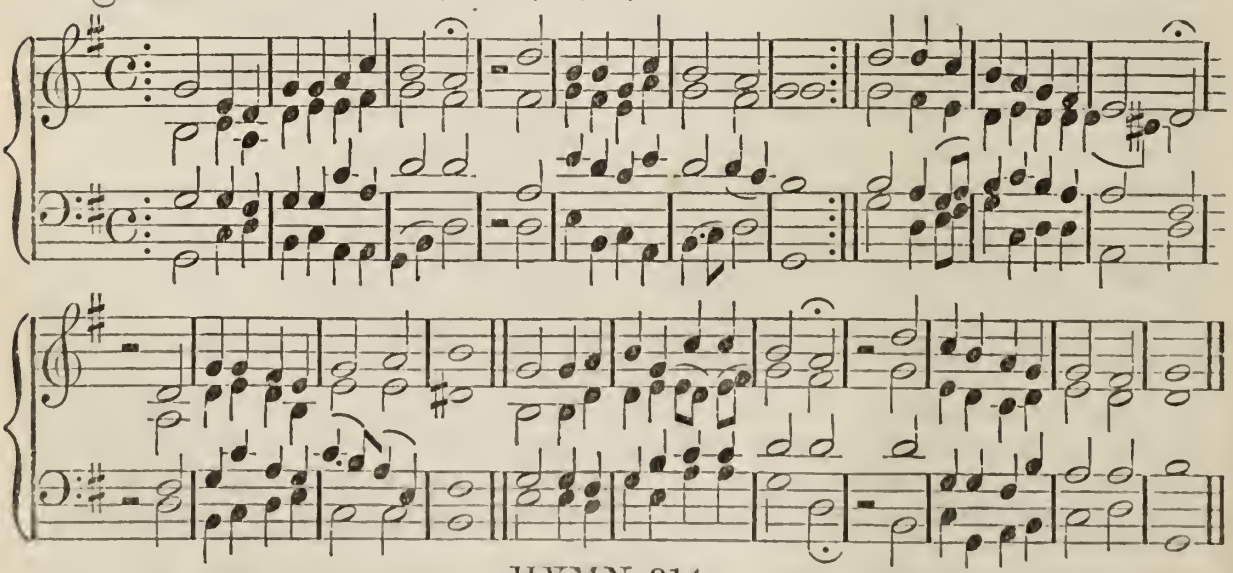
HYMN 313.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll stay for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go; [healing,
Prove his wounds each day more
And himself more deeply know.

3 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

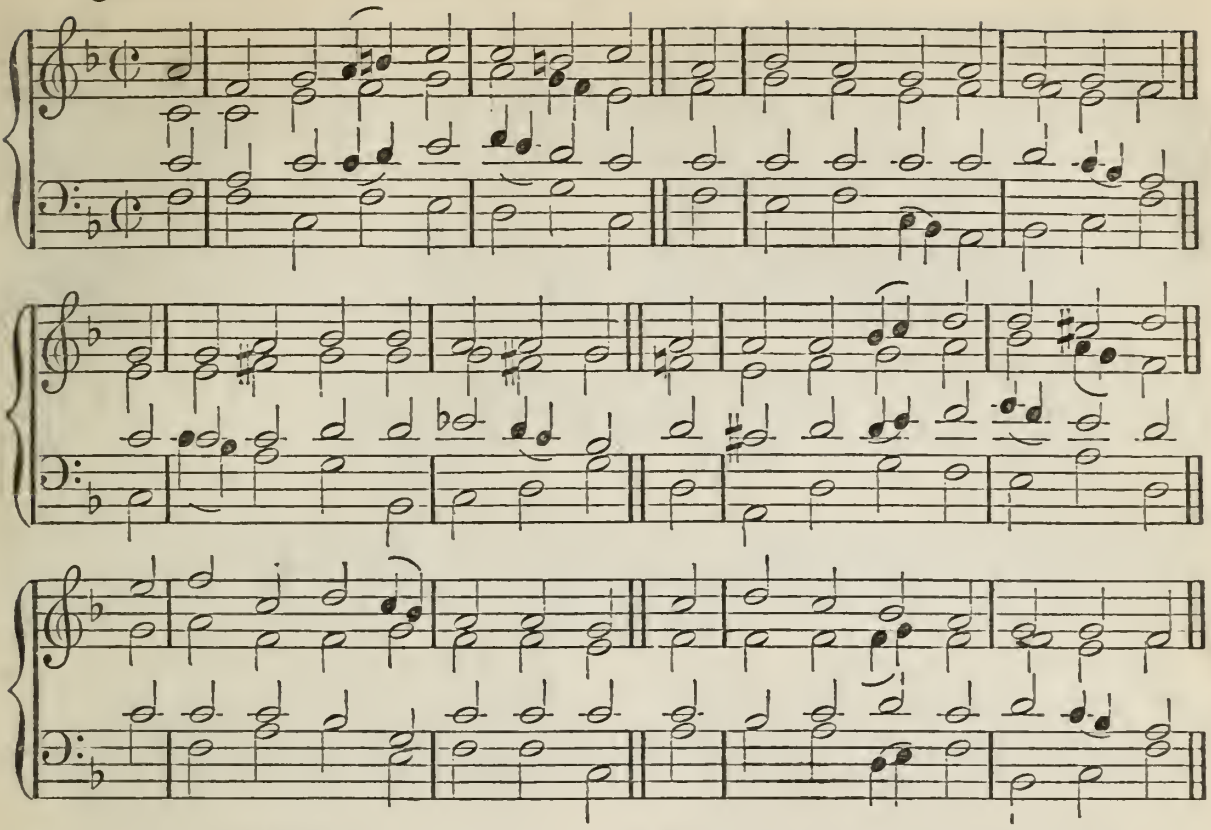
Navarre. 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8.



HYMN 314.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead.
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Darmstadt. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 315.

1 FORGIVE, O Lord! our wanderings past,
Henceforth we would obey thy call;
Our sins far from us let us cast,
And turn to thee devoutly all;
Then with archangels we shall sing
High praise to heaven's eternal King.

2 Hear us, O God! in mercy hear,
With sorrow we our guilt deplore;
Pity our anguish, calm our fear,
And give us grace to sin no more;
Then with archangels we shall sing
High praise to heaven's eternal King.

3 While at thine altar's foot we kneel,
And of thy holy rite partake;
Our pardon, Lord, vouchsafe to seal,
For Jesus, our Redeemer's sake;
Then with archangels we shall sing,
High praise to heaven's eternal King.

HYMN 316.

1 O THOU, eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man;
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
To plead thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

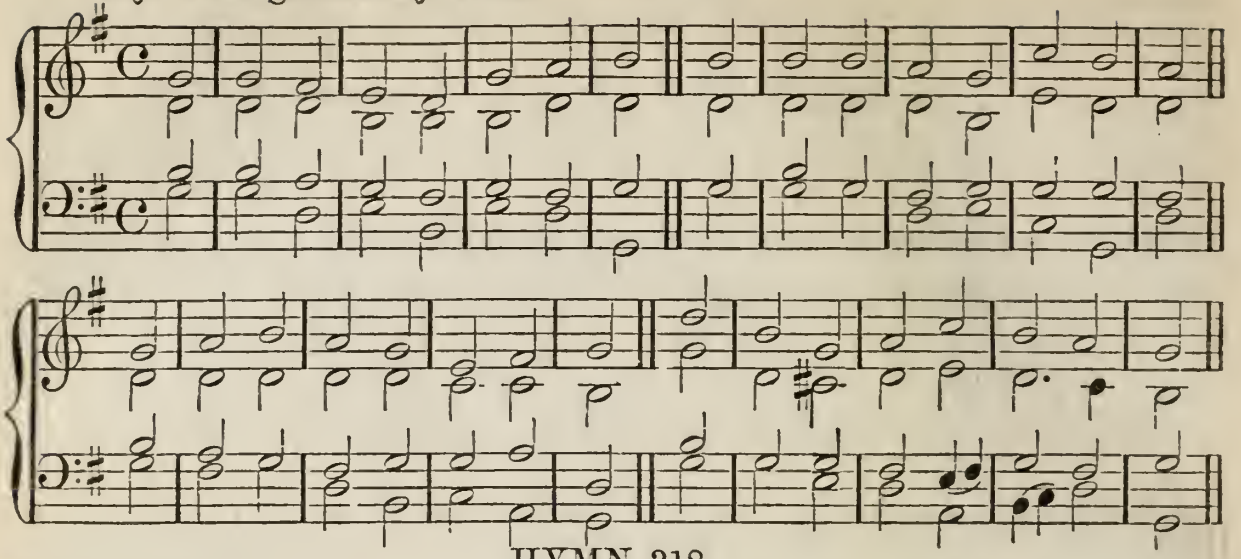
3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between;
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

HYMN 317.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain!
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost!
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

The Old Hundredth Tune. L. M.



HYMN 318.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

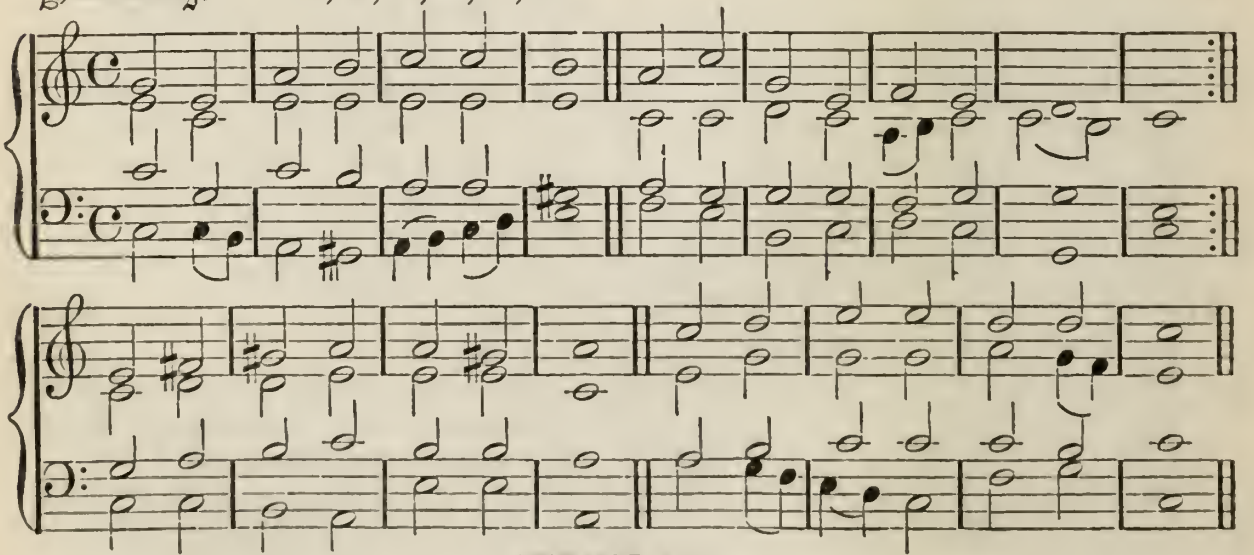
2 O happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who claims our highest love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great engagement's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possest.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Heidelberg. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.



HYMN 319.

1 STEEP and thorny is the way,
Leading on to our perfection;
Yet, who tread it, blest are they,
Fighting under Christ's direction:
He who to the end shall press,
Oh! how great his blessedness!

2 How exceeding his reward,
Whom the world nor pleasure moveth,
But to God his sole regard,
By his daily converse proveth;
Hope with him hath heavenward flown,
Looking for the conqueror's crown!

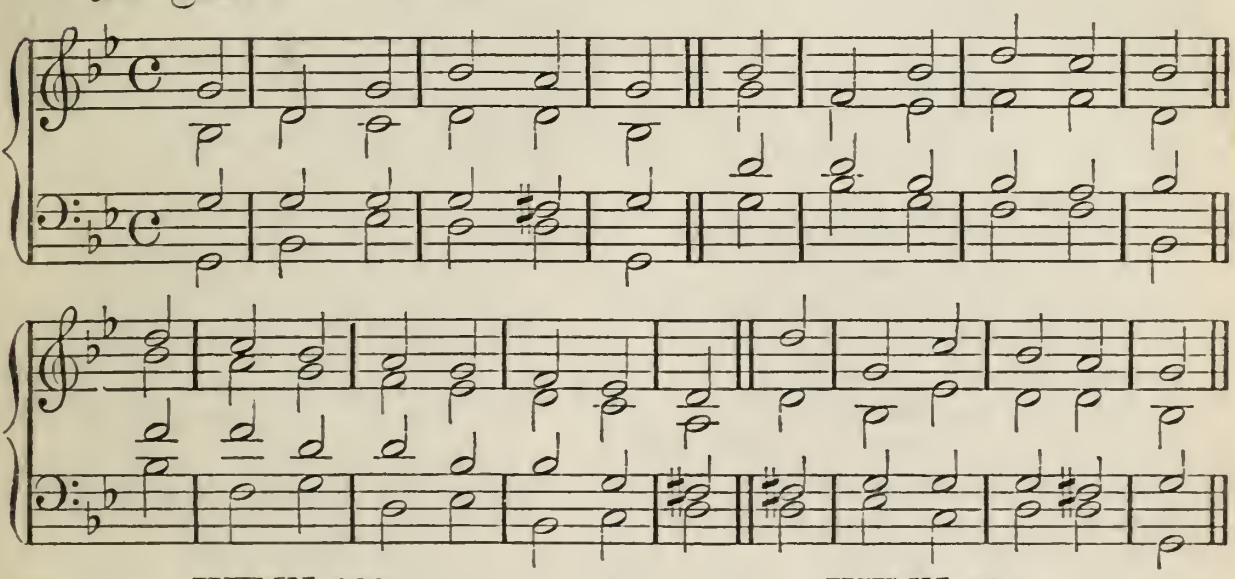
3 Whom we love, but cannot see,
He for us the prize hath gained;
He hath risen in majesty,
And the throne of God attained;
He, the triumpher o'er death,
"It is finished," lo, he saith!

4 Hail! thou glorious Finisher,
Following thee,—the battle waging,
Distant, all is calm and clear;
Here is night, and storms are raging;
But, o'er death's sepulchral gloom,
Hope beholds bright morning come.

5 Up, then, brethren, haste away
To the field,—let nought alarm you;
Look to Jesus, watch and pray,
For the combat God will arm you;
He is mighty for the weak,
Victory gives for Jesu's sake!

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

St. Bride's. S. M.



HYMN 320.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand:
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It is at thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh! may thy servants, truly wise,
Improve each passing day.

3 Since on each winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Awaken, by thy mighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;—
Be that one thing pursued,
Lest, now despised, we never hear
Thy pardoning voice renewed.

5 Teach us thy name to fear;
Spread an alarm abroad!
And cry, in every careless ear,
"Prepare to meet thy God!"

HYMN 321.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That hastens to the sea!
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On to eternity!

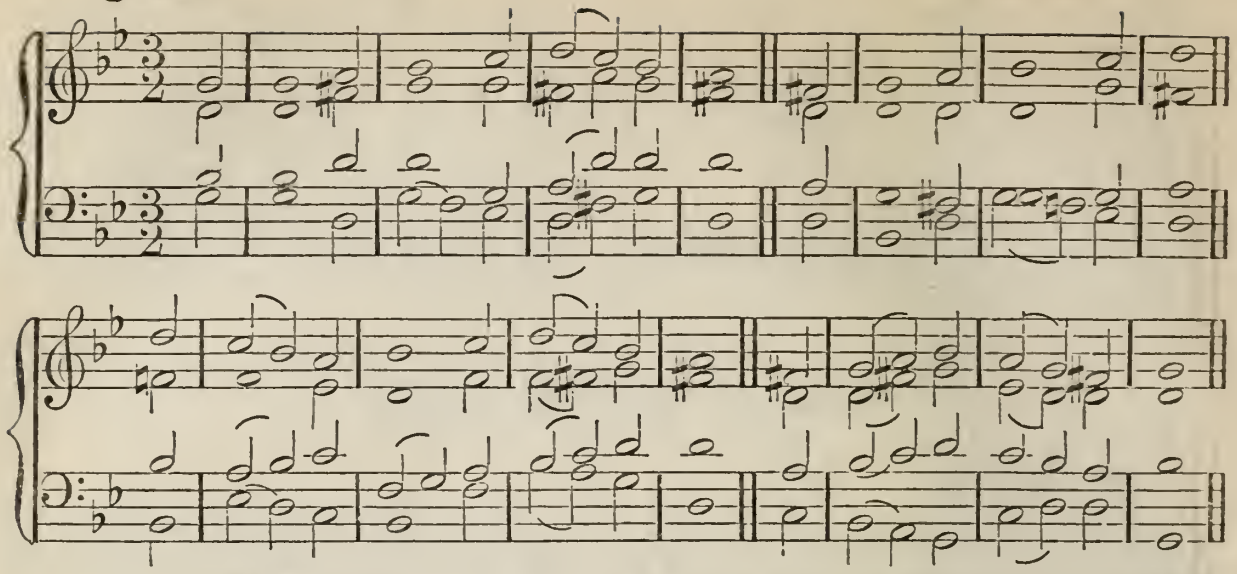
2 Our fathers, where are they?
With all they call'd their own,
Their joys and griefs, and hopes, and cares,
And wealth and honour gone!

3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, on life's extremest verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

Burford. C. M.



HYMN 322.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

4 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread;
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

5 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones which underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

HYMN 323.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 324.

1 HEAVEN hath confirmed the great decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

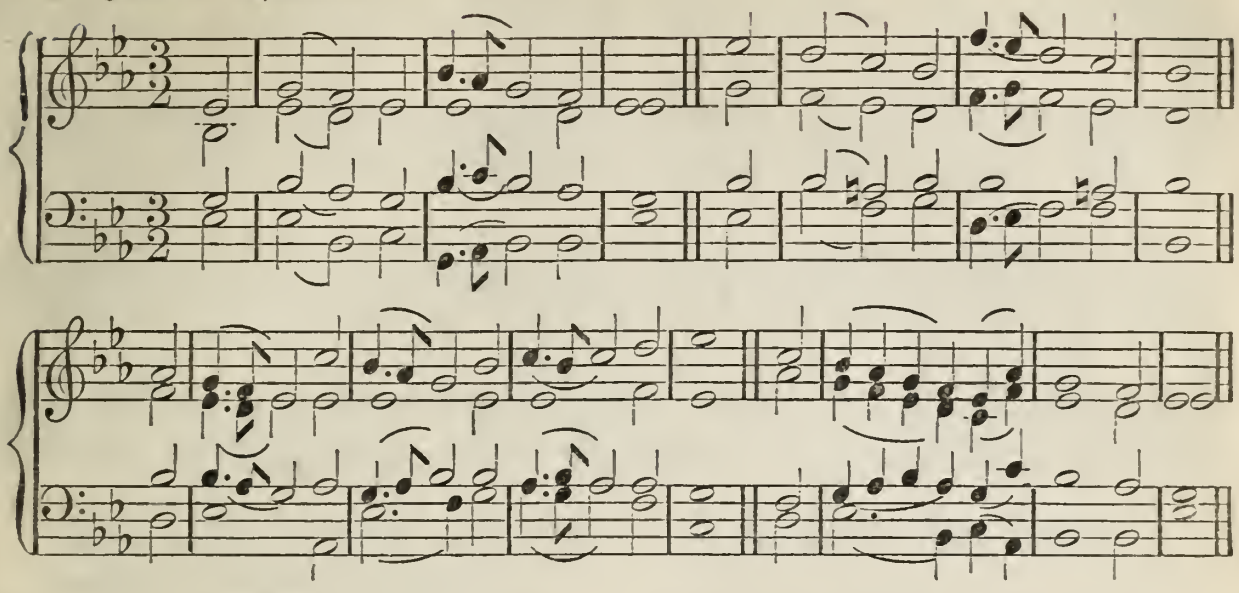
2 Ye living men, survey the tomb,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark, how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell.

3 Once you must die, and once for all
The solemn purport weigh;
For, know that heaven and hell depend
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, though long in darkness veiled,
Must wake, the Judge to see,
And every deed, and word, and thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 May we in thee, the Judge, behold
Our Saviour and our friend;
And, far above the reach of death,
With all thy saints ascend.

Mount Ephraim. S. M.



HYMN 325.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead us to the Lord,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of thy word.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of everlasting love.

4 Dwell thou within our breast,
Our minds from bondage free;
So shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

HYMN 326.

1 FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live;
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

5 With them the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost to praise;
As in the ancient days was done,
And shall through endless days

HYMN 327.

1 AH! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

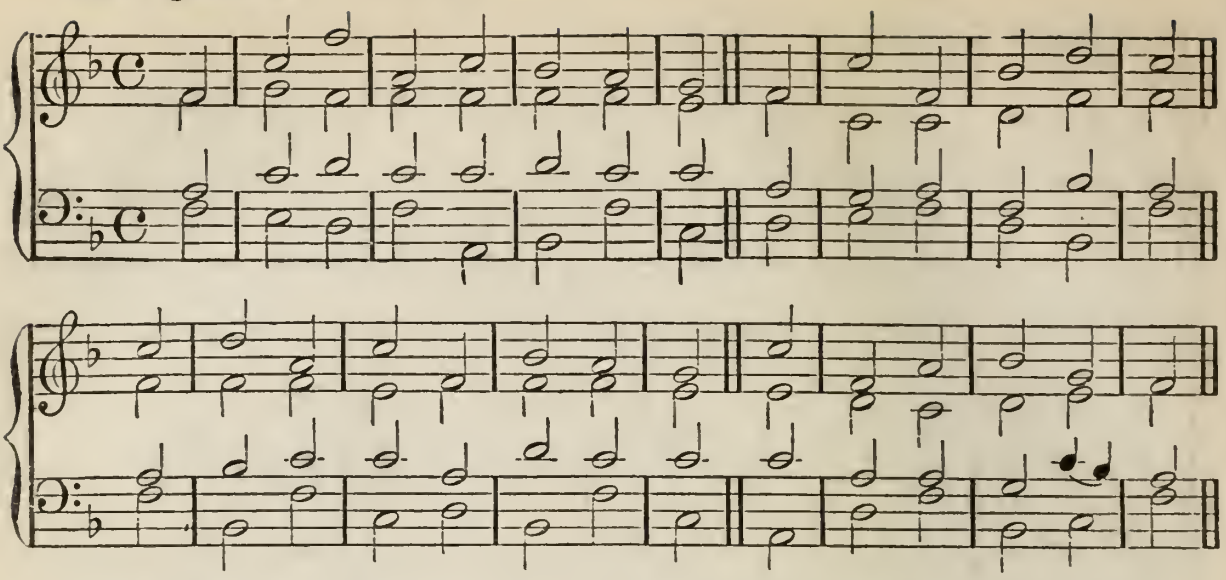
2 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

3 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

4 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

5 Ah! no, I all forsake,
My all to thee resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine!

St. David's. C. M.



HYMN 328. Ps. clxviii.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosannah to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosannah in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 329.

1 LORD of the sabbath, thee we praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 On this glad day, a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
Than when by God, the eternal Word,
The universe was made.

3 He rises, who our pardon bought
With grief and pain extreme!
'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

4 In psalms and hymns we would proclaim
The triumphs of thy grace:
Oft tell the wonders of thy name,
And all thy love retrace.

5 Exalted on thy radiant throne,
Accept our grateful songs;
Be thou our theme, and thou alone,
Our all to thee belongs!

HYMN 330.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display,
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

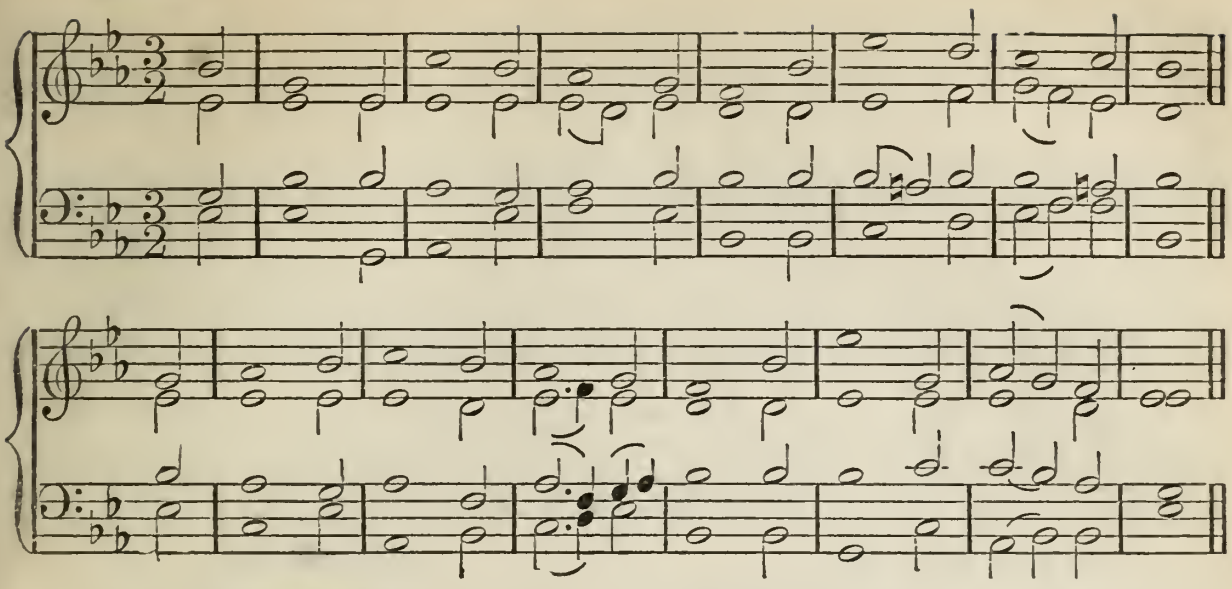
2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our feeble hearts to raise!
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith address our prayers,
And in the presence of the Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

Bedford. C. M.



HYMN 331.

1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise!
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

HYMN 332.

1 POUR down thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive the engrafted word,
With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in thy name believes,
Shall live to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed,
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had failed,
Unless renewed by thee.

5 To thee we look, to thee we bow
To thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection, thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

HYMN 333.

1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
How slow to learn thy word!

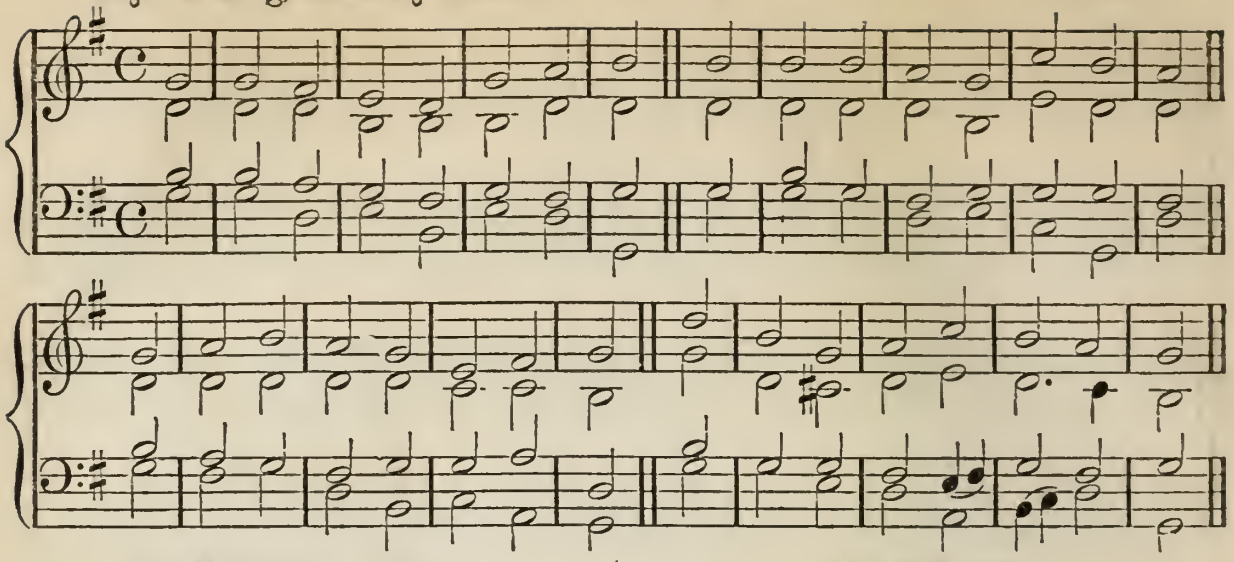
2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain;
Such faint impressions of thy grace,
Our languid powers retain.

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hopes of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy sovereign aid impart,
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on our heart,
And deep its truths impress.

5 Oh! speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high!
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

The Old Hundredth Tune. L. M.



HYMN 334. Ps. c.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth
Come ye before him and rejoice. [tell,
2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed;
And for his sheep he doth us take.
3 O enter then his gates with praise:
Approach with joy his court unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name
For it is seemly so to do. [always;
4 For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood;
And shall from age to age endure.

HYMN 335. Ps. c.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again. [songs,
3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues, [praise.
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

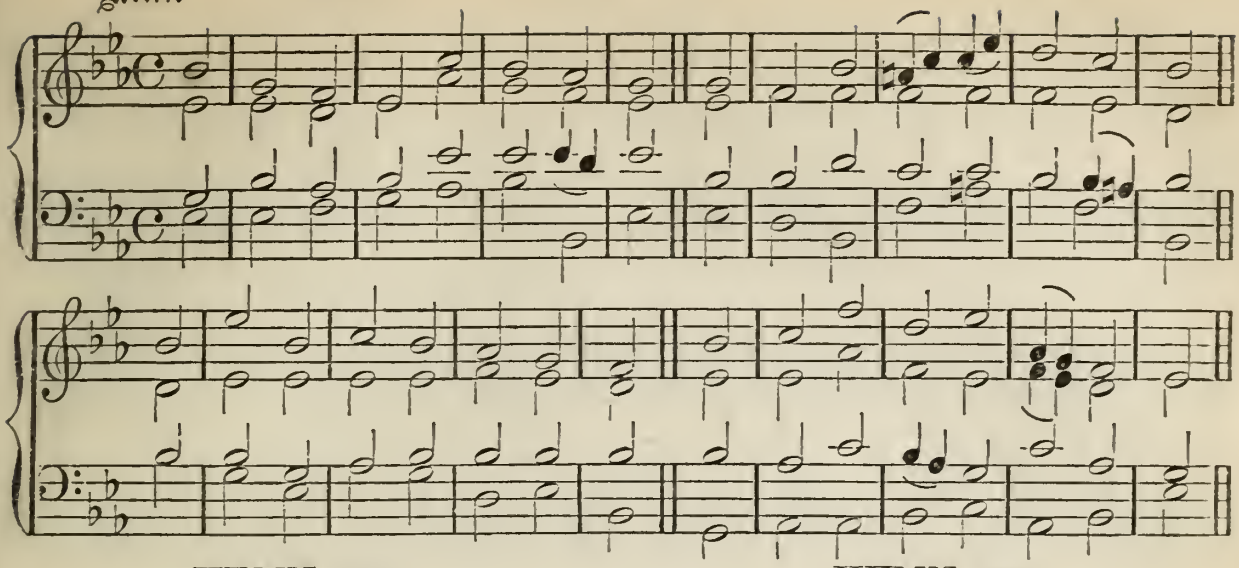
HYMN 336.

1 SWEET is the work, my God! my
King! [sing!
To praise thy name, give thanks and
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No earthly cares shall fill my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
His works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!
4 Oh! may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below,
May all our powers find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 337. Ps. cxvii.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more
3 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Kent. L. M.



HYMN 338.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!
3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 339.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat.
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew:
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

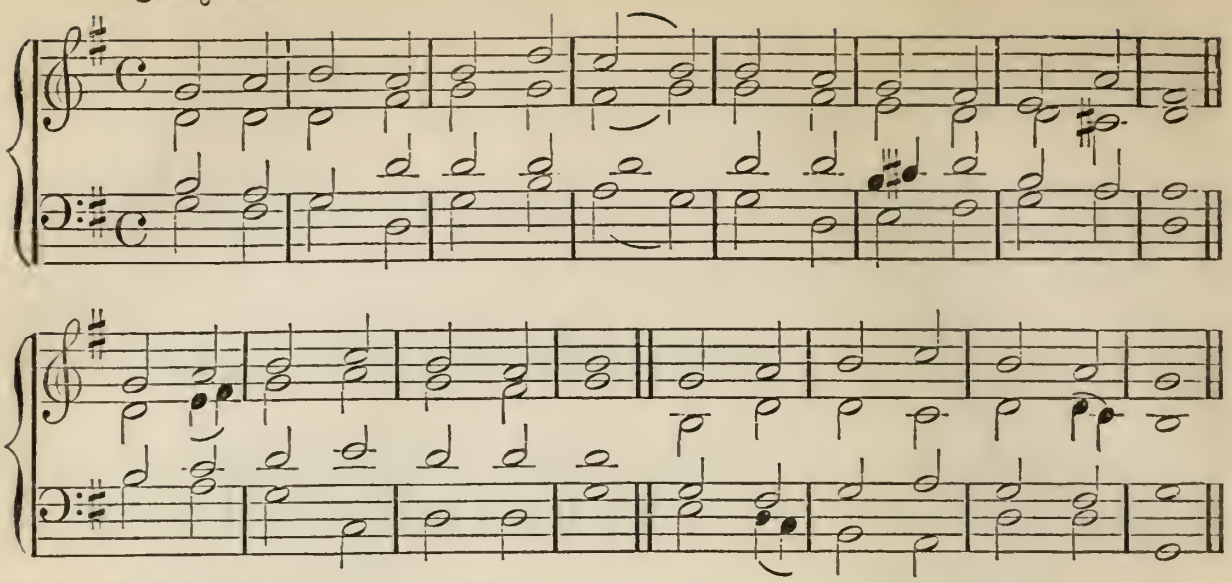
HYMN 340.

1 LORD of the sabbath! hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Accept as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from thy temple rise.
2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord! we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
O that we might that rest attain—
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.
3 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.
4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
5 O long expected day, begin!
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest in God.

HYMN 341. Ps. cxxxii.

1 GOD in his temple let us meet;
Low on our knees before him bend;
Here hath he fixed his mercy-seat,
Here, on his worship, we attend.
2 Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou and thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.
3 With righteousness thy priests array:
Joyful thy chosen people be:
Let those who teach, and hear, and pray,
Let all—be holiness to thee.

Lichfield. 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 342.

1 TO thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there;
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 Thou, through him, art reconciled,
I, through him, became thy child;
Abba! Father! give me grace,
In thy courts to seek thy face.

3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue;
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

5 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe;
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

6 From thy house, when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

HYMN 343.

1 ERE another sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee,
At thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and king of heaven.

3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But thou canst and wilt forgive,
By thy grace alone we live.

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

5 Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

HYMN 344.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

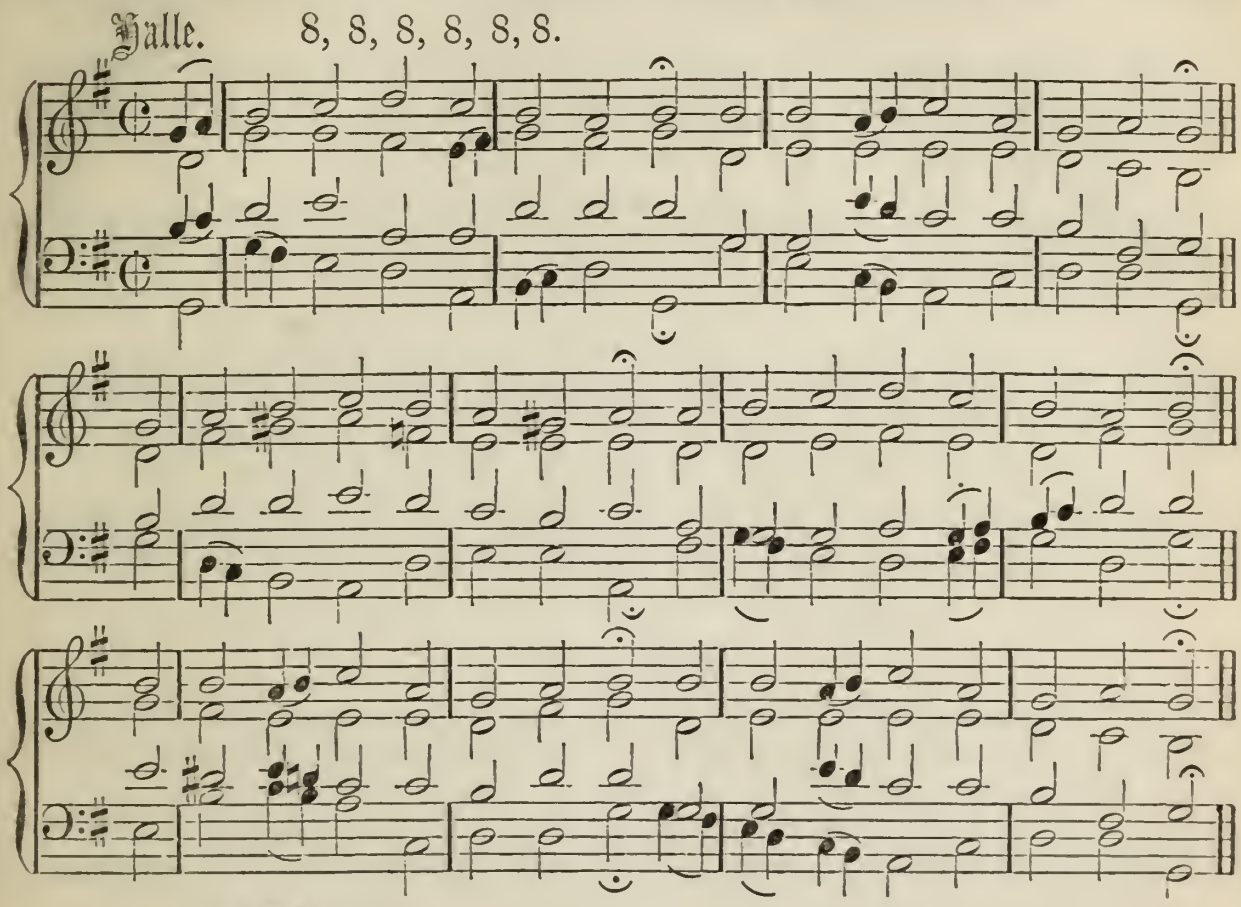
3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast; [tain,
There thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

HYMN 345.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.
3 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.



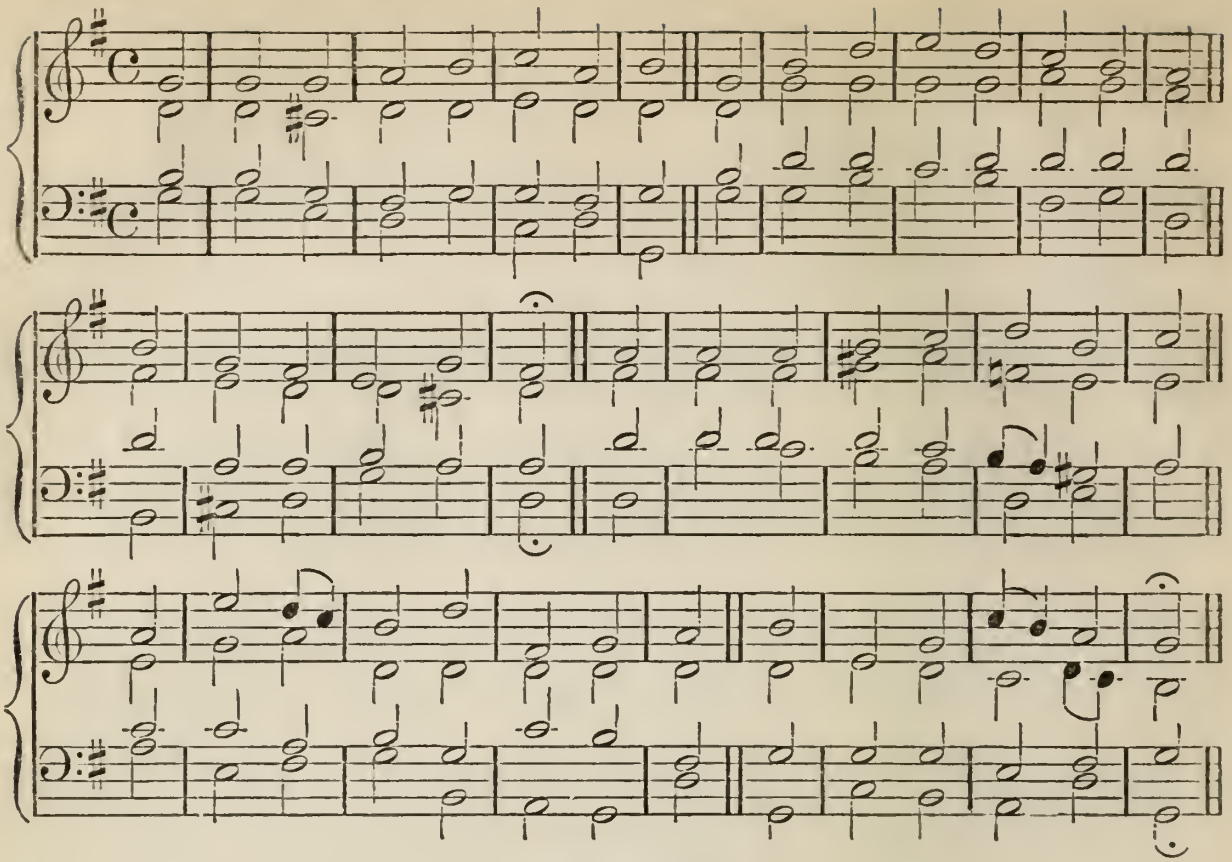
HYMN 346.

1 LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face![prove,
Who know his power, his grace who
Serve him with awe, with reverence,
2 Lo! God is here! him day and night[love.
The united choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.
3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
Oh, take, oh, seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord;
Be thou by all thy works adored.

PART II.

4 BEING of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.
5 In thee we move;—all things of thee
Are full, thou source and life of all;
Thou vast unfathomable Sea!
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,
Ye sons of men, for God is man!)
All may we lose, so thee we gain.
6 As flowers their opening leaves display
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire,
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
Thou purging Fire, thou quickening Flame.

Oxford. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.



HYMN 347.

PART II.

1 JESUS, thou Soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert:
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim;
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own;—
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
Oh, let it never more steal in,
To offend thy glorious eyes!
To desecrate our hallowed strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

4 To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

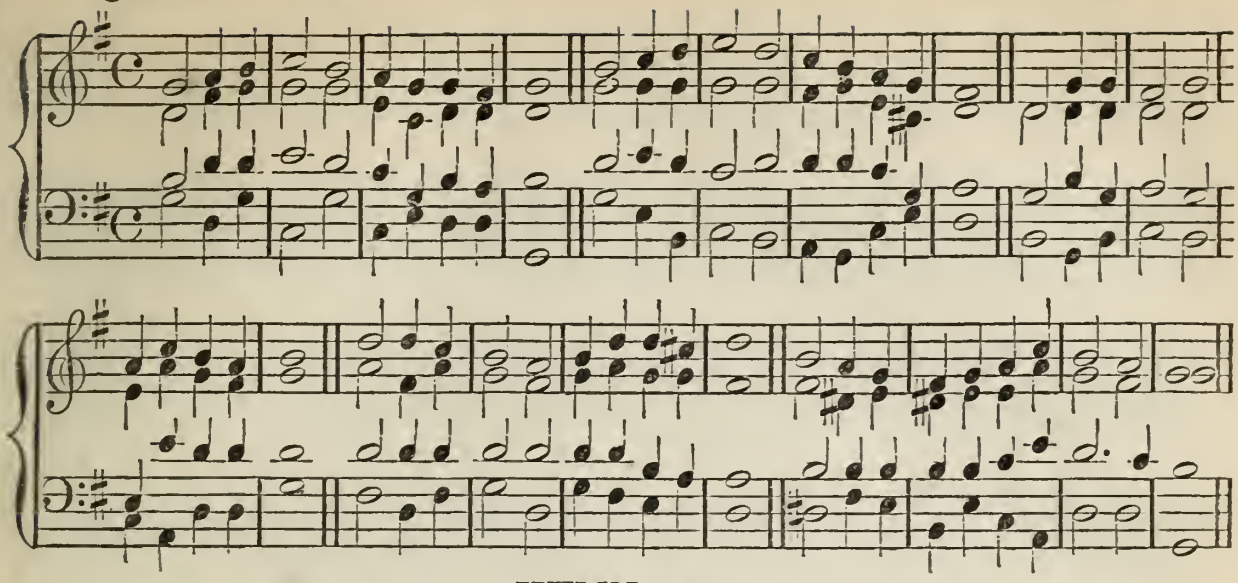
5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
With sacred jealousy;
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.

6 That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song;
The joy from out our hearts arise,
With sacred light illume our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

7 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one accord
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

8 With calmly reverential joy,
Oh, let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love!
And raise, in death, our triumph higher,
And sing with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above.

Basle. 10's.



HYMN 348.

1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest,
When, like his own, he bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote his consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallowed duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

3 So shall the God of mercy, pleased, receive
That only tribute man has power to give,
So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

4 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

PART II.

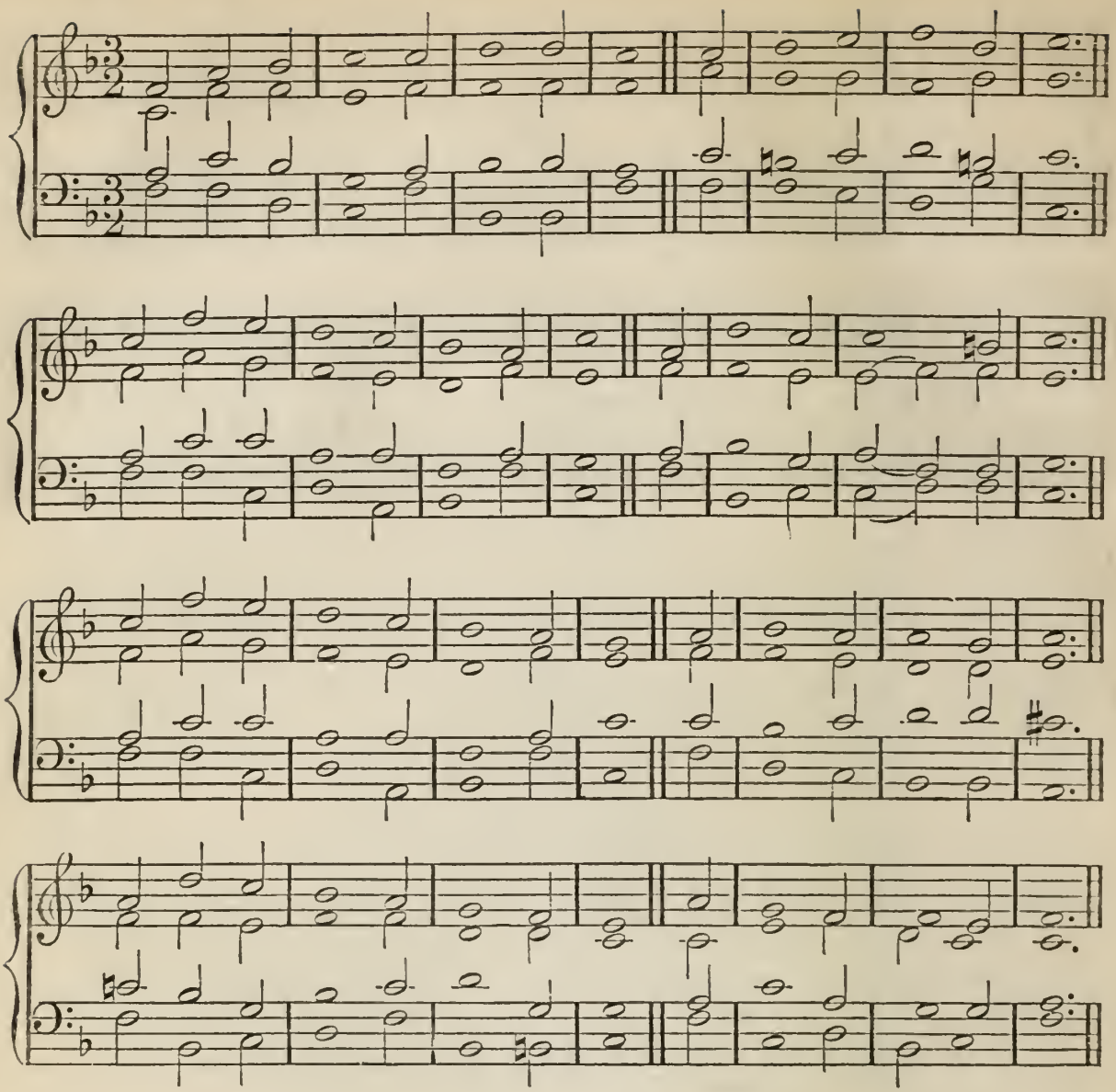
1 SOON shall the evening star with silver ray,
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day;
Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that holiness and Heaven ordain.

2 Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,
That shines revealed on inspiration's page;
Nor those blest hours in vain amusement waste
Which all who lavish shall lament at last.

3 Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile
Will crown with meet success our weekly toil;
And here, on each returning sabbath, join
In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine.

4 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

Old 81st. D. C. M.



HYMN 349.

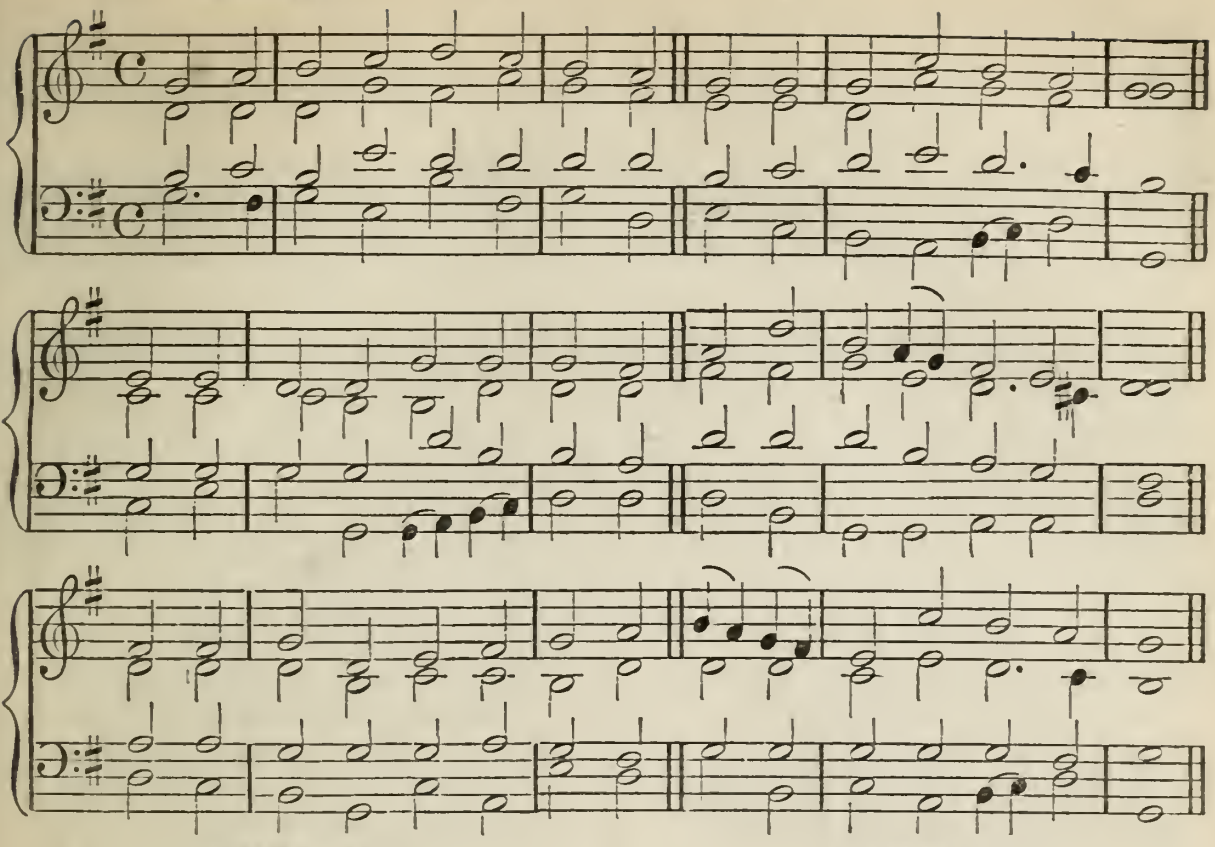
1 A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright:
To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice holy God and Lord,
Through endless ages love.

2 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of Holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky:
Whose glory to this earth extends
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

3 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And join with them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King:
But God made flesh, is wholly ours,
And asks our noblest strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man!

4 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne
With rapturous amaze [down
On us, poor ransomed worms, look
For heaven's superior praise!
The King, whose glorious face ye see,
For us his crown resigned;
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind!

St. Werbergh's. 8, 7, 4.



HYMN 350.

1 LORD, { dismiss / refresh } us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through life's wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

4 To the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the Father, Spirit, Son.

HYMN 351.

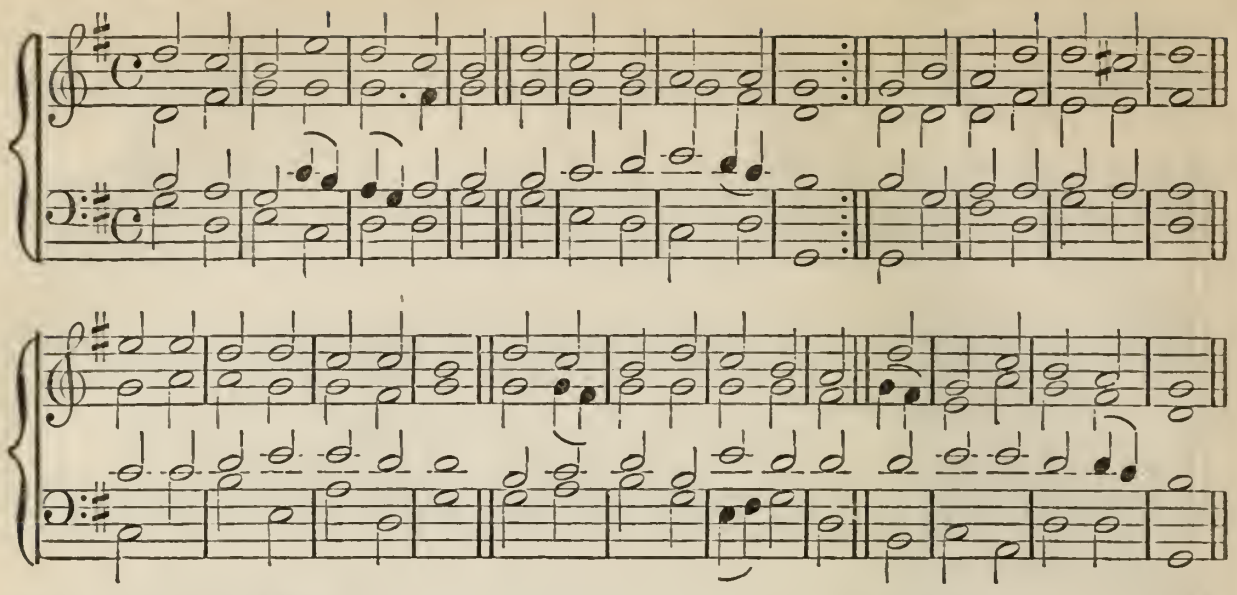
1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee his praise should sing?
Praise him! praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise him, praise him,
Glorious in his faithfulness!

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise him, praise him,
Widely as his mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore him,
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise him! praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

St. Barnabas'. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.



HYMN 352.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of Truth and Grace:
Join we then in sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease:
Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three-in-One;
Sing aloud, or silent fall,
O'erwhelmed before thy throne!

3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love;
Thee *they* sing with glory crowned;
We extol the slaughtered Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

HYMN 353.

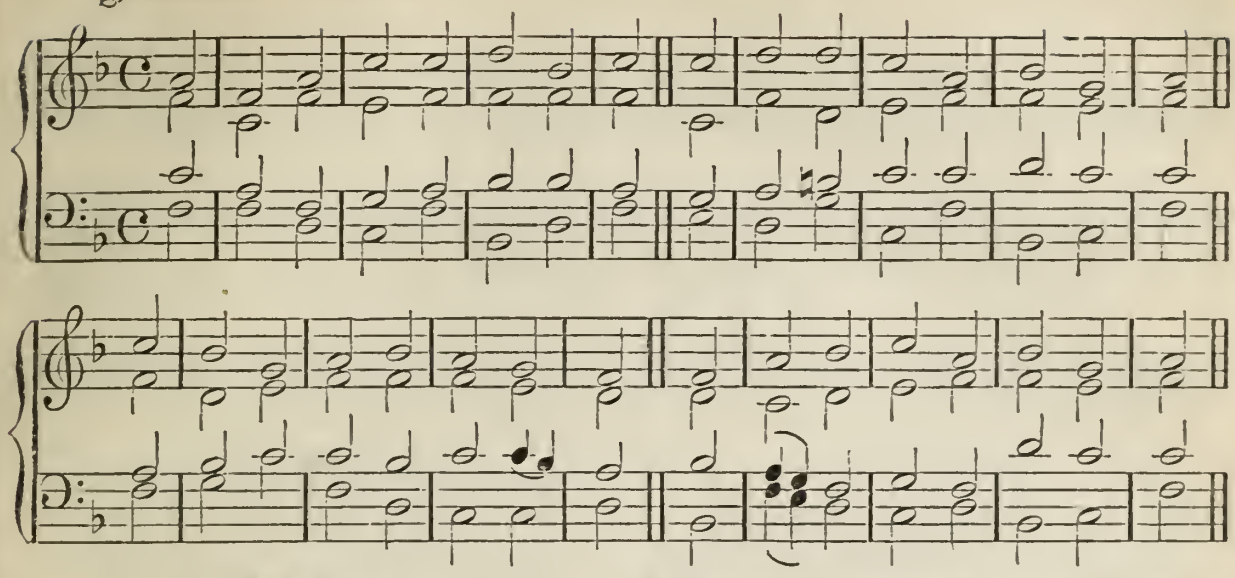
1 GREAT is our redeeming Lord,
In power, and truth, and grace;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His Church on earth doth praise;
In the city of our God,
In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his name abroad,
And all his greatness show.

2 For thy loving-kindness, Lord,
We in thy temple stay;
Here thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display:
With thy name thy praise is known,
Glorious thy perfections shine;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all divine.

3 See the faithful Church secure
And founded on a rock;
All her promises are sure;
Her bulwarks who can shock!
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after ages tell,
Fortified by power divine,
The Church can never fail.

4 Sion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pardoning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die:
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

Hereford. L. M.



HYMN 354.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how All-seeing God surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

PART II.

1 ALL praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 355.

1 O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

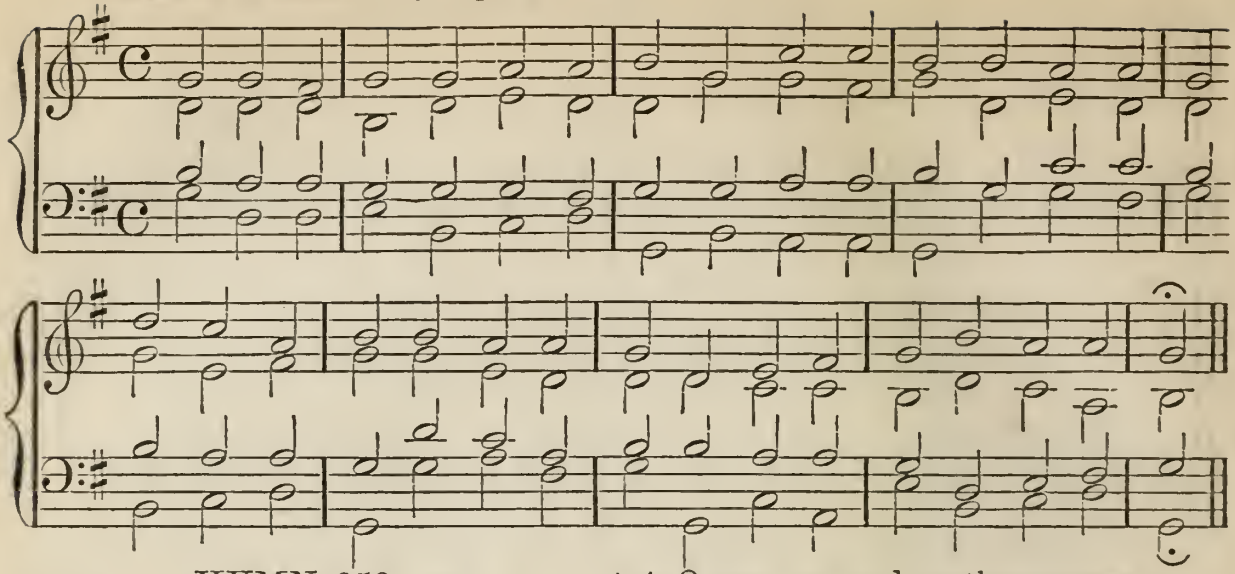
3 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control:
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 O, hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

5 O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee!

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Tallis's Canon. (Original form.) L. M.



HYMN 356.

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find;
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

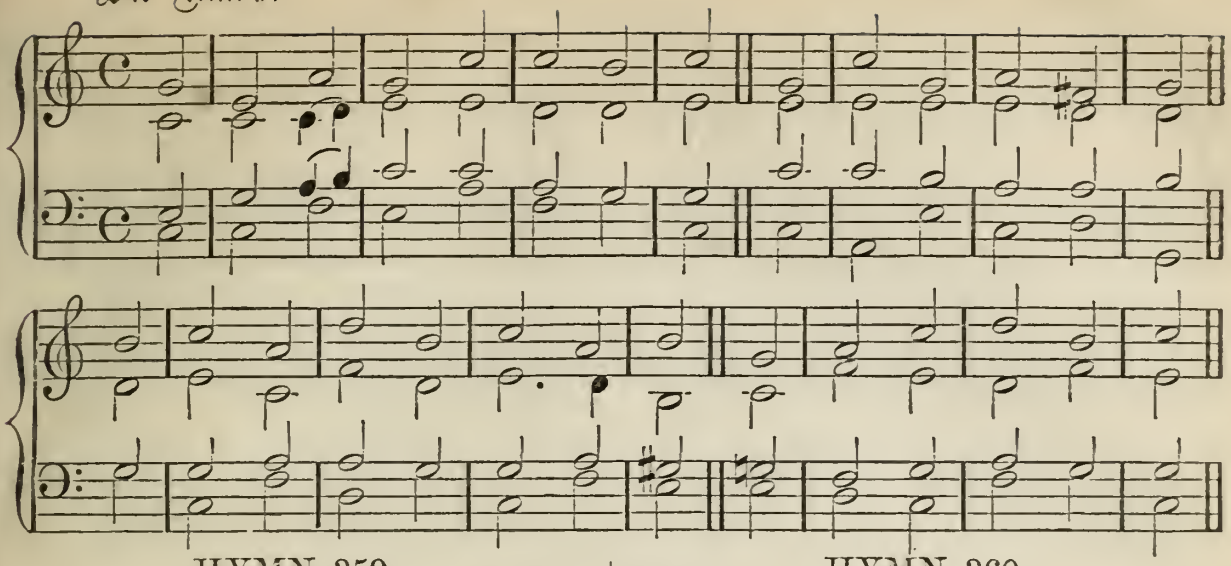
HYMN 357.

1 ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, &c.

HYMN 358.

1 SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.
5 Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

St. Ann's. C. M.



HYMN 359.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

3 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely
A flock by Jesus led; [thine;
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

4 And thou wilt turn our wandering
And thou wilt bless our way; [feet,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall
The dawn of lasting day. [greet

HYMN 360.

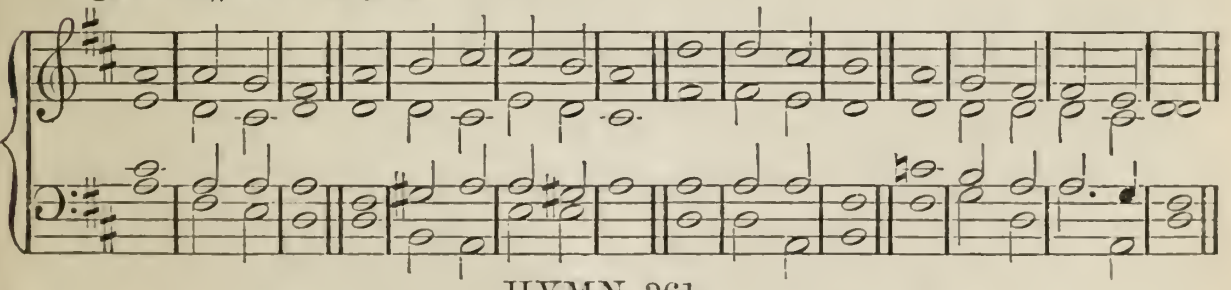
1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening
Like holy incense rise; [song
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, O! what poor returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

3 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

4 Grieved at this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee;
And to thy grace myself resign,
To be renewed by thee.

Mornington's Chant. (2.)



HYMN 361.

1 LORD, of life the' guard and giver,
Blessed' be thy' name for ever.
Thou who slumb'rest' not, nor sleepest,
Safe are' those thou' kindly keepest.

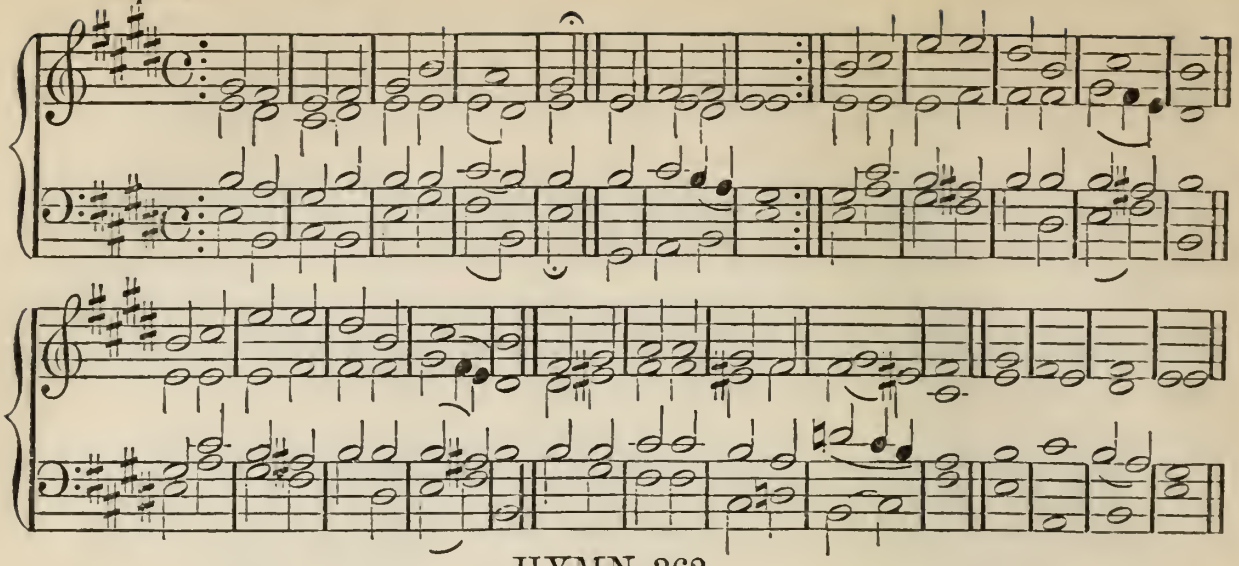
2 Through night's curtains' round us closing,
Seen of' thee is' our reposing.
Trustful then, though' all unworthy,
Weary' we lie' down before thee.

3 Let thine angels,' without number,
Watch a'round our' beds of slumber,
Guard from spirits' of perdition,
Guilty' thought, and' evil vision.

4 Grant to those, in' pain that languish,
Sleep to' lull the' sense of anguish.
Give to those, in' sorrow waking,
Sleep to' soothe the' heart's sore aching.

5 Thou, that ever' wakeful livest,
Sleep to' thy be'loved givest;
Night by night, then,' send to ease us
Sleep,—un'til we' sleep in Jesus.

Upsal. P. M.



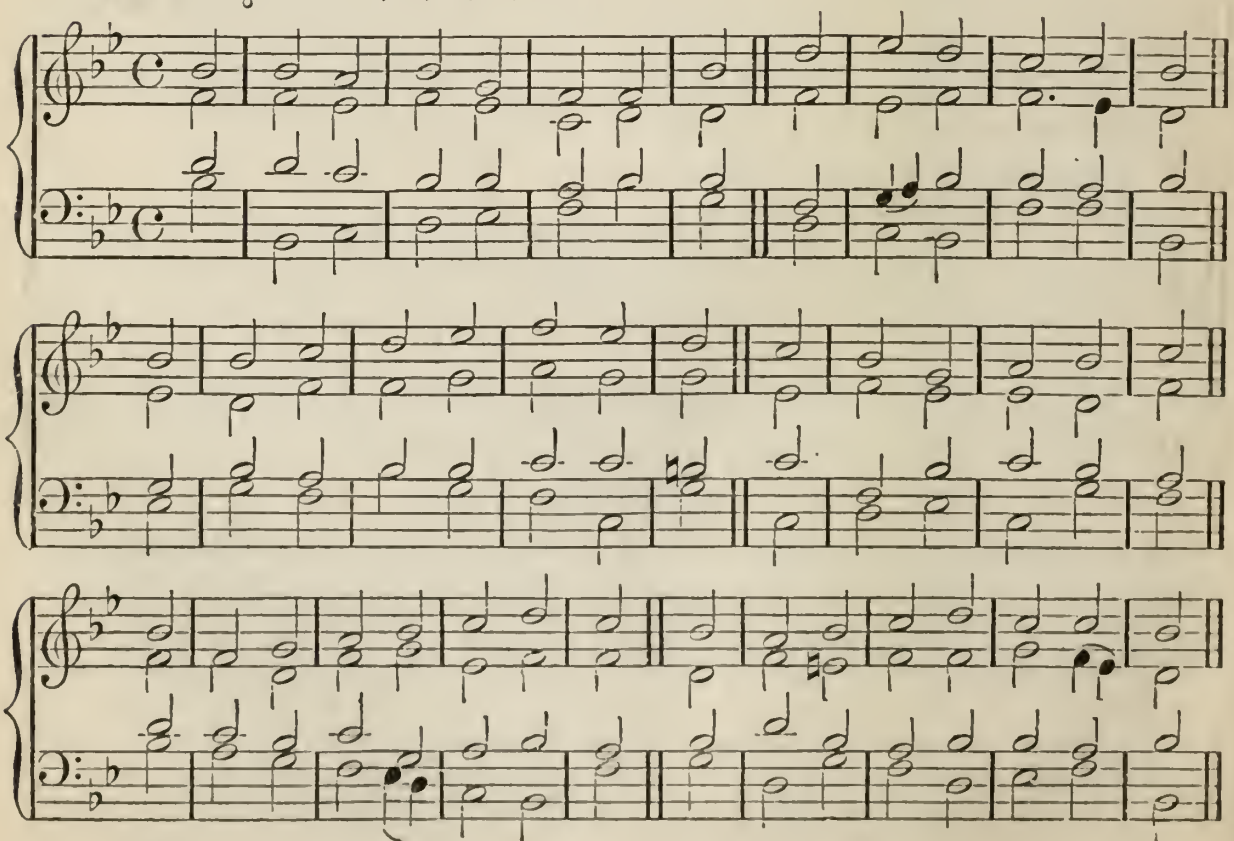
HYMN 362.

1 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night!

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we, in thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie!
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With thee on high!

FAST DAY.

Old 44th. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.



HYMN 363.

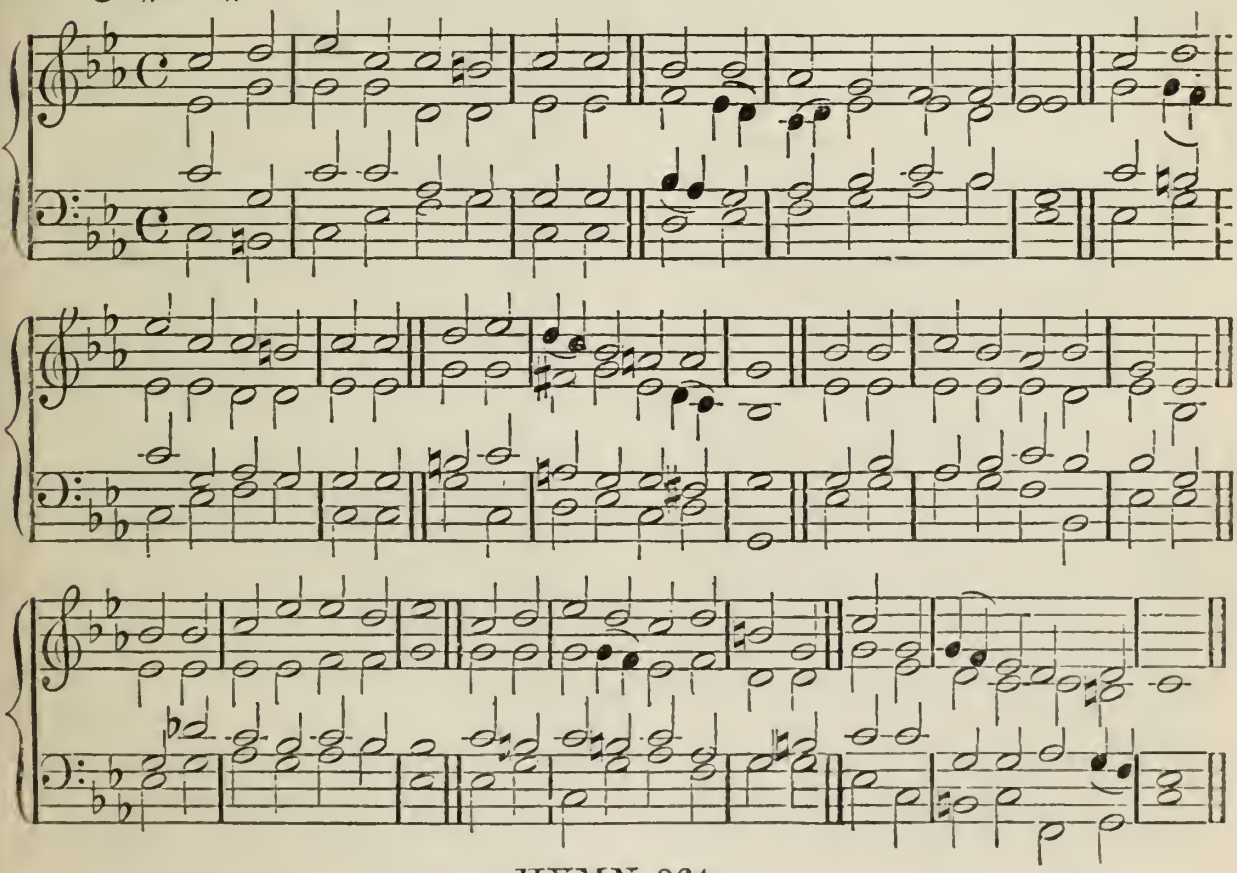
1 THRO' centuries of sin and woe
Hath streamed the crimson flood,
While man, in concert with the foe,
Hath shed his brother's blood:
Now lift thy banner, Prince of peace,
And make the weary conflict cease.

2 In vain, 'mid clamours loud and rude,
Thy servants seek repose;
See, day by day, the strife renewed,
And brethren turned to foes:
Then lift thy banner, Prince of peace,
Bid enmity for ever cease.

3 Still to the heavens the weak will pour
Their loud, unanswered cry;
Still wealth doth heap its secret store,
And want forgotten lie:
Lift high thy banner, Prince of peace,
Let wrongs among thy subjects cease.

4 Thy gospel, Lord, is grace and love;
O send it all abroad,
Till every heart submissive prove,
And bless the reigning God:
Come, lift thy banner, Prince of peace,
Bid sin and woe for ever cease.

Augsburg. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.



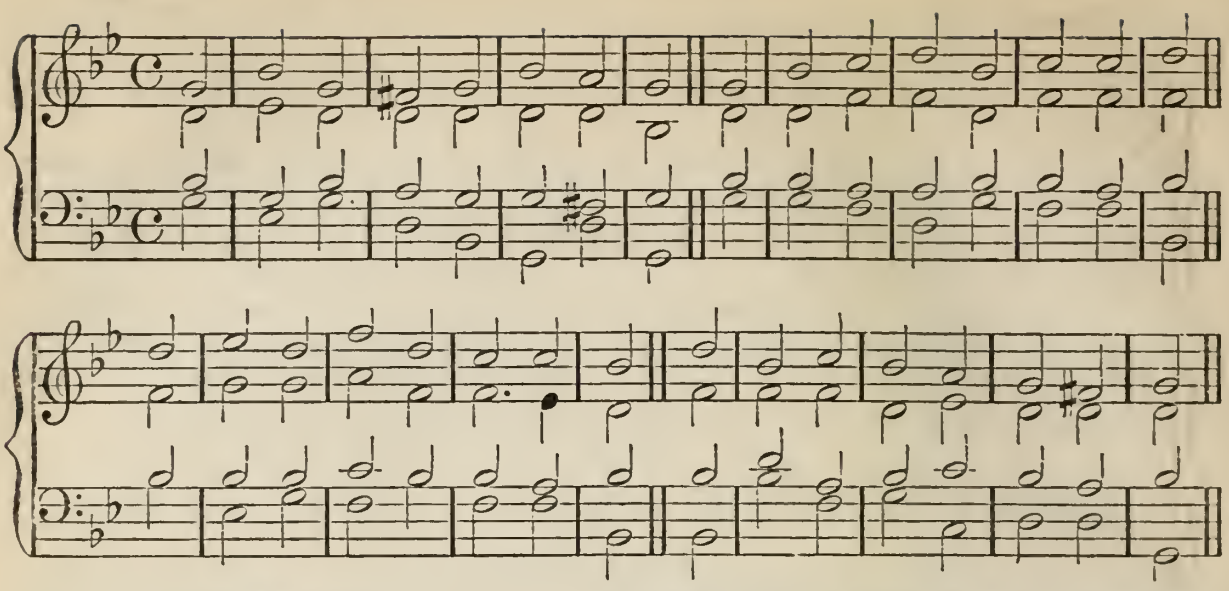
HYMN 364.

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.
Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all;
Let that mercy veil transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

3 Hear, O God, the vows we render;
With our hosts to battle go;
Shield the head of each defender,
And confound the haughty foe;
So, when ceased the battle's raging,
Thine shall be the victor's praise:
And, in holy bonds engaging,
We will serve thee all our days.

Spires. L. M.



HYMN 365.

1 O LORD, thy judgments awe the land,
Thy people's eyes are fixed on thee;
We own thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not, see.

2 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious Gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt [own.
That God has made our cause his

3 But ah! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile returns for all his love;
We, whom as children he has reared,
Rebels against his goodness prove.

4 The Lord, displeased, has raised his rod,
Ah! where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

5 Lord, hear thy people everywhere,
Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turned away.

HYMN 366.

1 TO God, most awful and most high,
Who formed the earth, the sea, the sky;
To him, on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs ascend.

2 Will he who hears the ravens' cry,
Reject our prayers and bid us die?
Will he refuse his help to yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field?

3 Pale famine lifts, at his command,
Her withering arm, and blasts the land;
The harvests perish at her breath,
Her train are want, disease, and death.

4 But when he smiles, the desert blooms,
New life is born among the tombs;
O'er the glad plains abundance teems,
And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.

5 Father of grace! whom we adore,
Bless thy large family, the poor;
The poor on thee alone depend,
Continue thou the poor man's friend.

6 Content to live by toil and pain,
May we eternal riches gain;
Meanwhile, by thy free bounty fed,
Give us this day our daily bread.

HYMN 367.

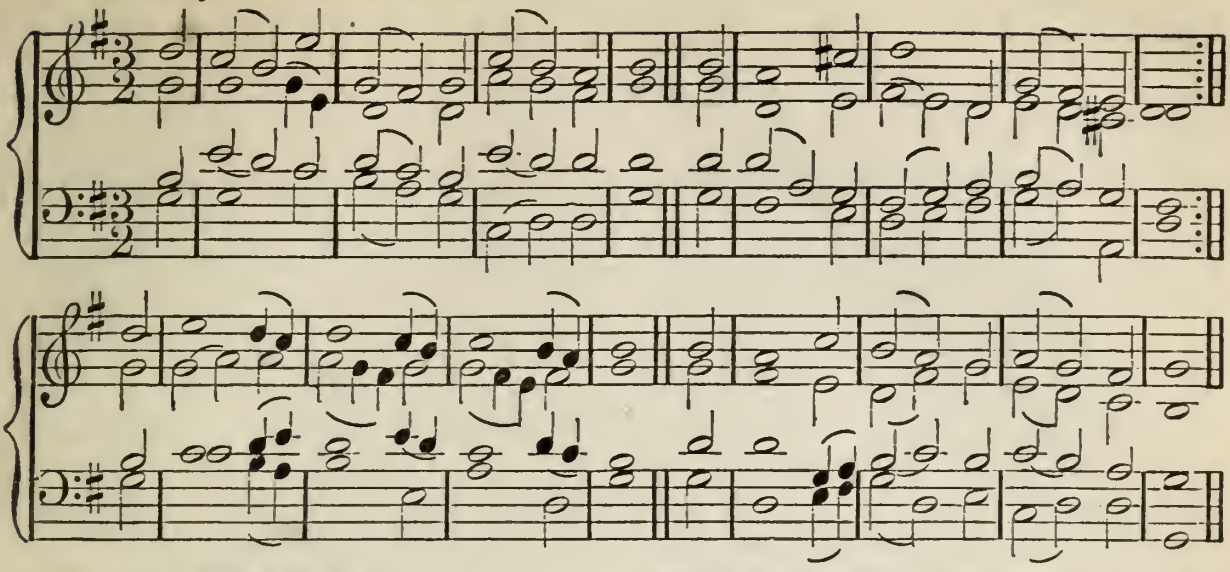
1 MY soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To thee, her source, my spirit flies:
My wants I mourn, my chains I see,
Oh, let thy presence set me free!

2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

3 In life's short day, still let me more
Of thy enlivening power implore;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

4 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do;
Ah! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.

Surrey. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 368.

1 LORD of the harvest! thee we hail,
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay, this holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
When winter sweeps the naked plain;
Still do we sing to thee, our King;
Through all their changes thou dost reign.

3 Lord of the harvest! all is thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
New every year thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

HYMN 369.

1 O KING of earth, and air, and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to thee;
On thee thy various creatures call,
The common Father, kind to all;
Then grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

2 The lions may with hunger pine,
But, Lord, thou carest still for thine;
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And thou hast taught our hearts to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

3 And O! when thro' the wilds we roam,
That part us from our heavenly home,
Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul can live;
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

HYMN 370. Ps. xxiii.

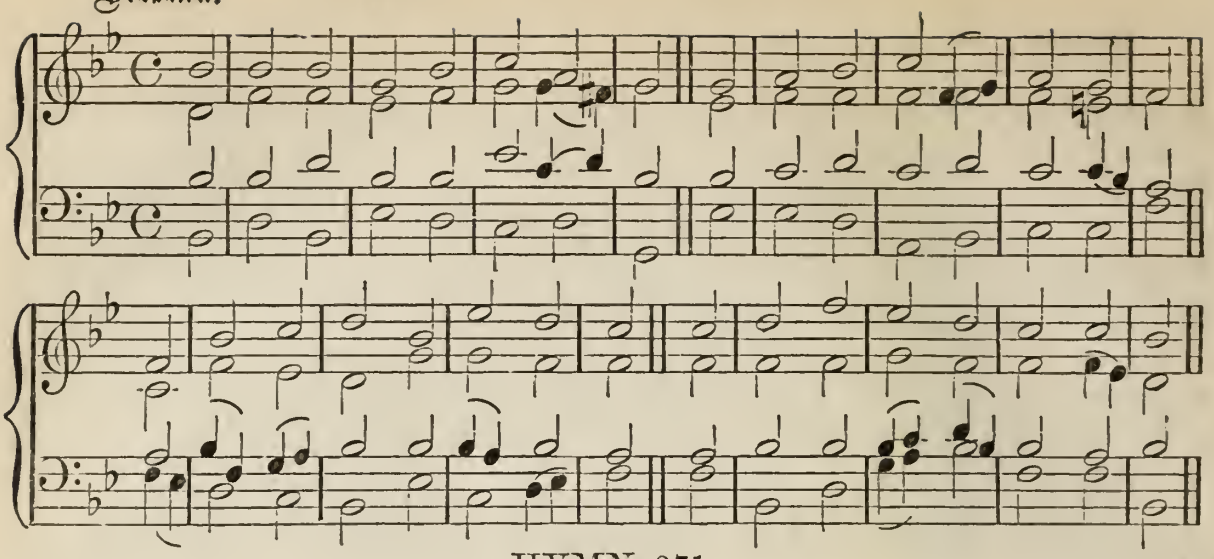
1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray;
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile;
With sudden greens and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Breslau. L. M.



HYMN 371.

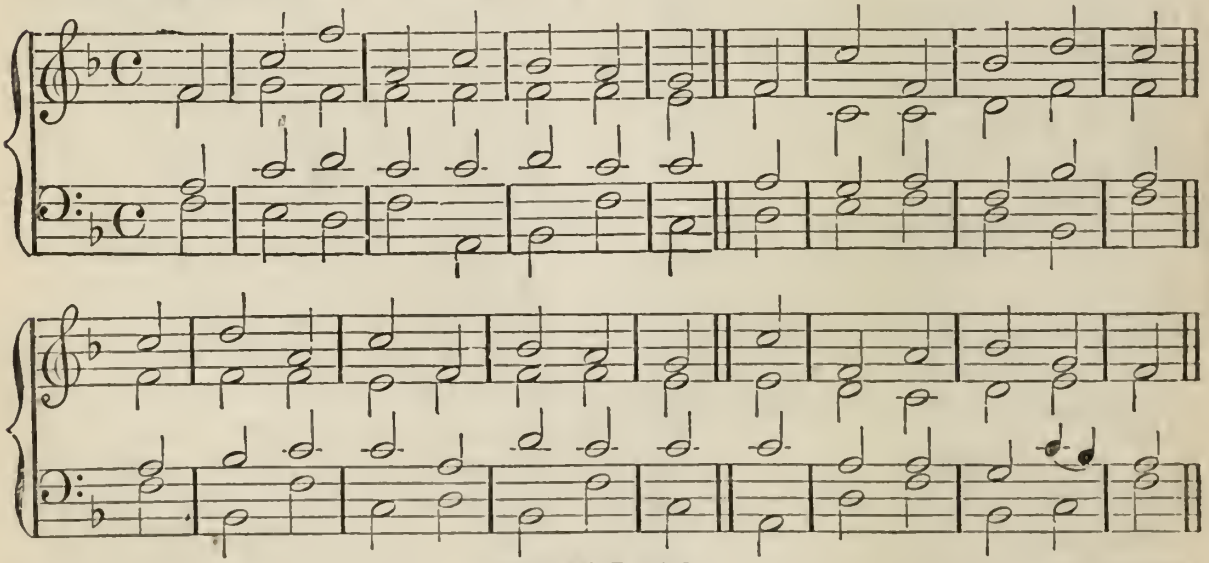
1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favour crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud or sky has veiled,
No blasting winds our path assailed.

3 The harvest months have o'er us rolled.
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stored,
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love.

St. David's. C. M.



HYMN 372.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are;
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew; [shine,
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to
The mild refreshing dew.

3 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

4 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

HYMN 373.

1 SOVEREIGN of all, whose will ordains
The powers on earth that be,
By whom our rightful monarch reigns,
Subject to none but thee.

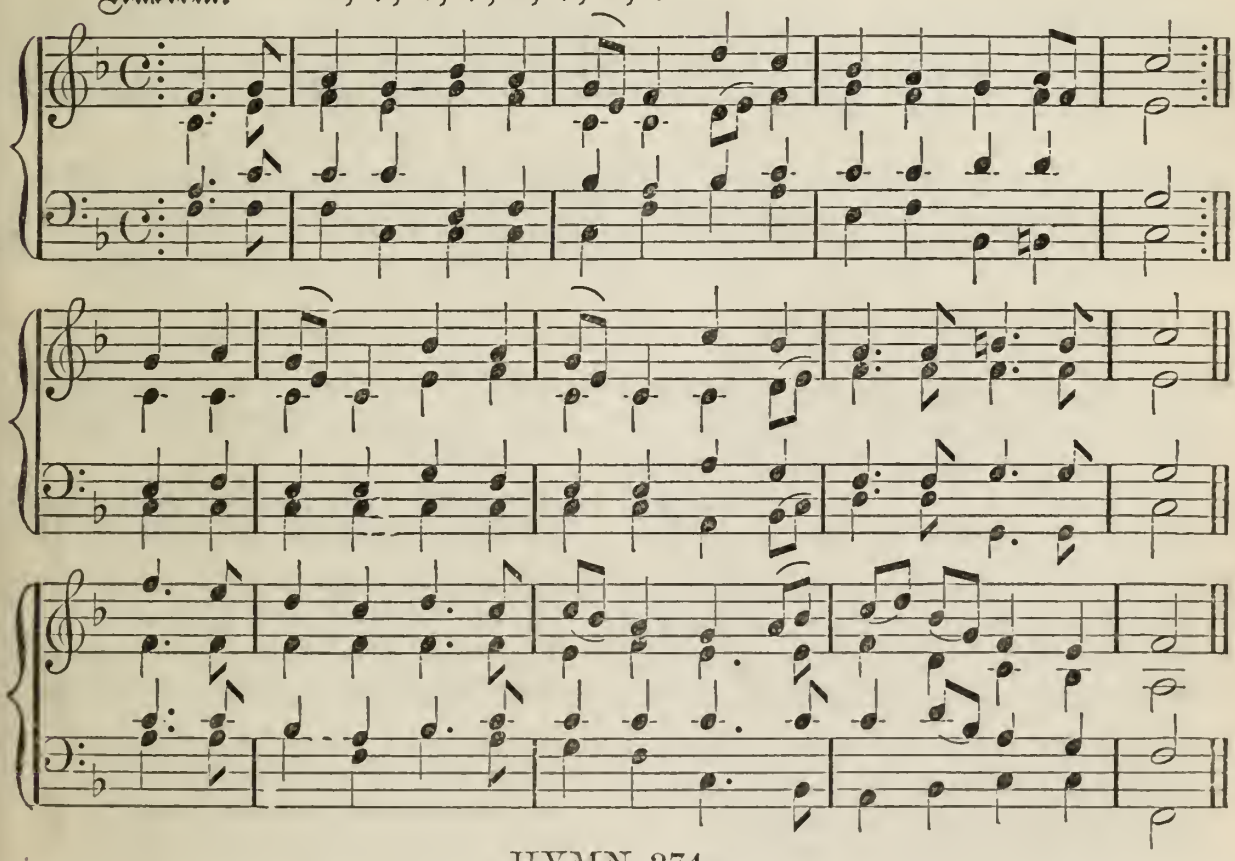
2 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer,
We bear him to thy throne;
Receive thine own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.

3 Guard him from all who dare oppose
Thy delegate and thee;
From open and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy.

4 In health and wealth may he increase,
Him from all harm defend;
Stablish his throne in glorious peace,
And save him to the end.

5 His people, bound in unity,
With every mercy bless;
Make us a nation fearing thee,
And working righteousness.

Austria. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

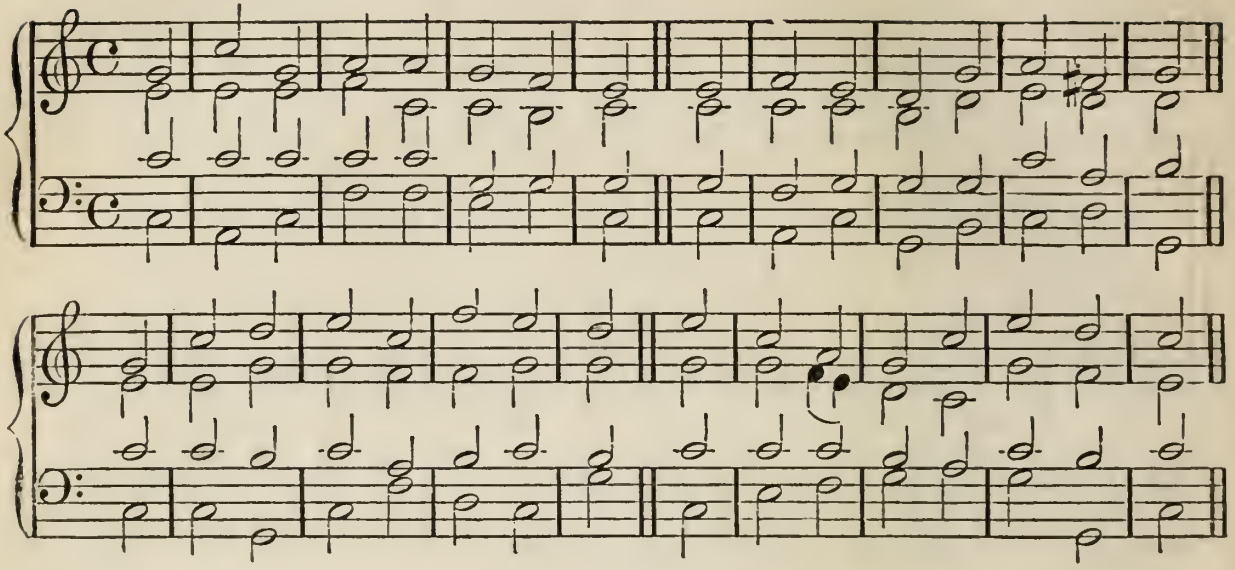


HYMN 374.

1 LORD of heaven, earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God;
Now with joy we come before thee,
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard thy church, and guide our king [or queen].

2 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone,
Comforts undeserved, possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne;
Young and old do now before thee
Their united tribute bring;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Shield our isle, and save our king [or queen].

3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favoured nation
May those mercies ever last;
Britons, then, shall still before thee
Songs of ceaseless praises sing,
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless thy people, bless our king [or queen].

Crasselius. L. M.

HYMN 375. Ps. lxxii.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 376.

1 ARM of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake:
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

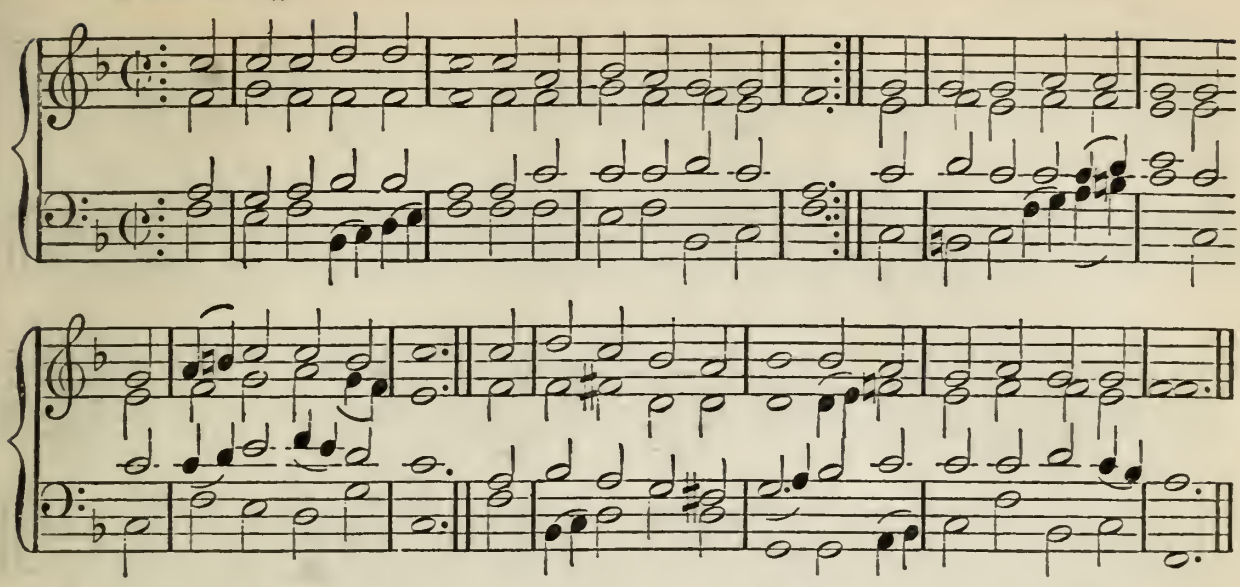
3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend:
Let Mahomet's imposture end:
Break Superstition's papal chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.

5 Let Zion's time of favour come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home:
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!

6 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every clime of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Wittemburg. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.



HYMN 377.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spread from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 378. Ps. lxxii.

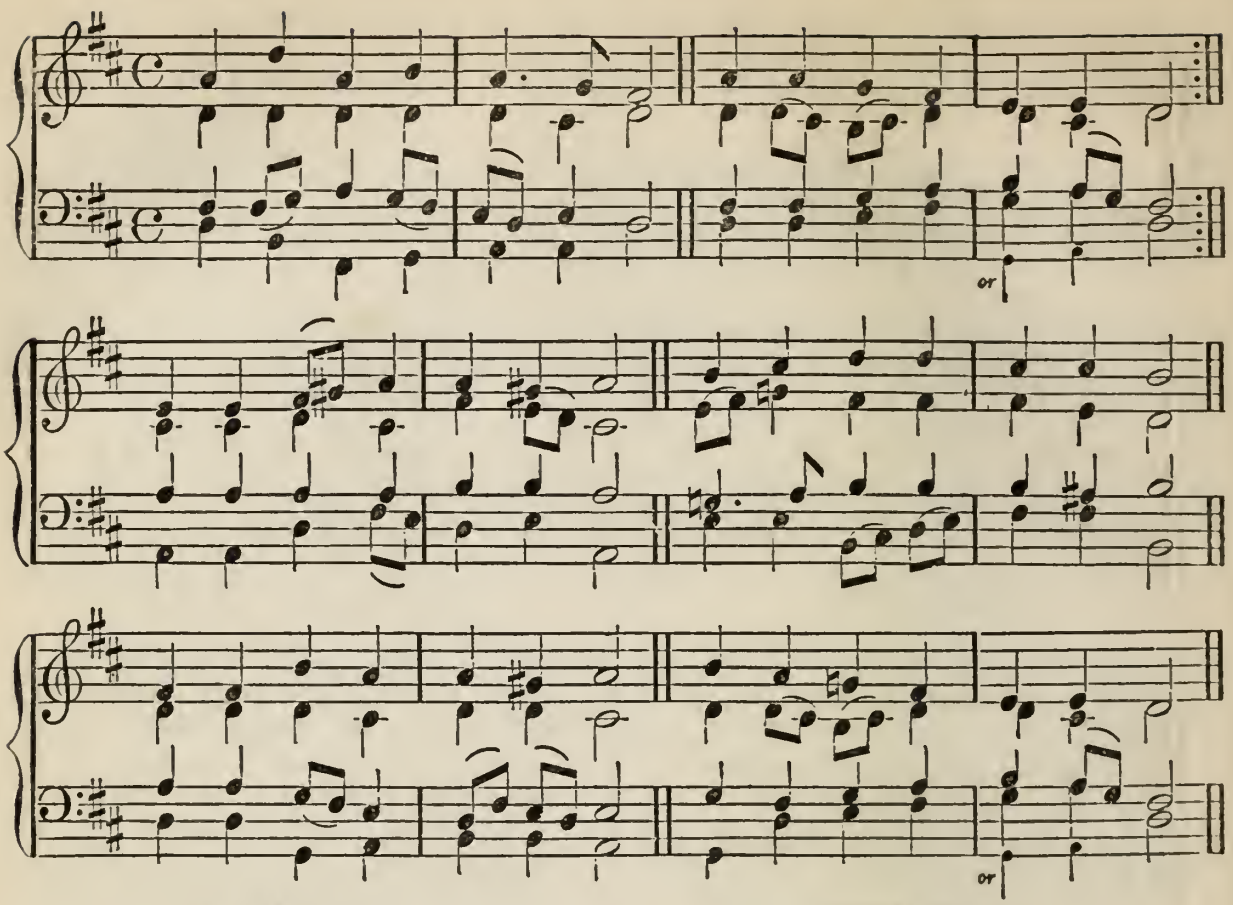
1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of love.

Salzburg. 7, 7, 7, 7 , 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 379.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore;
"Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah!" let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 "Hallelujah!" Hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banners furled, [done,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks, 'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end, beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

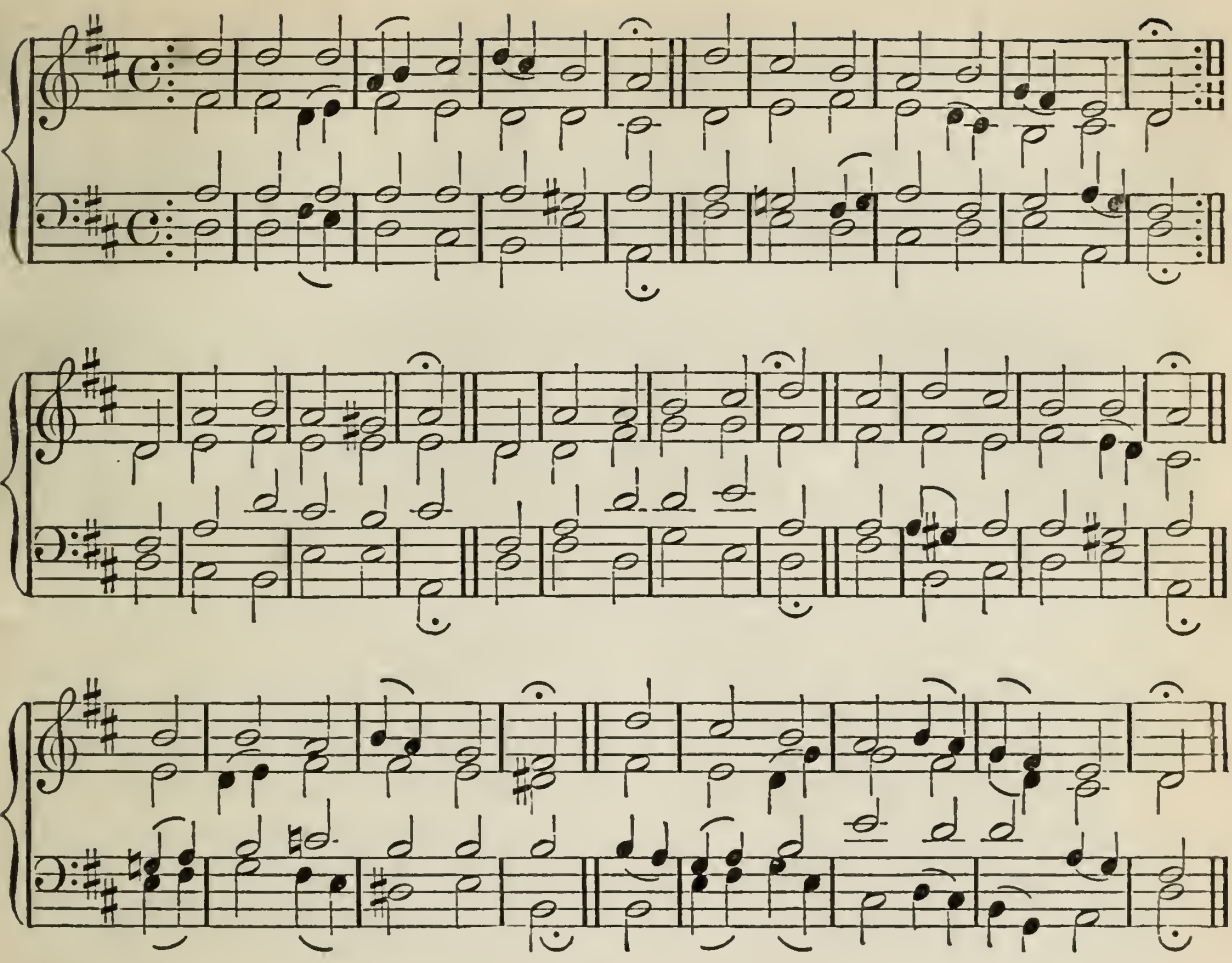
HYMN 380.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Worms. P. M.



HYMN 381.

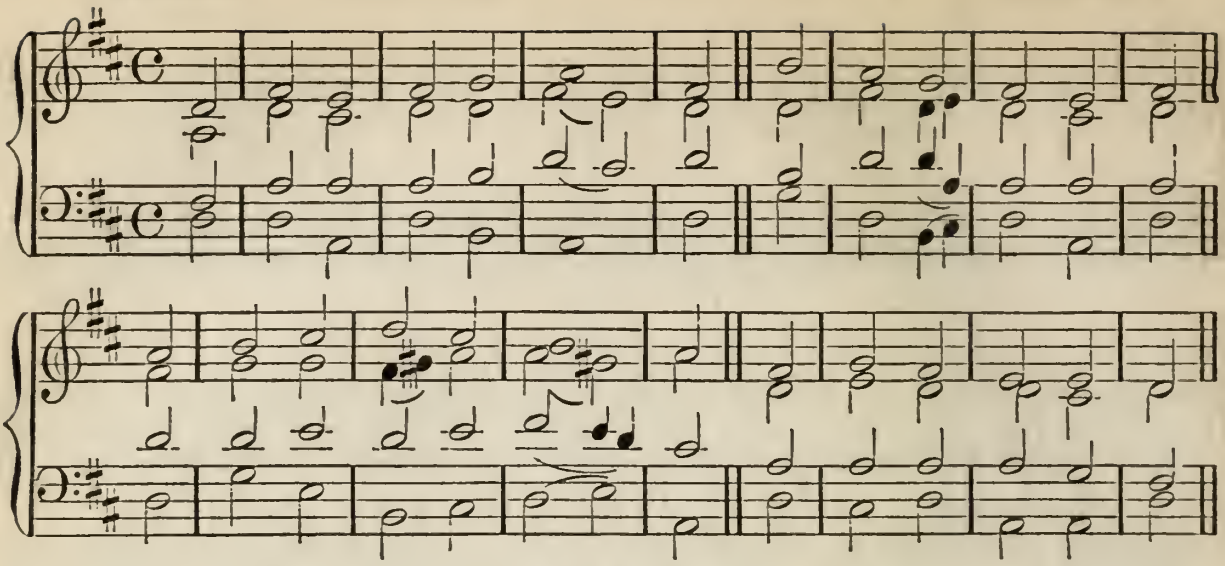
1 SEND out thy light and truth, O God,
With sound of trumpet from above;
Break not the nations with thy rod,
But draw them as with cords of love;
Justice and mercy meet,
The work is well begun,
Through every clime, their feet
Who bring glad tidings run;
In earth, as heaven, thy will be done.

2 Before thee, every idol fall,
Rend the false prophet's veil of lies;
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
Be Israel saved, let Jacob rise;
Thy kingdom come indeed;
Thy church with union bless,
All scripture be her creed,
And every tongue confess
One Lord,—the Lord our righteousness.

3 Now for the travail of his soul,
Messiah's peaceful reign advance;
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
He claims his pledged inheritance;
O thou, most mighty! gird
Thy sword upon thy thigh;
That two-edged sword—thy word,
By which thy foes shall die,
Then be new-born beneath thine eye.

4 So perish all thine enemies,
Their enmity alone be slain;
Them in the arms of mercy seize,
Breathe, and their souls shall come again;
So may thy friends at length,
Oft smitten, oft laid low,
Forth, like the sun in strength,
Conquering, to conquer go,
Till, to thy throne, all nations flow.

Lincoln. 7, 6, 7, 6.



HYMN 382.

MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

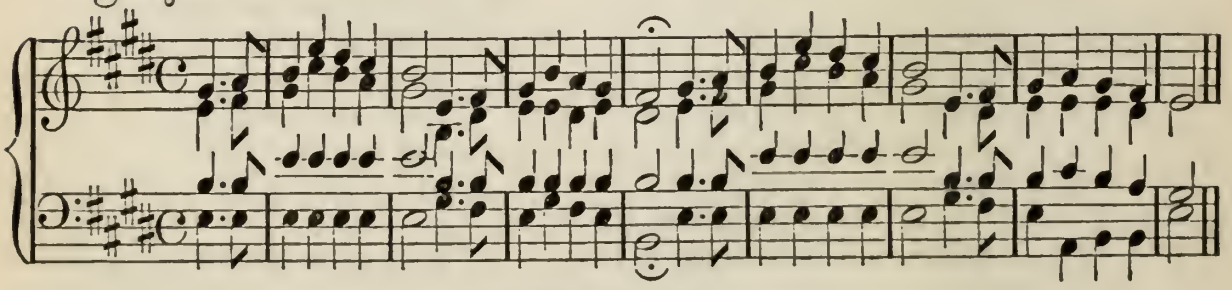
1 OH that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see:
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

SCHOOLS.

Durham. 7, 7, 7, 7.

HYMN 383.

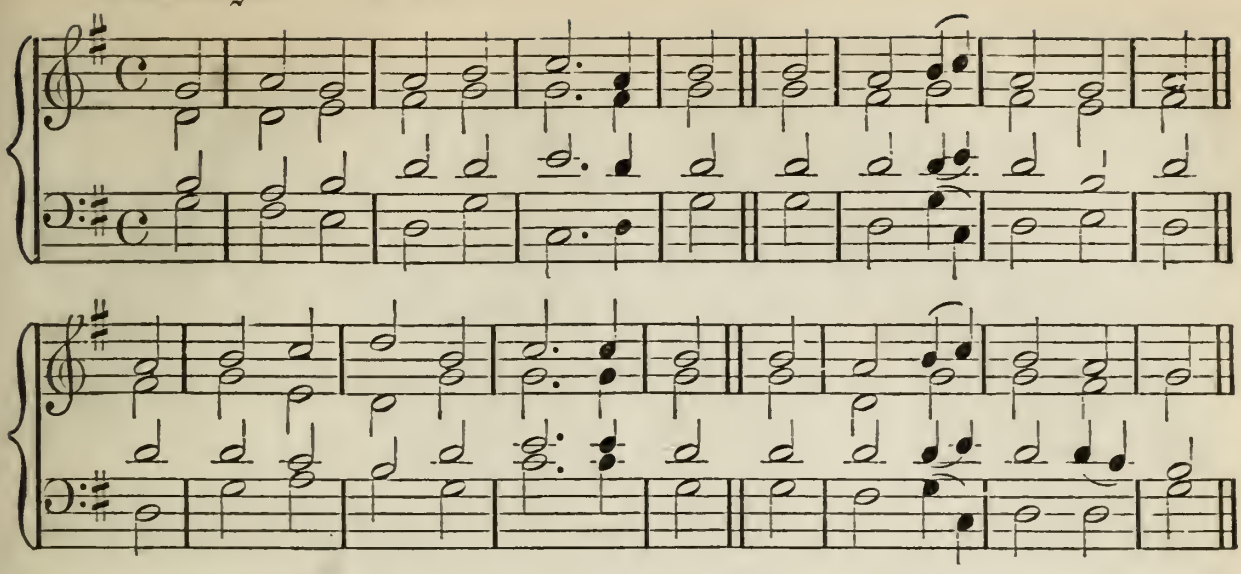
1 GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear, our feeble cry;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet!

2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us thine.

4 Let us ever hear thy voice,
Ask thy counsel every day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

5 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul,—
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll.

Cambridge. C. M.

HYMN 384.

1 THY throne, O God, in righteousness
For ever shall endure;
We bow before it; deign to bless
The children of the poor.

2 Thy wisdom fixed our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.

3 Strangers to thee, though thine by name,
We heard thy welcome voice,
And, gathered from the world, became
The children of thy choice.

4 Thou art our Shepherd;—glorious God,
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

5 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watched, and warned, and taught,—
The children of thy grace.

6 O may our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above,
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

HYMN 385.

1 WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace; [grow,
Like him, in grace and knowledge
As years and strength increase.

3 Jesus passed by the rich and great
For men of low degree;
He sanctified our parents' state,
For poor like them was he.

4 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed.

5 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.

HYMN 386.

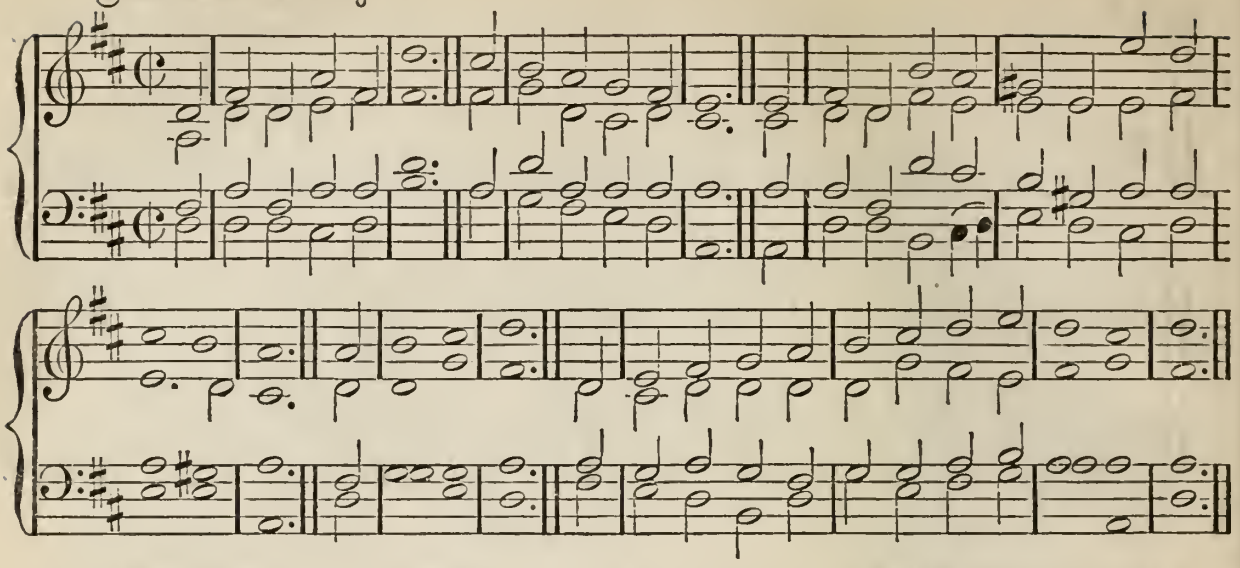
1 THOU art the Way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Darwell's 148th.



HYMN 387. Ps. lxxxiv.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 Oh! happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh! happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they,
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh! glorious seat!
Thou, God, our King,
Shalt hither bring
Our willing feet.

4 The Lord his people loves,
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

HYMN 388.

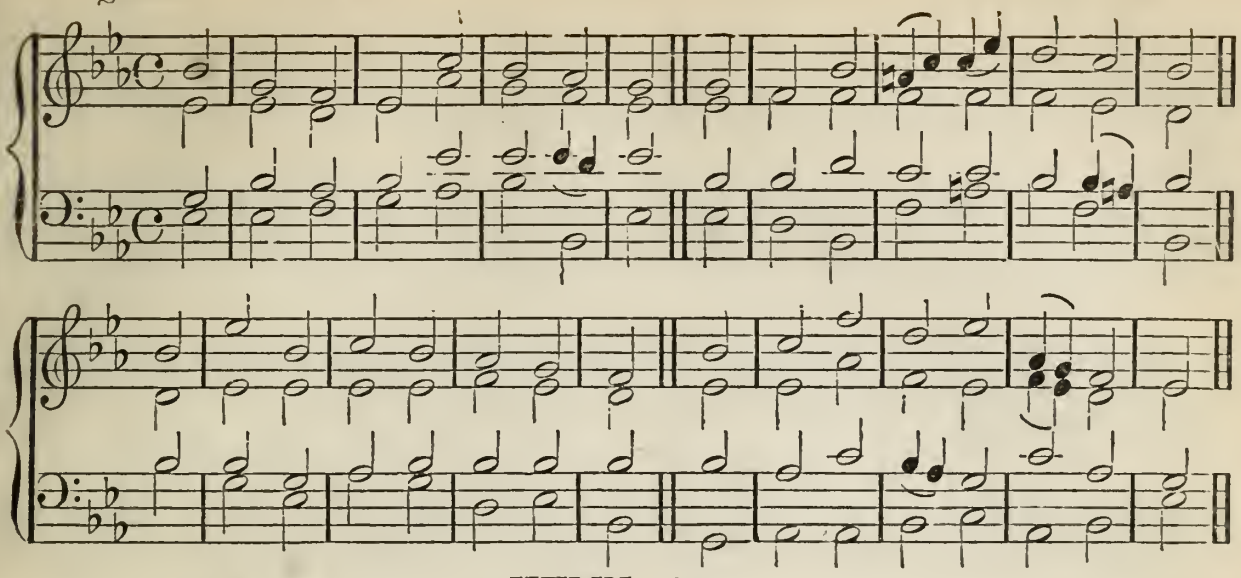
1 CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love
Our hopes we place,
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 Oh! then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing:
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower,
On all who pray,
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore:
Until that day,
When all the blest
To endless rest,
Are called away.

Kent. L. M.



HYMN 389.

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when thou hearest, oh! forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

5 That glory never hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

HYMN 390.

1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face,—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed, we would tread;
To all, with willing hands, dispense
The crumbs of our benevolence.

4 And thou, dread Power, whose sovereign breath
Is health or sickness, life or death,
This favoured mansion deign to bless;
The cause is thine,—O send success!

HYMN 391.

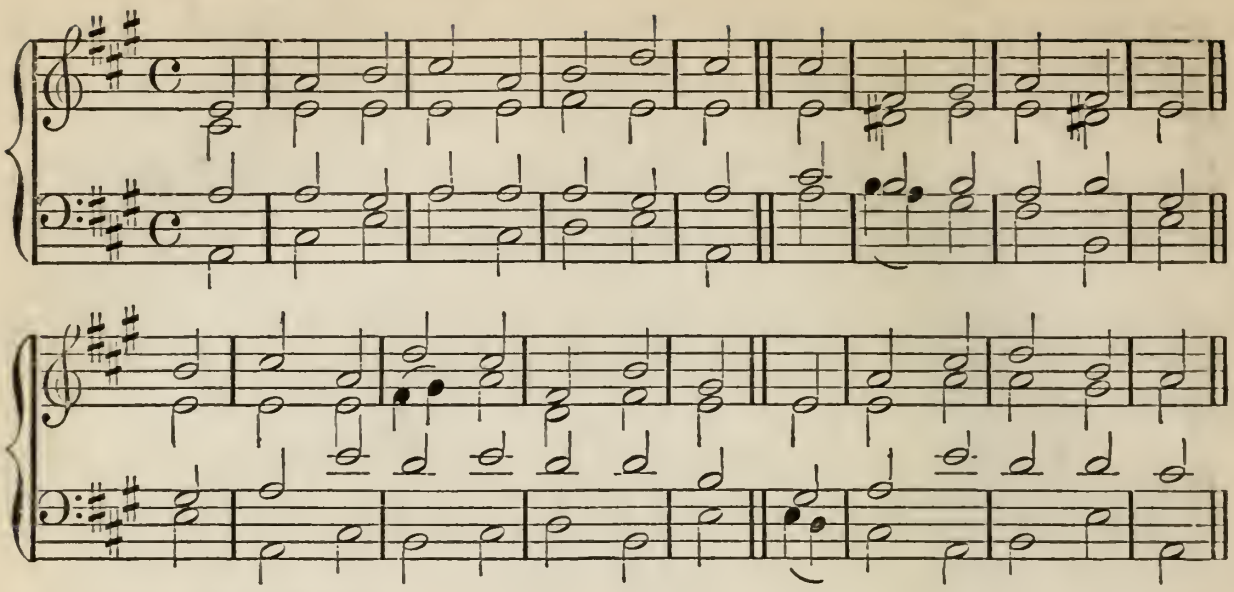
1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In him our spirits shall rejoice;
Assembled here with one accord,
Our hearts shall praise him with our voice.

2 Since he regards our low estate,
And hears his servants when they pray,
We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
Whence none are ever turned away.

3 God of our hope! to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow, thou,
The father of the fatherless.

4 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

St. James's. C. M.



HYMN 392.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace
All-powerful from above;
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathising breast
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
Enthroned above the skies;
And, when he saw their lost estate,
Felt his compassion rise.

5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,
Should love each other too.

HYMN 393.

1 FOUNTAIN of good! to own thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to thee,
When all the worlds are thine?

2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace, [fess
Whose humble names thou wilt con-
Before thy Father's face.

3 In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard,
In them thou mayst be clothed and fed
And visited and cheered.

4 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see,
For while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to thee.

HYMN 394.

1 LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

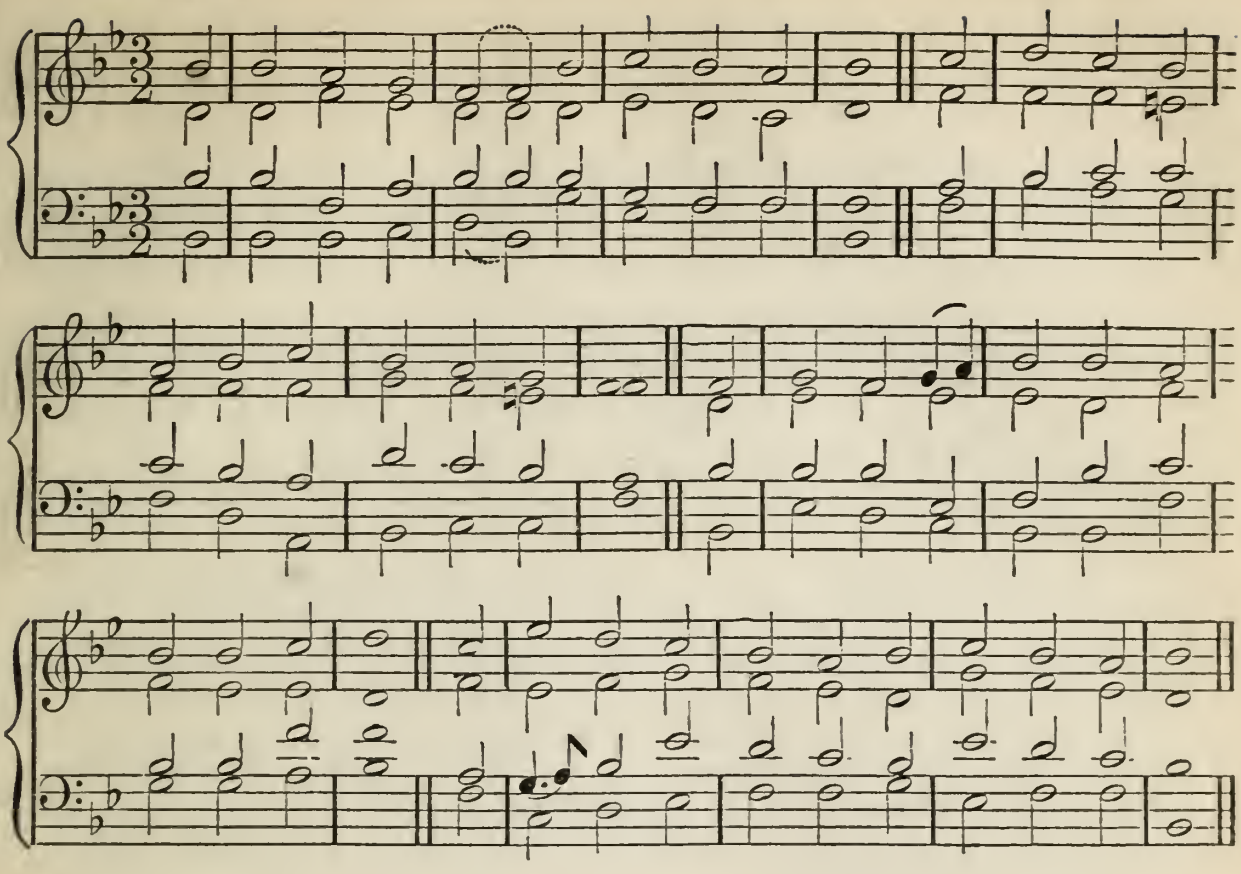
3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on;
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes de-
Or brethren faithless prove, [fame,
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven;
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

Wareham. 11, 11, 11, 11.



HYMN 395.

1 O BRING to Jehovah your tribute of praise,
The guard of your life, and the guide of your ways;
The Lord of creation, he sits on his throne,
The gold and the silver he claims as his own.

2 Whate'er you possëss, 'tis-a proof of his love,
The gifts from beneath, and the gifts from above;
He gave you your treasures, the corn, oil, and wine,
The pearl of the ocean, the gem of the mine.

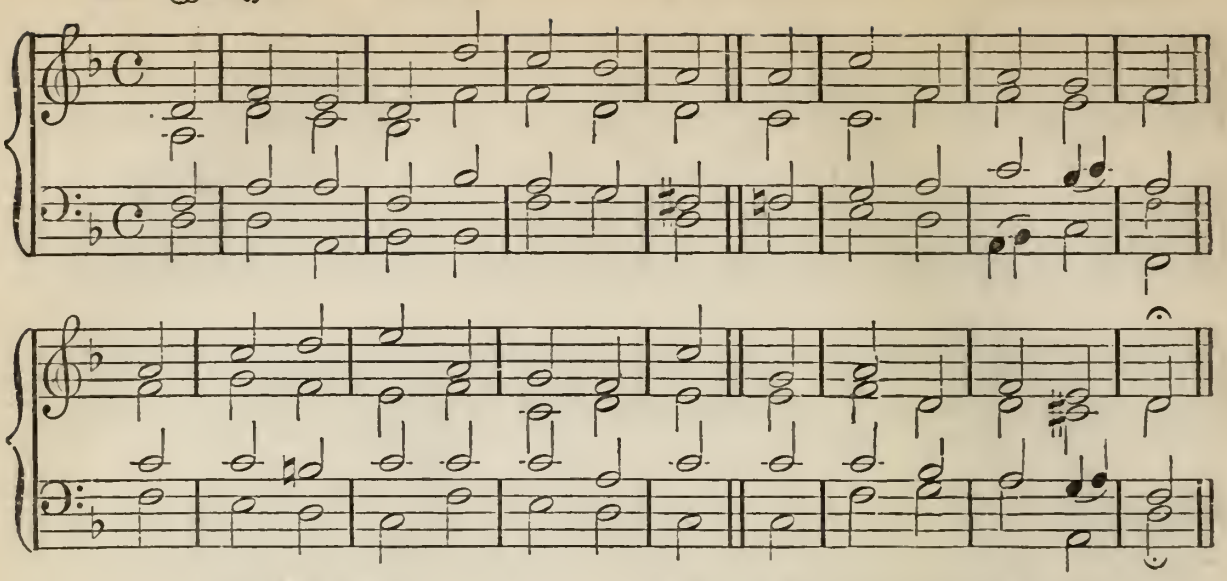
3 But high above äll, he gave you his Son,
To die in your stead, for your sins to atone;
No mine's golden treasure, no pearl of the sea,
From thraldom redeemed you,—his blood set you free.

4 The source of all gräce, he needs not your aid,
The world and its wealth at his footstool are laid;
The beasts of the forest acknowledge his claim,
The fowls of the mountains, he knows them by name.

5 Then what can you give, who-have nought to bestow,
But-a heart full of sin, and a life full of woe?
The cross of his sorrows he calls you to bear,
In-the wants of his people he bids you to share.

6 Then yield to the Lörd the gifts of his hand,
'Tis his to dispënse, 'tis his to command;
To-the poor and the needy your treasures impart,
And give to your Saviour the love of your heart.

St. Mary's. C. M.



HYMN 396.

1 GOD of our life! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound:
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as thy favours are
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free;
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to thee.

6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God,
And in affliction I will sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

HYMN 397.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

HYMN 398.

1 SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stand!
It yields no fruit, no blossom bears
Though planted by his hand.

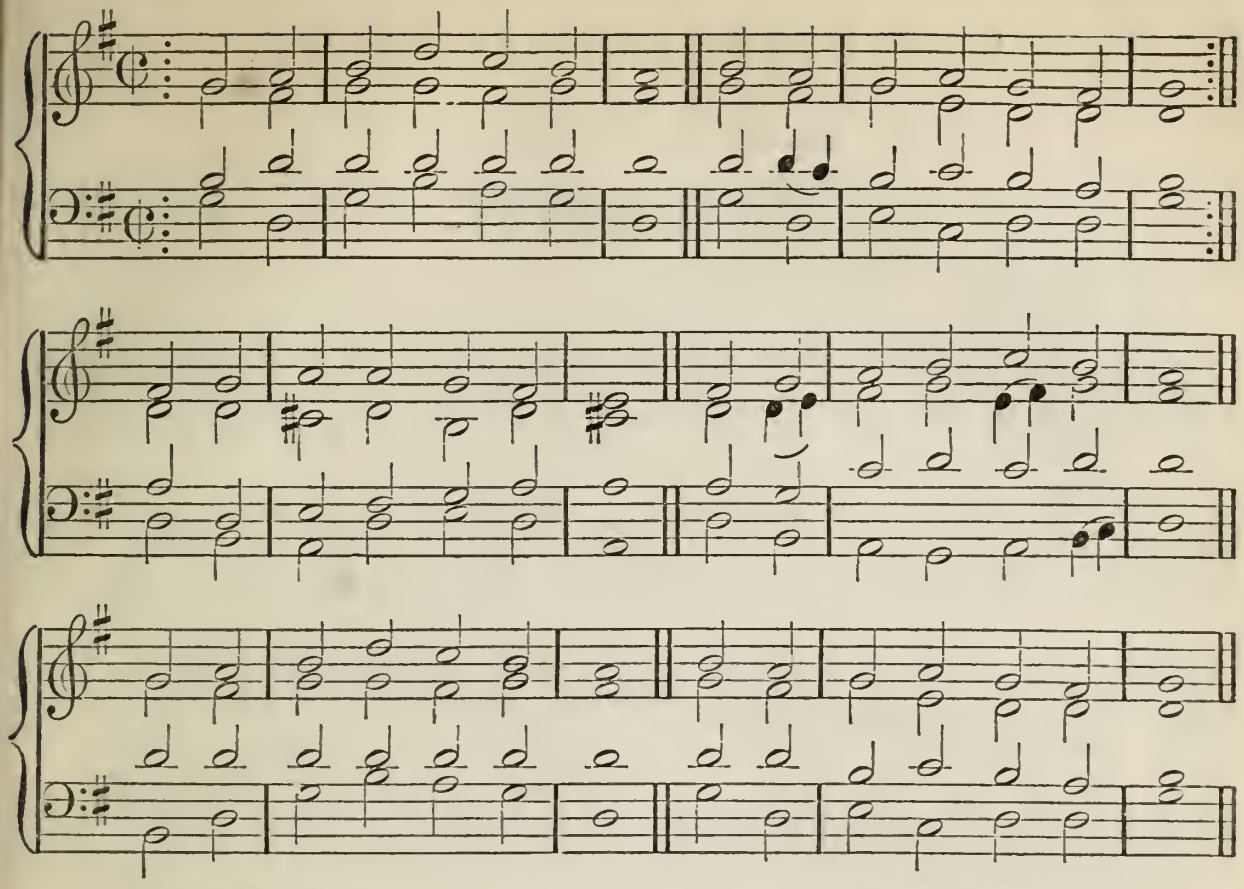
2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found:
It stands, among the living trees,
Encumbering the ground.

3 But, lo! the gracious Saviour pleads,
"The barren fig-tree spare,
In mercy stay the threatening hand,
And grant another year.

4 "Perhaps some means of grace, untried,
May reach the stony heart;
Or the soft dews of heavenly love
May heavenly life impart.

5 "But if all means should prove in vain,
And still no fruit appear,
Then mercy may no longer plead,
Nor ask another year."

Cassel. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 399.

1 TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years;
Thus another year is flown,
And is now no more our own
(Though it brought or promised good),
Than the years before the flood.

2 But each year, let none forget,
Finds and leaves us deep in debt;
Favours from the Lord received,
Sins that have the Spirit grieved,
Marked by God's unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand;
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed to each of our account?

3 We have nothing, Lord, to pay,
Take, oh! take our guilt away;
Self-condemned, on thee we call,
Freely, Lord, forgive us all.
If we see another year,
May we spend it in thy fear;
All its days devote to thee,
Living for eternity.

HYMN 400.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have fled from all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

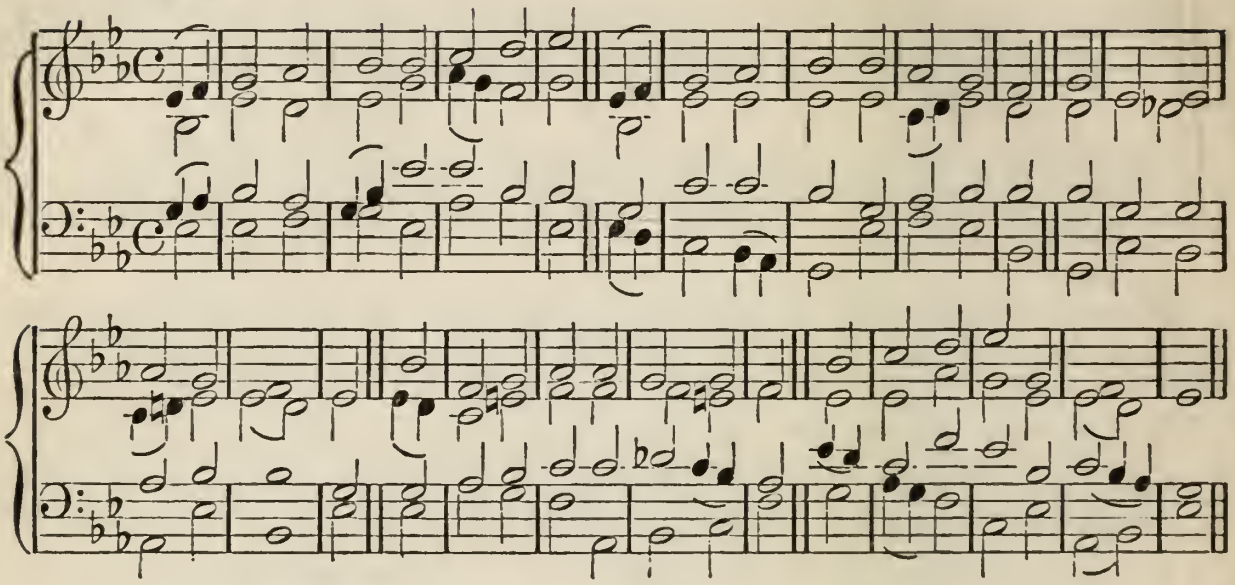
2 As the winged arrow flies,
Swift its destined mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Thus with speed our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Lord, on high our wishes raise,
All on earth is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view;
Guide the young, and warn the old,
Bid them seek the Saviour's love;
So, when life's brief tale is told,
All shall dwell with thee above.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

ON CHRIST.

St. Philip's. 8, 8, 7, 8, 7.



HYMN 401.

1 SEVEN times our blessed Saviour [spoke,
When on the cross our sins he took,
And died lest man should perish:
Let us his last and dying words
In our remembrance cherish.

2 "Forgive them, Father, just and true,
Forgive! they know not what they do;"
So far his love extended:
Forgive us, Lord, where we too have
Through ignorance offended.

3 Now to the contrite thief he cries,
"Thou, verily, in Paradise
Shalt meet me ere to-morrow:"
Lord, take us to thy kingdom soon,
Who linger here in sorrow.

4 To weeping Mary, standing by,
"Behold thy son!" now hear him cry;
To John, "Behold thy mother!"
Protect, Lord, those we leave behind,
Let each befriend the other.

5 Now from his frame exhausted burst
Those few faint words, "I thirst!
I thirst!"
O Lord! for our salvation
Thy thirst was great: O help us still
To overcome temptation.

PART II.

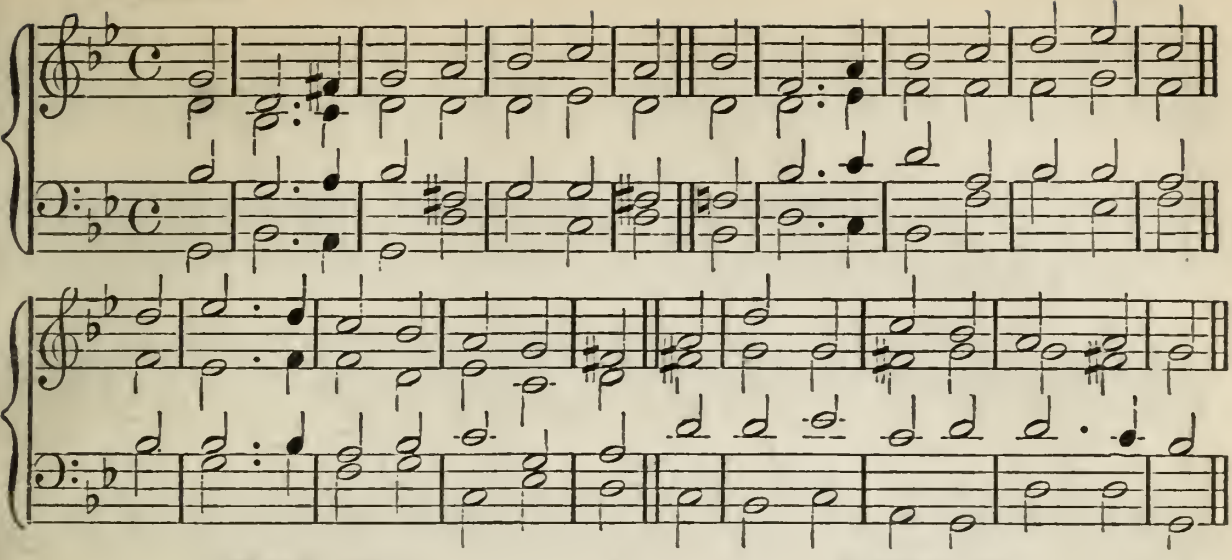
6 THEN rose that bitter cry and loud,
"Hast thou forsaken me, my God?"
Lord, thou wast here forsaken,
That we might be received on high;
Let this our hope awaken.

7 Now, bowing low his languid head,
He cried aloud, "'Tis finishèd!"
To thee our way commending,
May we whate'er thy will impose
Bring to a joyful ending.

8 One piercing cry, and all is done!
"Father, into thy hands alone
I now commend my spirit:"
Be this, when sinks our dying heart,
The wish that last shall stir it.

9 Whoe'er by sense of sin opprest [rest,
On these blest words his thoughts doth
Thence joy and hope obtaineth;
And, through God's love and boundless grace,
A peaceful conscience gaineth.

10 O Jesu Christ! our Lord and Guide,
Who hast for our salvation died!
On this for ever dwelling,
May we each hour thy death regard,
Thy grief, all grief excelling!

Cannons. L. M.

HYMN 402.

1 EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
O'erwhelmed beneath the mighty load,
See there, the King of Glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God!

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I, I alone have done the deed!
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn; [bleed,
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

4 The burden, for me to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

7 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be.

8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God:
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on thy blood!

9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

HYMN 403.

1 WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw [near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath show'd,
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

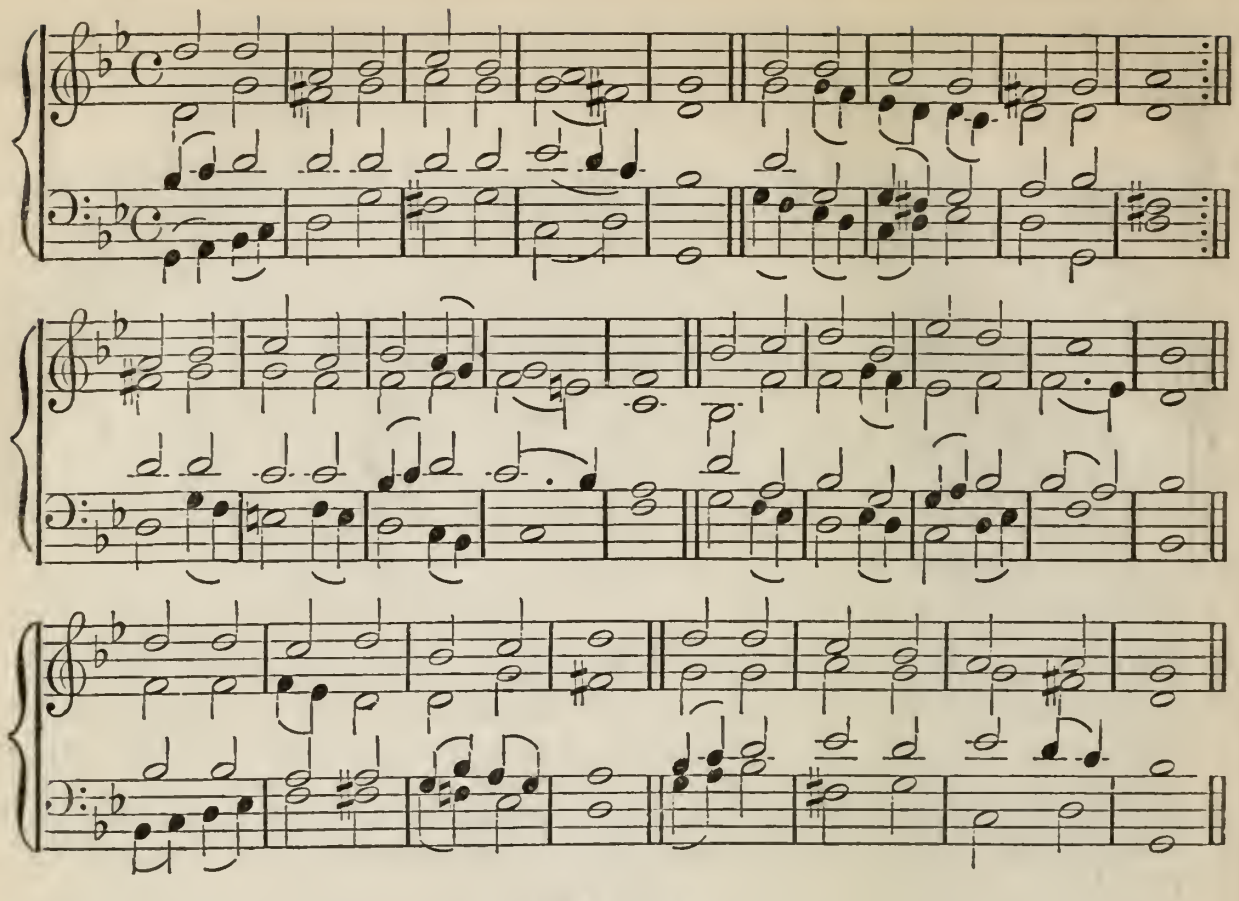
6 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide; [place;
'Tis just the sentence should take
'Tis just;—but, oh! thy Son hath died!

8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bowed his head;
'Tis finished! he hath died for me!

9 See where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!
Amen to what my Lord doth say—
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

Dusseldorf. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7.



HYMN 404.

1 OF my life the Life, O Jesus!
Of my death the Death also,
Who hast given thyself to ease us
From our load of guilt and woe:
By thy Death our ransom buying,
And preserving us from dying,
Thousand thousand thanks to thee,
Blessed Jesus! ever be.

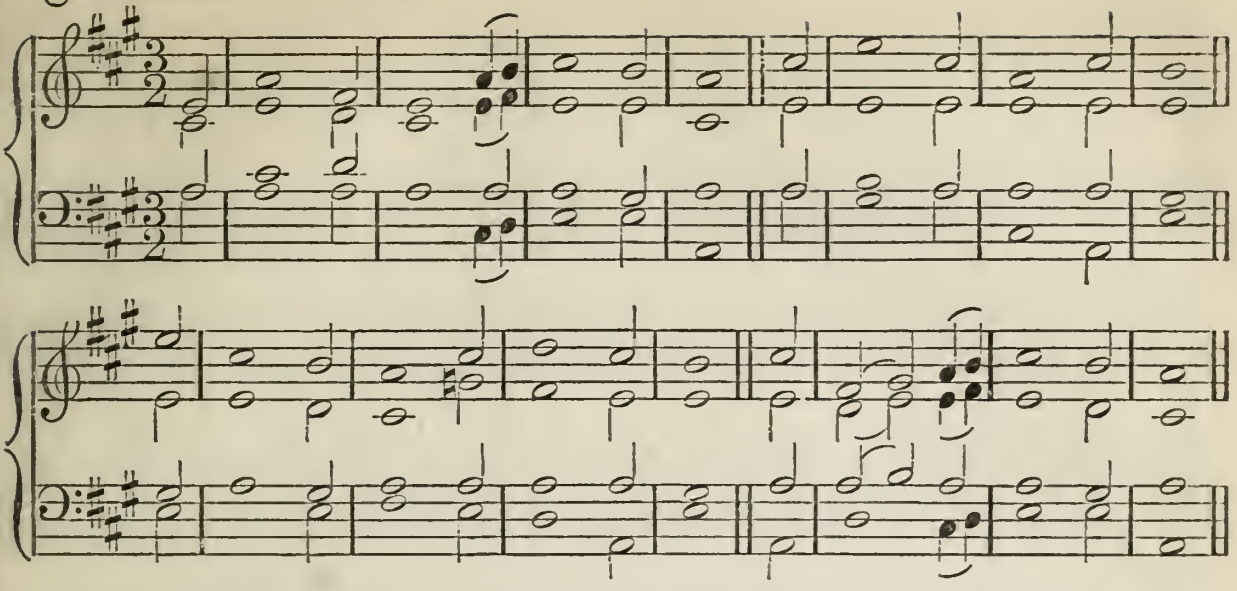
2 Oh! what cruel provocations,
Scourges of the tongue and rod,
Spitting, shame, and accusations,
Hast thou borne, thou Son of God!
To redeem my soul from evil,
And the bondage of the devil,
Thousand thousand thanks to thee,
Blessed Jesus! ever be.

3 Thou didst let thyself be beaten,
To deliver me from pain;
Falsely charged, and sorely smitten,
That thy loss might be my gain.
Thou hast suffered crucifixion
For my comfort in affliction:
Thousand thousand thanks to thee,
Blessed Jesus! ever be.

4 For my proud and haughty spirit,
Thy humiliation paid;
For my death thy Death and merit
Have a full atonement made:
Thy reproaches and dishonour
All have tended to my honour:
Thousand thousand thanks to thee,
Blessed Jesus! ever be.

5 From the heart, I thank thee, Jesus,
For the vast stupendous load,
Which thou barest to release us
From the dreadful wrath of God:
For thy cruel Death and Passion,
Agony and sore Temptation,
For thy sharp and bitter pain,
I will thank thee, Lord, again.

All Saints. C. M.



HYMN 405.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee! [shakes,
2 Hark, how he groans! while nature
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The Temple's veil in sunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.
3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head—and dies!
4 But soon he'll break death's envious
And in full glory shine; [chain,
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

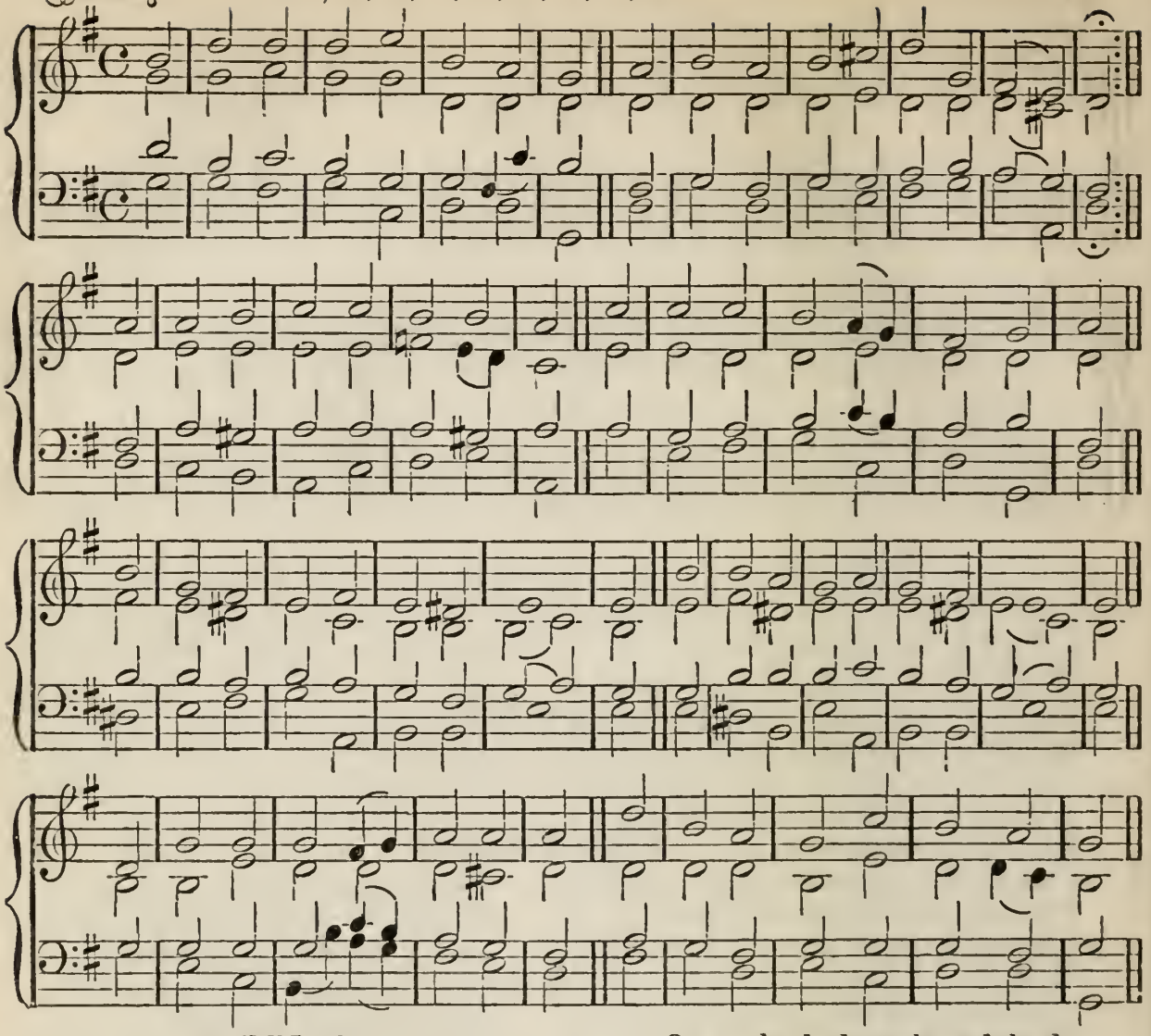
HYMN 406.

1 WITH glorious clouds encompassed
Whom angels dimly see, [round,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?
2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou man of Grief and Love!
And speak it to my heart!
3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine?
4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?
5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace;
The wounds which all my sorrows
That dear disfigured face! [heal,
6 Before my eyes of faith confest,
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.
7 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified!
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel thy blood applied.
8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see:
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

HYMN 407.

1 O CHRIST! our hope, our heart's
Redemption's only spring! [desire,
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.
2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free!
3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid:
And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.
4 O Christ! be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the Lord!

Munich. 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 9, 9, 8, 8.



HYMN 408.

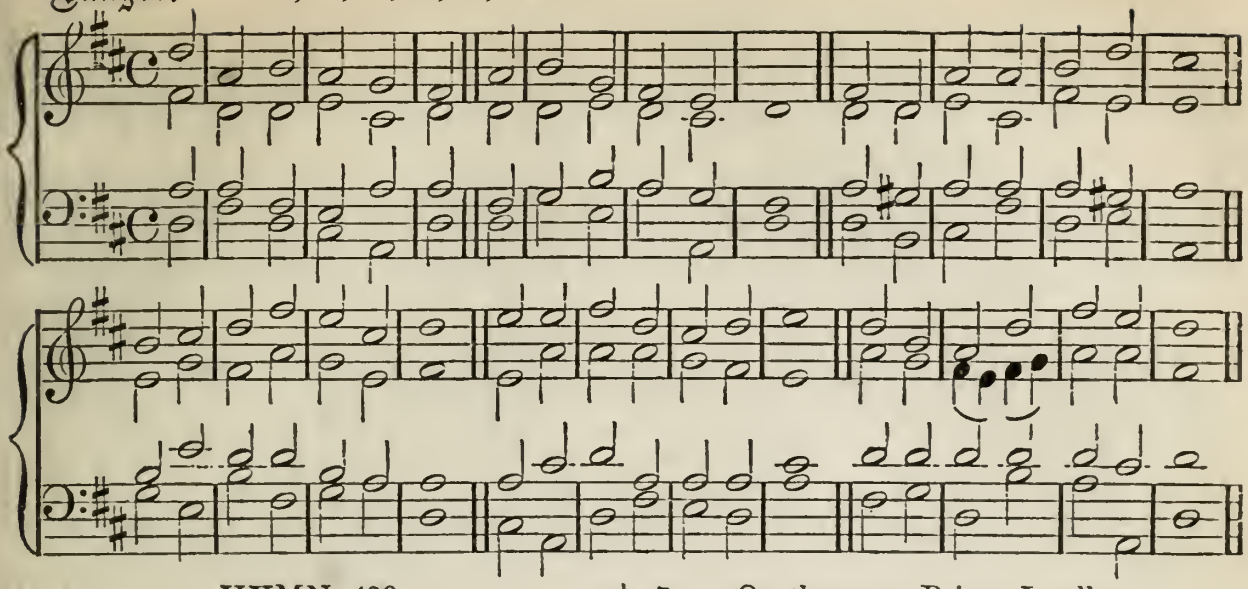
1 WHEN thou in death didst bow thy head,
All nature, Lord, was struck with wonder;
The opening graves gave up their dead,
Earth trembled, rocks were rent in sunder:
Then felt the powers of hell below
Their last irrevocable blow:
Thy aim was then by right obtainèd,
To free the souls by Satan chainèd:
Now, through thy anguish and distress,
The captives find a full release.

2 And thou, as our High-priest above,
Still as the Lamb once slain appearest;
And there the tokens of thy love
In thy once wounded body bearest:
E'en there our hearts shall warmer glow
To see thee as thou wast below,
When thou upon the cross didst languish,
Extended there in keenest anguish,
Or, as thy body, pale and dead,
In the cold sepulchre was laid.

3 For here, when faith beholds him thus,
No words can give the love expression
We feel towards Him who died for us,
The sacrifice for our transgression;
That love which urged our Lord and Head
To suffer freely in our stead,
Sink deep into our inmost spirit:
The blessed fruits of all his merit
We richly can enjoy by faith,
While meditating on his death.

4 Christ's agony, his death and blood,
Shall be our joy and consolation;
His grace that wins us back to God,
Our boast and constant meditation:
Fresh proofs of his fidelity
And tender care we daily see:
He will continue still to feed us,
Till he at last will thither lead us,
Where all his glories shall be seen,
Without a cloud to intervene.

Bangor. 6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 409.

1 O SON of God Most High!
Accept my new-born cry:
See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for me—for me! hast died.

2 Of life thou art the Tree;
My immortality!
Feed this tender branch of thine,
Ceaseless influence derive:
Thou, the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the Fountain thou,
I know,—I feel it now!
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou art in me: thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Into life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art,
From thee I ne'er shall part:
Thou my keeper and my guide,
Make me still thy tender care;
Gently lead me by thy side,
Sweetly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread,
O Christ, thou art my Head!
Motion, virtue, strength to me—
Me thy living member, flow!
Nourished I, and fed by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

PART II.

6 PROPHET, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will:
Never mortal spake like thee,
Human Prophet like divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small, and still, and inward thine!

7 On thee, my Priest, I call,
Thy blood atoned for all:
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still thou stand'st before thy throne,
Ever offering up my prayers,
These presenting with thine own.

8 Jesus, thou art my King,
From thee my strength I bring:
Shadowed by thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports, by faith I stand,
Strong in thy omnipotence.

HYMN 410.

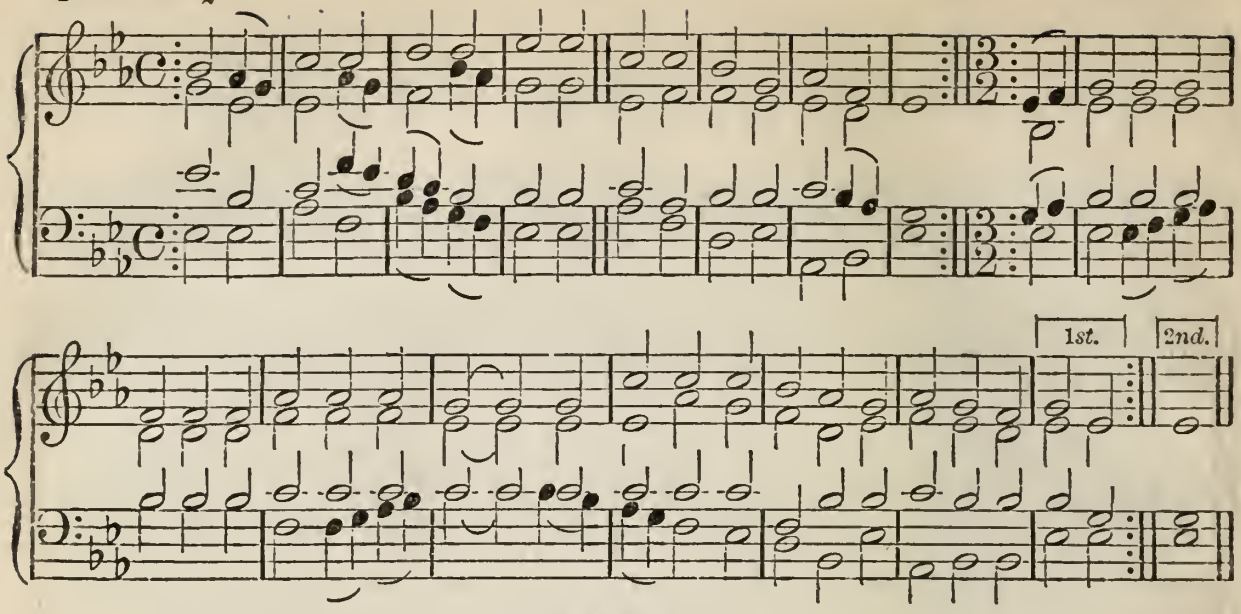
1 THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing!
Hear, well-pleased, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive;
Lost—I now in Christ am found,
Dead—by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father! behold thy son,
In Christ I am thy own:
Stranger long to thee and rest,
See the prodigal is come:
Open wide thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

3 Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity looked me near:
Me thy bowels yearned to see;
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still thy gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,
His be righteousness divine!"

Landsberg. 8, 7, 8, 7, 12, 12, 11, 11.



HYMN 411.

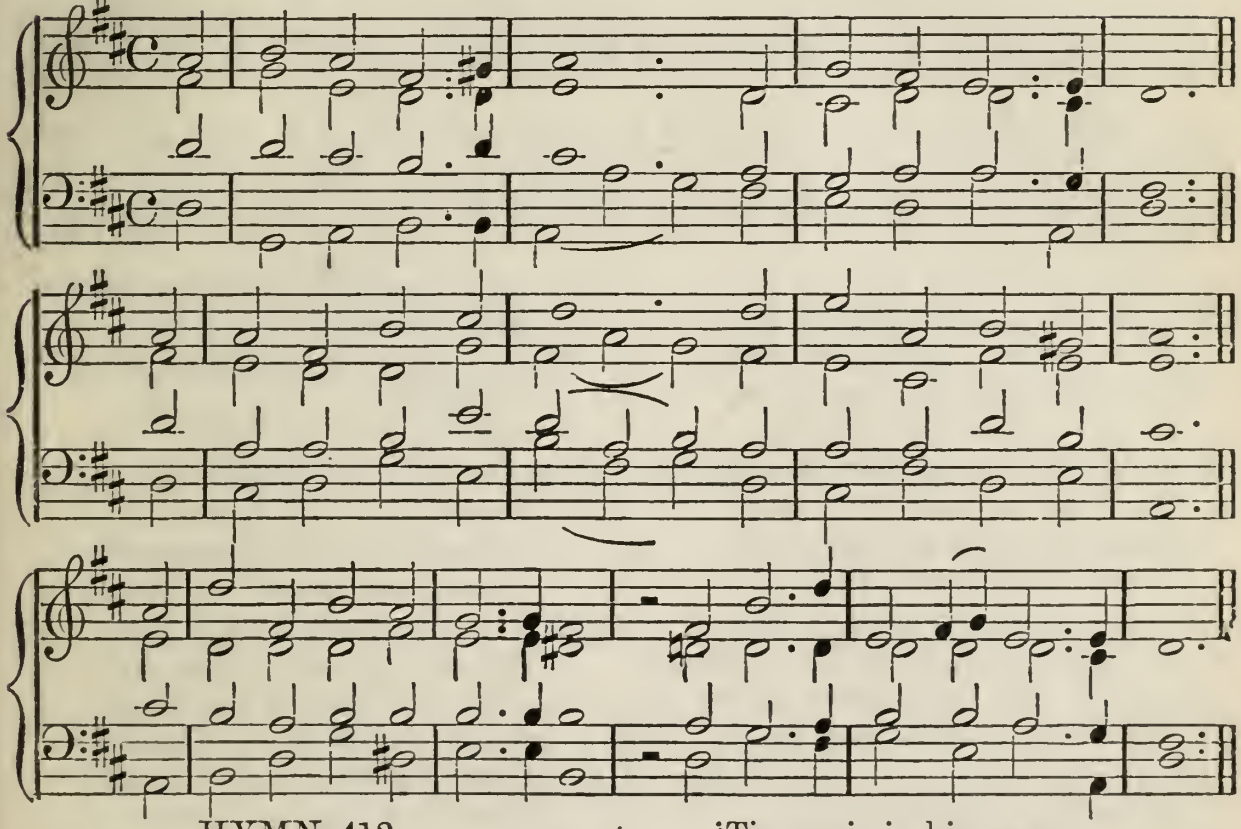
1 WISDOM'S highest, holiest treasure,
Jesu! lies concealed in thee;
Make thy will alone the measure
Of my will and life to be:
Meek, lowly, and simple in heart and behaviour,
May I still seek to follow the steps of my Saviour;
Oh! if I of Christ have this knowledge divine,
The fulness of heavenly wisdom is mine.

2 Nought have I for my salvation,
But thyself to bring to God;
Nought to quench his indignation,
But thine own most precious blood:
With boldness I plead (on the cross it was finished!)
A righteousness perfect, each age undiminished;
The robe of that righteousness ever be mine,
May mine be the mercy, the glory be thine!

3 In thine image may I waken,
Sanctify and cleanse thou me!
Let me cling with faith unshaken,
Fountain of all good, to thee!
From thee must I seek, for in thee is it given,
The grace that alone can prepare me for heaven;
May I die to a world that must soon die to me,
And live, blessed Saviour, henceforward in thee.

4 Jesus, in thy cross are centred
All the marvels of thy grace;
Thou, my Saviour, once hast entered
Thro' thy blood the holy place:
Eternal redemption is won by thy dying,
For those who in sin and in sorrow were lying;
By this I have access to God the most high,
And Abba, my Father, exultingly cry.

5 Therefore, Lord, will I make mention
From this hour of nought but thee:
Search out, prove my heart's intention,
Root out all hypocrisy:
Look well if on slippery paths I am sliding,
And lead me in paths which are safe and abiding:
This one thing is needful, all else is mere dross;
That I may win Christ, I count all things but loss.

Handel's 148th. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

HYMN 412.

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's Name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious Name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze:
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

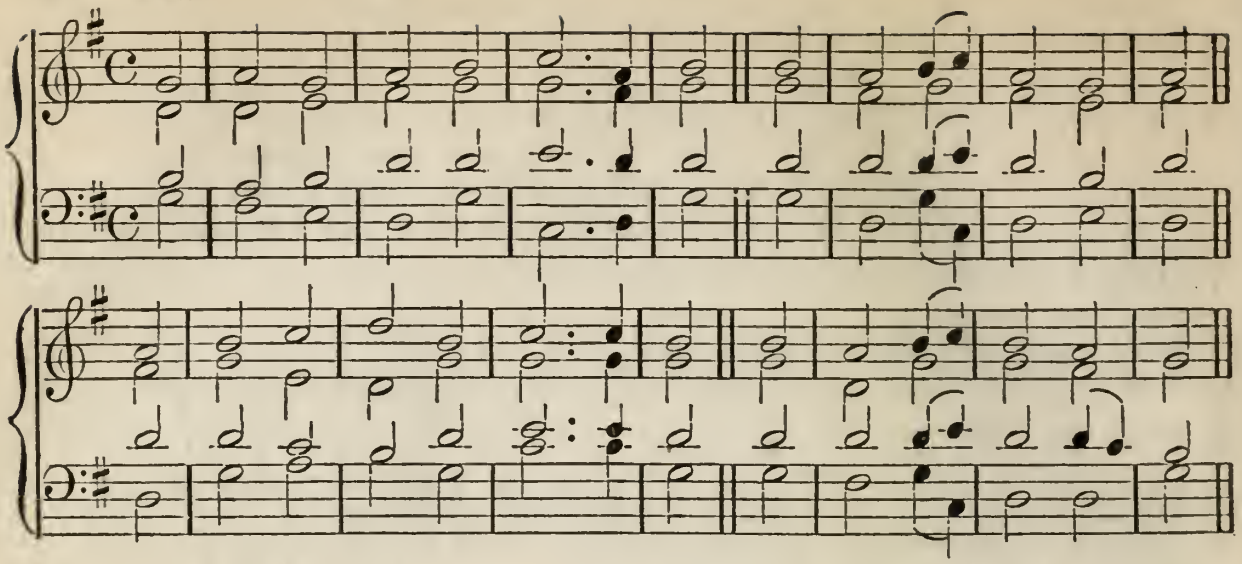
4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion, sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 Oh, unexampled love!
Oh, all redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

7 Oh, for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified:
For all, for all my Saviour died!

Cambridge. C. M.



HYMN 413.

1 JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflowed
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.

3 O hope of every contrite heart!
To penitents how kind! [art;—
To those who seek how good thou
But what to those who find?

4 Ah, this no tongue can utter; this
No mortal page can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

6 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One-in-Three, and Three-in-One,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 414.

1 JESUS, the Name, high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

HYMN 415.

1 INFINITE, unexhausted Love!
(Jesus and Love are one:)
If still to me thy mercies move,
They are restrained to none.

2 What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise? [prove,
The length, and breadth, and height to
And depth of sovereign grace?

3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is
Wide as infinity! [known,
So wide, it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise!

6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell:
Oh, may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

7 Deeper than hell, it plucked me thence;
Deeper than inbred sin,
Redeeming love my heart shall cleanse,
When Jesus enters in.

8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!

9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above,
And raise me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

HYMN 416.

1 JESU, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy Name.

2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders showed.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorred,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou see'st me deaf to thy command;
Open, O Lord, my ear:
Bid me stretch out my withered hand,
And lift it up in prayer.

6 Silent (alas! thou know'st how long),
My voice I cannot raise;
But, oh! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lame at the pool I still am found,
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by:
Oh, let me find thee near!
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 Behold me waiting in the way
For thee, the heavenly Light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight!"

PART II.

1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.

2 While, full of anguish and disease,
My weak distempered soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
Oh, let it make me whole!

3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's Name submit:
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesu's Name if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
Oh, let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-necked will obey.

5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick and poor I am;
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's Name.

6 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

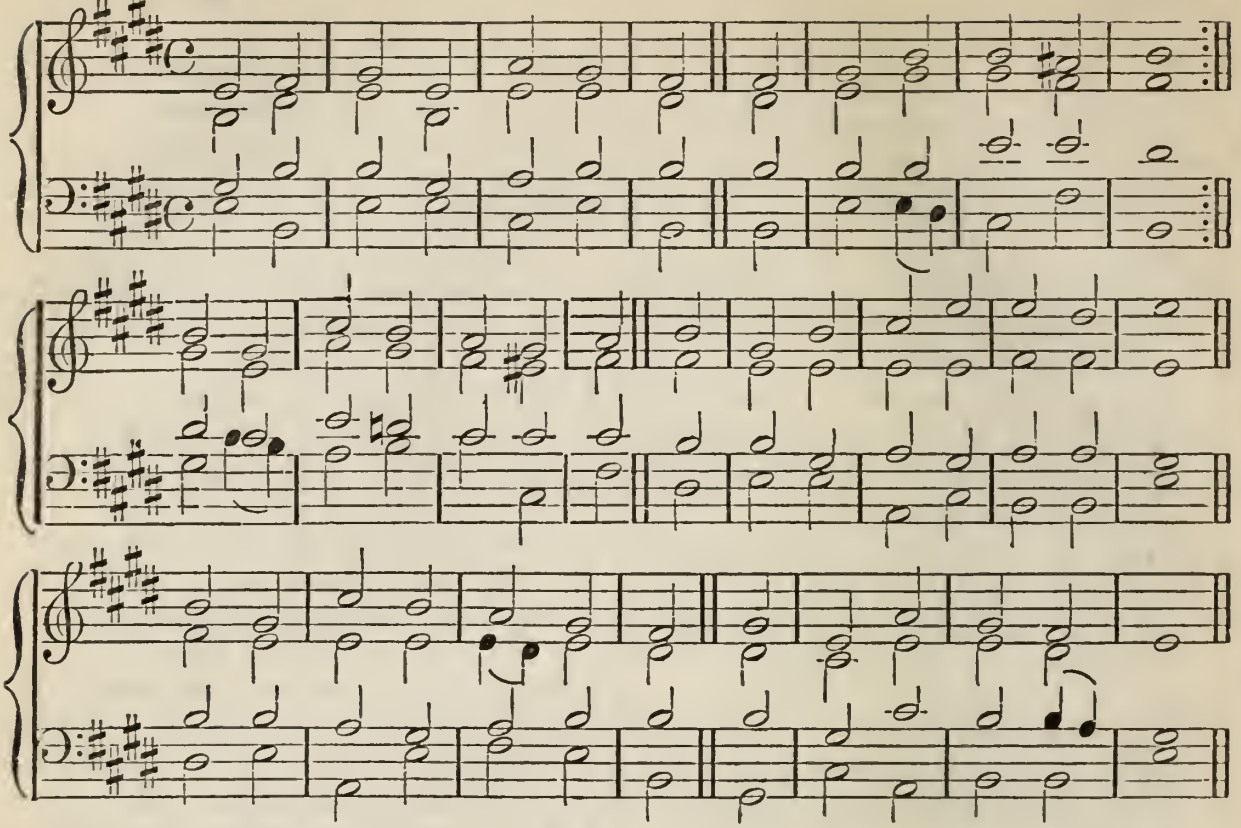
7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need!
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

8 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have:
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

10 I too, with thee, shall walk in white:
With all thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

Auremburg. P. M.



HYMN 417.

1 SINNER, hear thy Saviour's call,
He now is passing by:
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry:
He has pardon to impart,
And grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

2 Think how on the Cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds:
Hark! from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds:
Lo! from all his opened veins,
See blood of wondrous virtue flow;
Shed to wash away thy stains
And ransom thee from woe!

3 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less:
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord hath sworn,
That he delights not in thy death,
But invites thee to return,
And bids thee live by faith.

4 Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs his throne surround:
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have peace and pardon found:
Yield not then to unbelief
While Jesus says, "There yet is room;"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

HYMN 418.

1 OFT I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Ah, surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their King.
And gain the Morning-Star!

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By true unfeigned humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things:
"Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
(While Christ to me it brings;)
"Christ is ready to impart
Life now to all, for life who sigh;
In thy mouth, and in thy heart,
The Word is ever nigh."

HYMN 419.

1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where the earthquake rocks the [place;
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
And dare not in thy presence move:
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

3 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold:
Teach the lesson of thy cross,
Ah! let me die with thee to reign!
All things let me count but loss,
So I may thee regain.

4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within:
Take me, whom thyself hast bought;
And bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to thee.

5 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
My soul to thee convert;
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart;
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine, Lord, the work, the praise is thine;
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
And all thou art is mine.

HYMN 420.

1 O ALMIGHTY God of Love,
Thy holy arm display;
Send me succour from above,
In this my evil day:
Arm my weakness with thy power,
Great Conqueror, appear within;
Be my Safeguard and my Tower
Against the face of sin!

2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear:
Nothing should my firmness shock;
Yea, though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade;
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour:
Still thou my sure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fixed on thee.

4 Set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand;
Let me in the cleft be placed,
And never from my fence remove;
In thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 421.

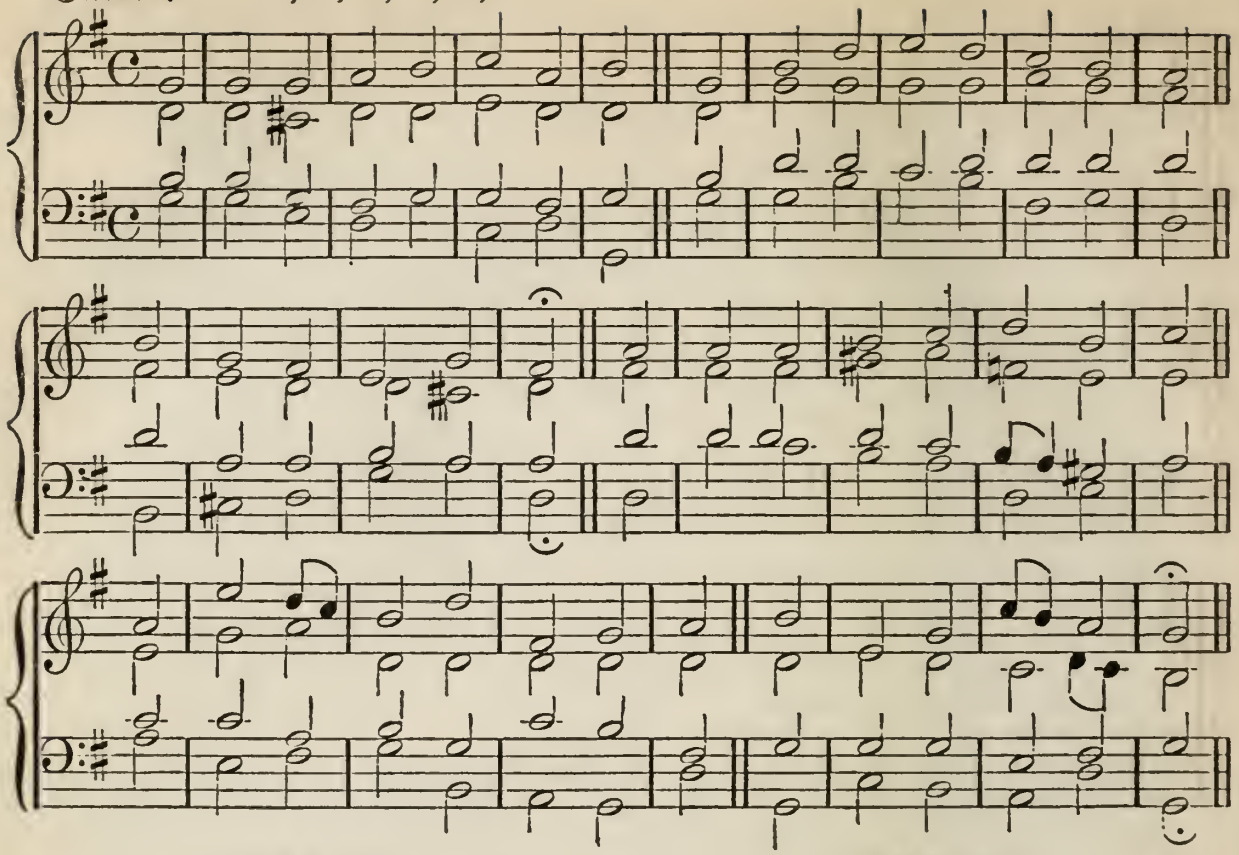
1 LO! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by his smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.

4 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

Oxford. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.



HYMN 422.

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed: [nought,
We spend our wretched strength for
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim,—
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name!

3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And rule our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will:
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

5 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine.

HYMN 423.

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day:
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

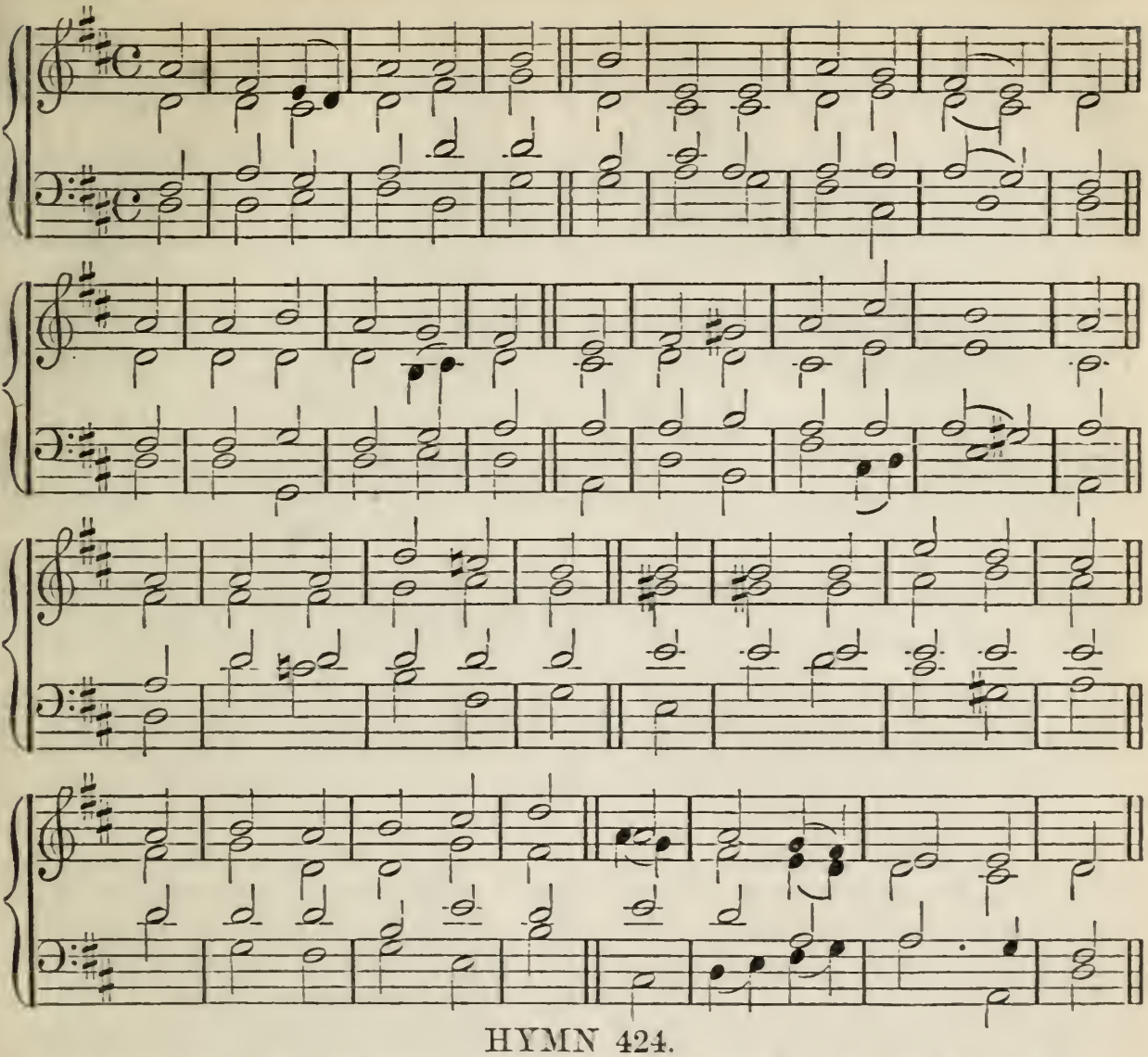
2 My soul with thy whole armour arm,
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear. [down,

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And, starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look, [broke
That kind upbraiding glance, which
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblameable in grace;
Ready prepared, and fitted here,
In perfect holiness, to appear
Before thy glorious face.

Rochester. 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.



HYMN 424.

1 MY spirit, Lord, awake
From this its deadly slumber;
My heart with sorrow break
For sins too great to number.
Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour:
And make me understand
The thunder of thy power!

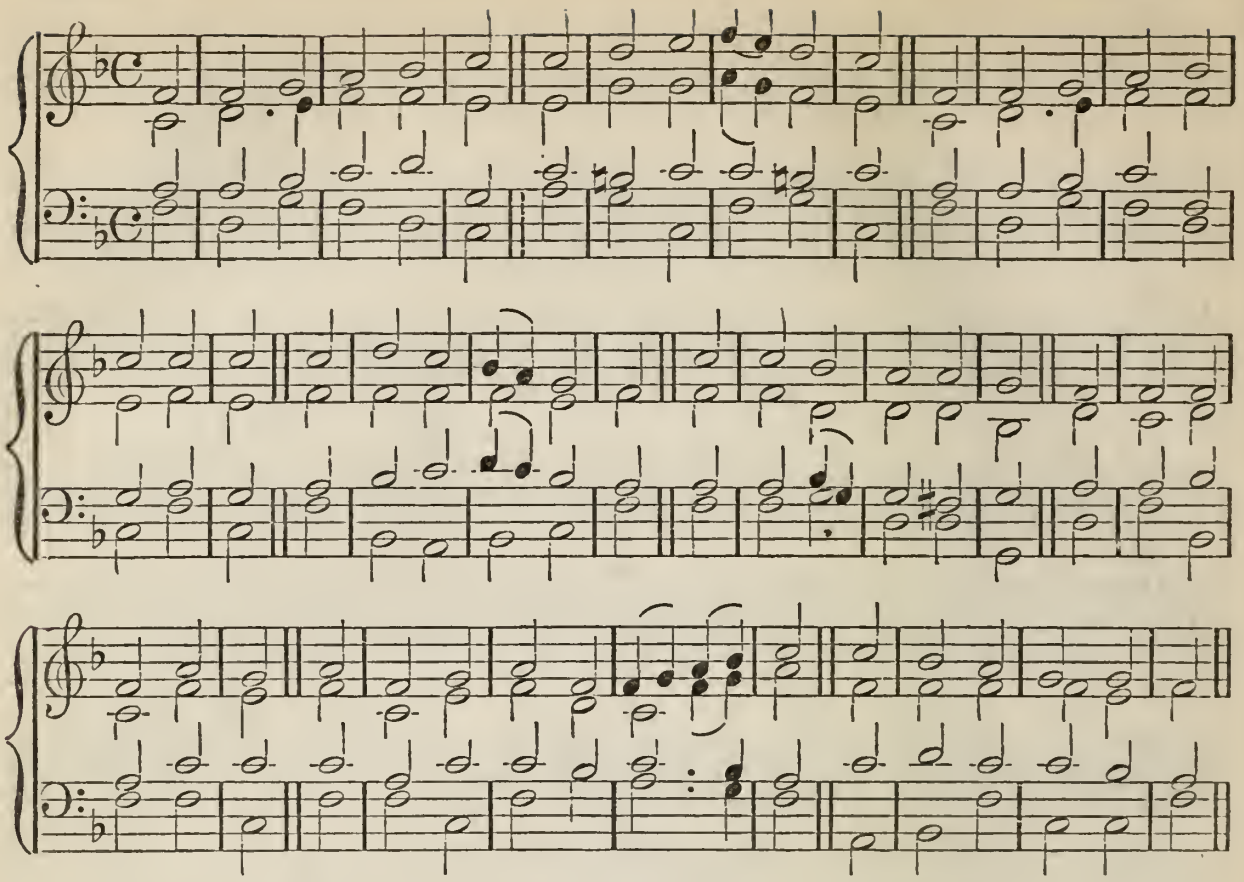
2 Still let me watch and pray,
To thee for succour calling:
Nor cast my shield away,
Into temptation falling.
For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
Still standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

3 Oh, do thou always warn
My soul of evil near me!
When right or left I turn,
Thy voice direct and cheer me.
"Come back! this is the way;
Come back and walk herein!"
May I at once obey,
And shun the paths of sin.

4 Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus be thou my power,
My refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.
Give me to trust in thee!
Be thou my sure abode;
My rock, my buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

5 Myself I cannot save,
Safe only in thy keeping;
But strength in thee I have,
Thine eyelids never sleeping.
My soul to thee alone
Now, therefore, I commend;
Oh, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

Swabia. D. S. M.



HYMN 425.

1 GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face:
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive;
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim:
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed Name!
Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high,
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith inspire
My consecrated heart:
Fill me with pure celestial fire,
With all thou hast and art:
My feeble mind transform,
With all thy love imbue,
Into a saint exalt a worm,
And perfectly renew.

HYMN 426.

1 THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
Oh, write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
Soul of my soul remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

HYMN 427.

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright:
Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 Oh, arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb! which was in thee,
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity:
With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call,
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

3 Oh, may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.
Oh, may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

HYMN 428.

1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love,
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause, [abroad
And spreads through all the earth
The victory of his cross.

3 That bloody banner see,
And in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow soldiers fight!
In mighty phalanx joined,
To battle all proceed,
Armed with th' unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

4 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force,
'Tis seized by violent hands.
See there the starry crown,
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize.

5 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Christians! ye must the entrance gain;
Yet, oh, disdain to fear!
"Courage!" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you."

6 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory!
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me,
Believe and conquer all.

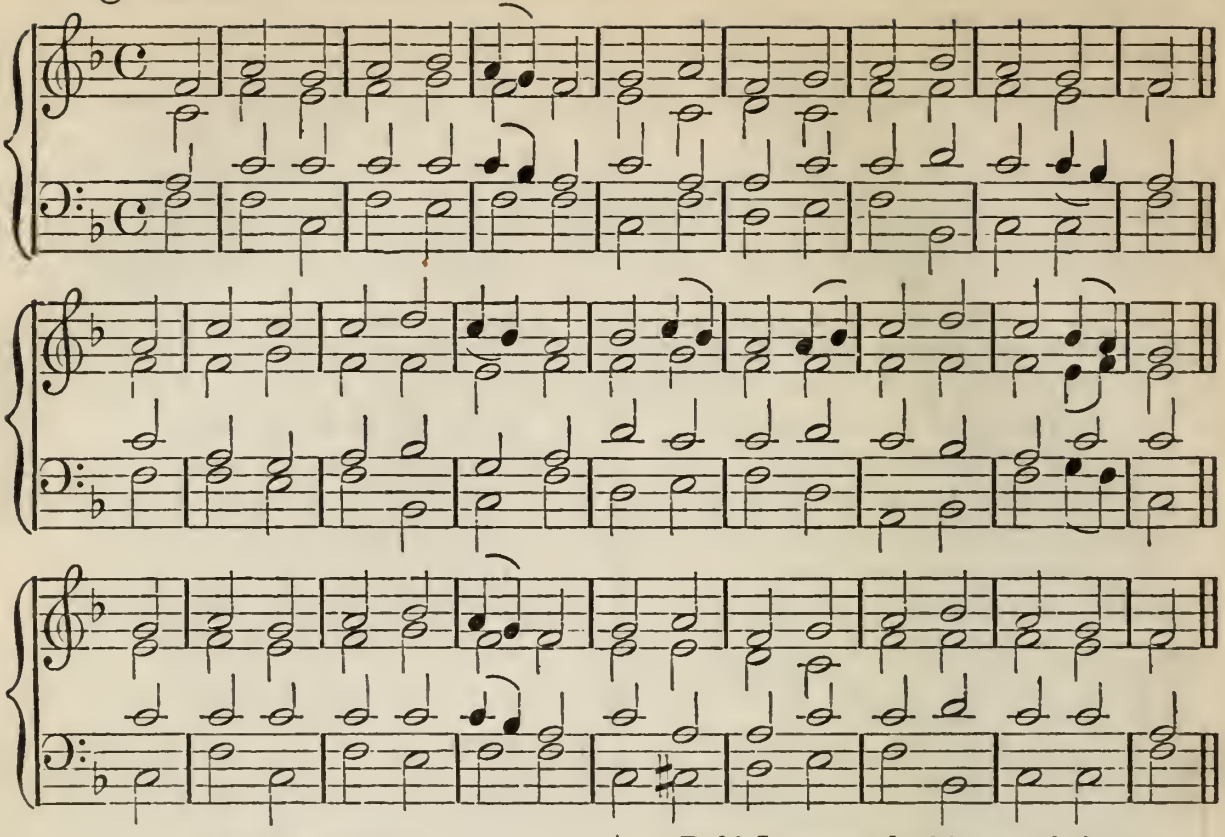
HYMN 429.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne:
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly [powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry: [ground
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

Dresden. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

HYMN 430.

1 AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my God, should'st die for me!

2 'Tis mystery all! Th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design!
In vain the first-born Seraph tries
To sound the depths of Love Divine!
'Tis mercy all: let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all! immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread:
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

HYMN 431.

1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind:
Of power, to conquer inbred sin;
Of love, to thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter;
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And take possession of my breast;
And fix in me his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again:
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
O, shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

HYMN 432.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness:
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

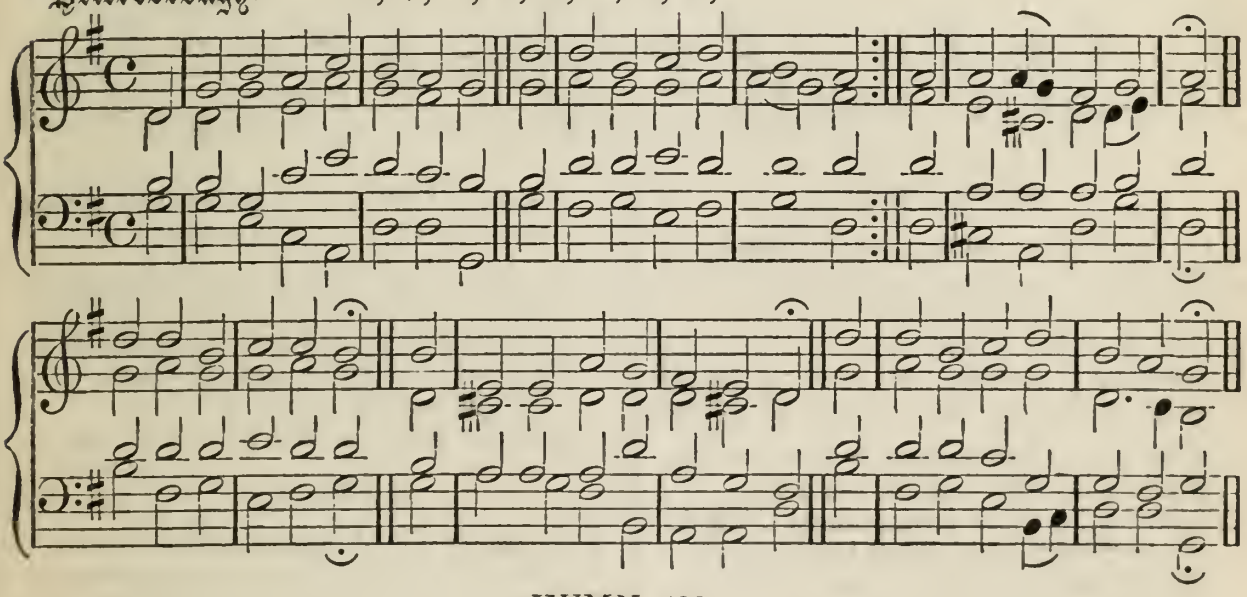
3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee:
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea:
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee:
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all, and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Peterborough. 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 8, 8,



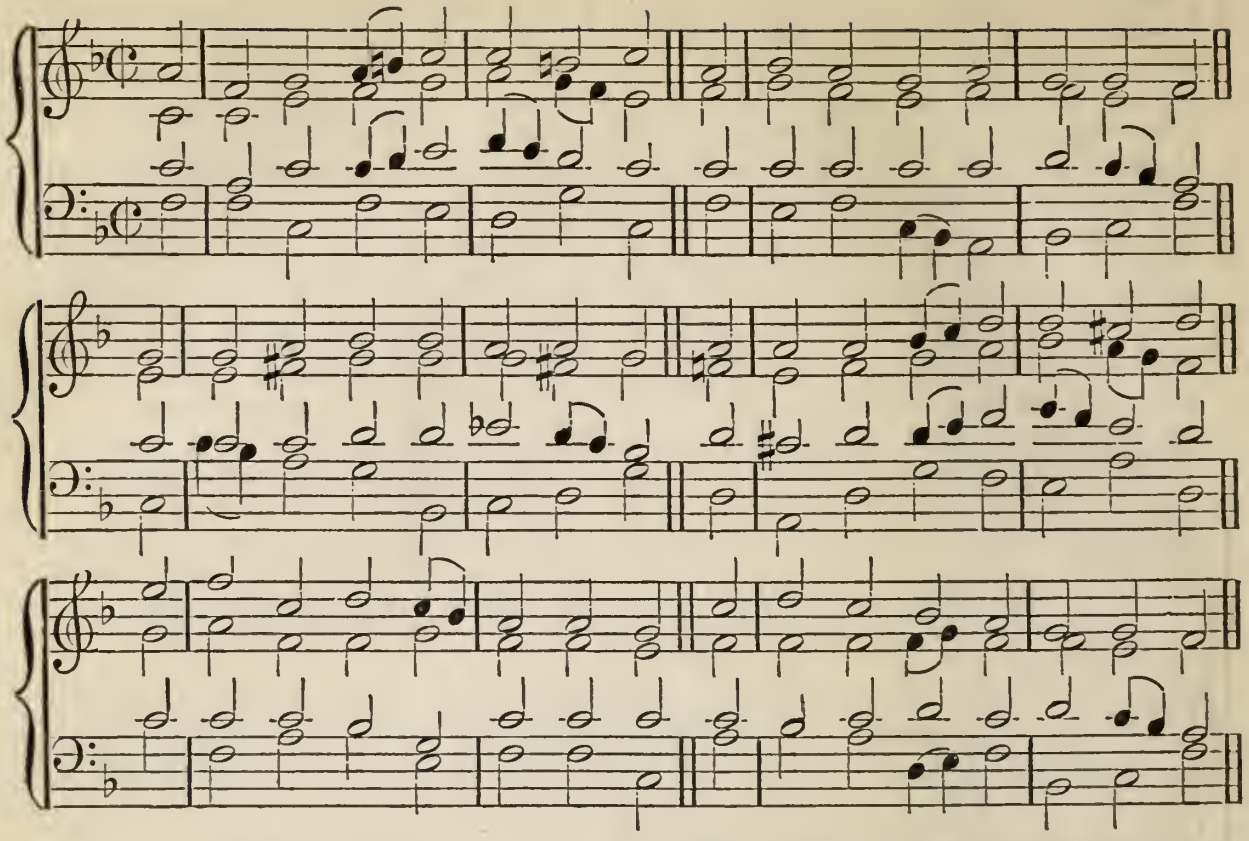
HYMN 433.

1 WHAT days of solid happiness,
Bright antepast of heaven!
When, in the accepted time of grace,
We know our sins forgiven:
Cleansed in the precious flood
Of Christ's atoning blood;
Enjoying in our hearts by faith
The blessings purchased by his death.

2 The peace of God then fills the soul,
And heals the wounded spirit;
Then is the broken heart made whole,
By virtue of his merit:
Yea, such sweet looks of grace
Fall sometimes from his face,
That we enjoy, in this his love,
A foretaste of the bliss above.

3 But why do tears, and grief, and care,
Sometimes alloy our gladness;
And, though his favour still we share.
Awaken thoughts of sadness?
'Tis when to mind we call
The wormwood and the gall
Of our past state, as sinners lost,
And what a price our ransom cost.

4 When thus we contemplate the grace,
The love, and condescension,
Of Christ to our apostate race,
Love past all comprehension!
Low at his feet we bend,
Own him the sinner's friend,
Nothing resolved to know beside,
Save Jesus, and him crucified.

Darmstadt. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

HYMN 434.

1 O GOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store; [more.
More should'st thou have, if I had

2 Now then, O God, thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but thine I am;
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame:
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will; [shrine,
Here let thy light for ever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill!
O Source of Life,—live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!

4 O never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation, through thy name,
My soul, and let me put on thee! [name,
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe thy righteousness.

5 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

6 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name:
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim:
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise!

HYMN 435.

1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah! why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed I sigh and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed:
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved:
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

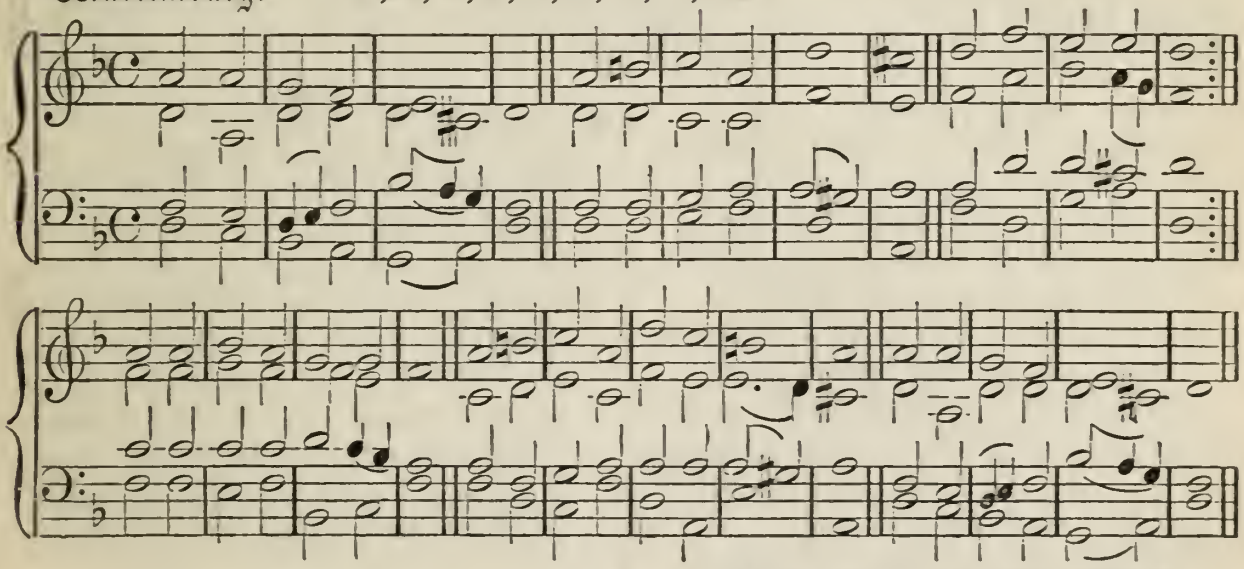
4 I THANK thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the anxious race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires:
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile,—thy sceptre, or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

Wurtemburg. 6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 5, 7, 8, 6.



HYMN 436.

1 JESUS, my chief pleasure,
Jesus, my heart's treasure,
Matchless Pearl of Grace!
Long my heart hath panted,
And hath well nigh fainted
To behold thy face:
Lamb who died, behold thy bride!
O what tie can e'er be nearer!
Who than Jesus dearer?

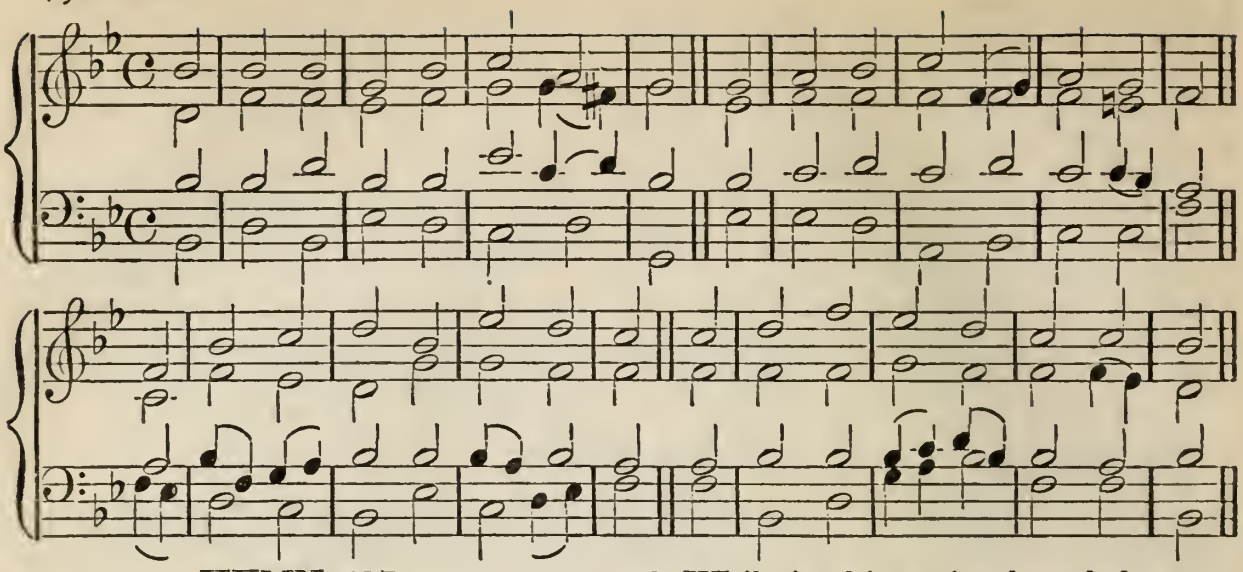
2 When the tempest rages,
In the Rock of Ages
I will safely hide:
Though the earth be shaking,
And all hearts be quaking,
Christ is at my side:
Lightnings flash and thunders crash;
Yea, though sin and hell dismay me,
Jesus still shall stay me.

3 Hence, deluding pleasure!
Jesus is the treasure
To my heart most dear!
Hence, vain pomp and glories!
To your flattering stories
I will lend no ear:
Grief and loss, shame, death, the cross,
Though they may afflict, shall never
Me from Jesus sever.

4 Hence, ye empty bubbles,
Self-inflicted troubles,
Vanish from my sight!
Sins, which once could bind me,
Get ye all behind me,
Come not to the light:
Pomp and pride, your faces hide!
Hence, ye brood of sin and folly,
I renounce you wholly.

5 Flee, ye shades of sadness!
Christ the Prince of Gladness
Comes with me to sup!
He may joy discover,
Who is Christ's true lover,
In the bitterest cup:
Be my cross, reproach and loss,
Thou art still my consolation—
In all tribulation.

Breslau. L. M.



HYMN 437.

1 JESU, my Saviour, brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend;
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear:
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way;
Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."

5 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

6 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
Oh, reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call:
Only by faith in thee I stand.

HYMN 438.

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace,
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 Oh, let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

HYMN 439.

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

5 For thee delightfully employ [given;
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

HYMN 440.

1 SHALL I for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?—
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

PART II.

1 SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry!
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the yawning grave.

3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed: I can do all through thee.

HYMN 441.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor, blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near!
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say
Amid the blaze of gospel day!

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

5 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt!
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

6 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure;
I want,—do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up!

7 Lord, I am blind,—be thou my sight!
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might!
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!

HYMN 442.

1 HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head!

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

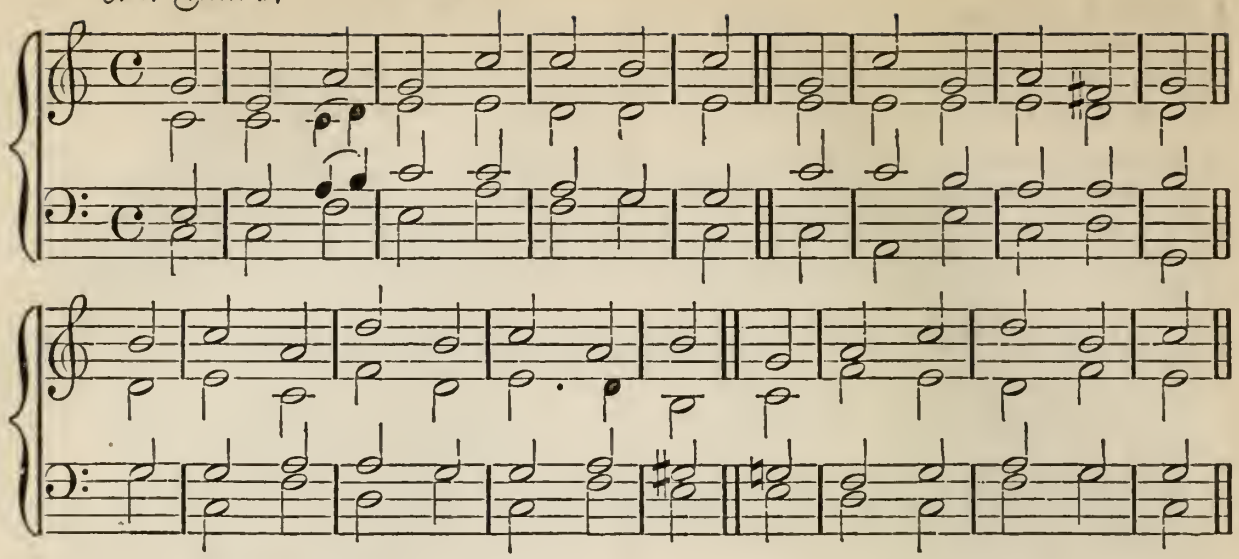
6 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time, and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless soul that trusts in thee.

HYMN 443.

1 MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel,
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me sing his praise.

St. Ann's. C. M.



HYMN 444.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good!
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant;
This, only this, be given:
Nothing beside my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend:
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End!

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God.

HYMN 445.

1 JESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty:
Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
And Jesus prove to me.

3 Faith to be healed thou know'st I have;
For thou that faith hast given:
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin:
Cleanse this foul heart and make it new,
And write thy law within.

6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice;
The blind his sight receive;
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice;
The heart of stone believe.

8 The Ethiop then shall change his skin;
The dead shall feel thy power;
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 446.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
"Sit thou in glory, sit
Till I thine enemies have made
To bow beneath thy feet."

2 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While thee my Advocate I have
Enthroned at God's right hand?

3 Nature is subject to thy word;
All power to thee is given,
The uncontrolled, almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heaven.

4 And shall my sins thy will oppose?
Master, thy right maintain!
Oh, let not thy usurping foes
In me thy servant reign!

5 Come then, and claim me for thine own;
Saviour, thy right assert!
Come gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart!

6 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway;
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

7 So shall I do thy will below,
As angels do above:
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.

8 Thy love the conquest more than gains;
To all I shall proclaim, [reigns;
"Jesus, the King, the Conqueror,
Bow down to Jesu's Name."

9 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

HYMN 447.

1 GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good!
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood:

2 The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit Divine.

3 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove;
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love.

4 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict observer see;
And thou by reverent love unite
My childlike heart to thee.

6 Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide:
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

HYMN 448.

1 MY God! I humbly call thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesu! thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

4 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)
And form my soul anew.

5 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

6 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost! for thee I call—
Spirit of Burning! come!

HYMN 449.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

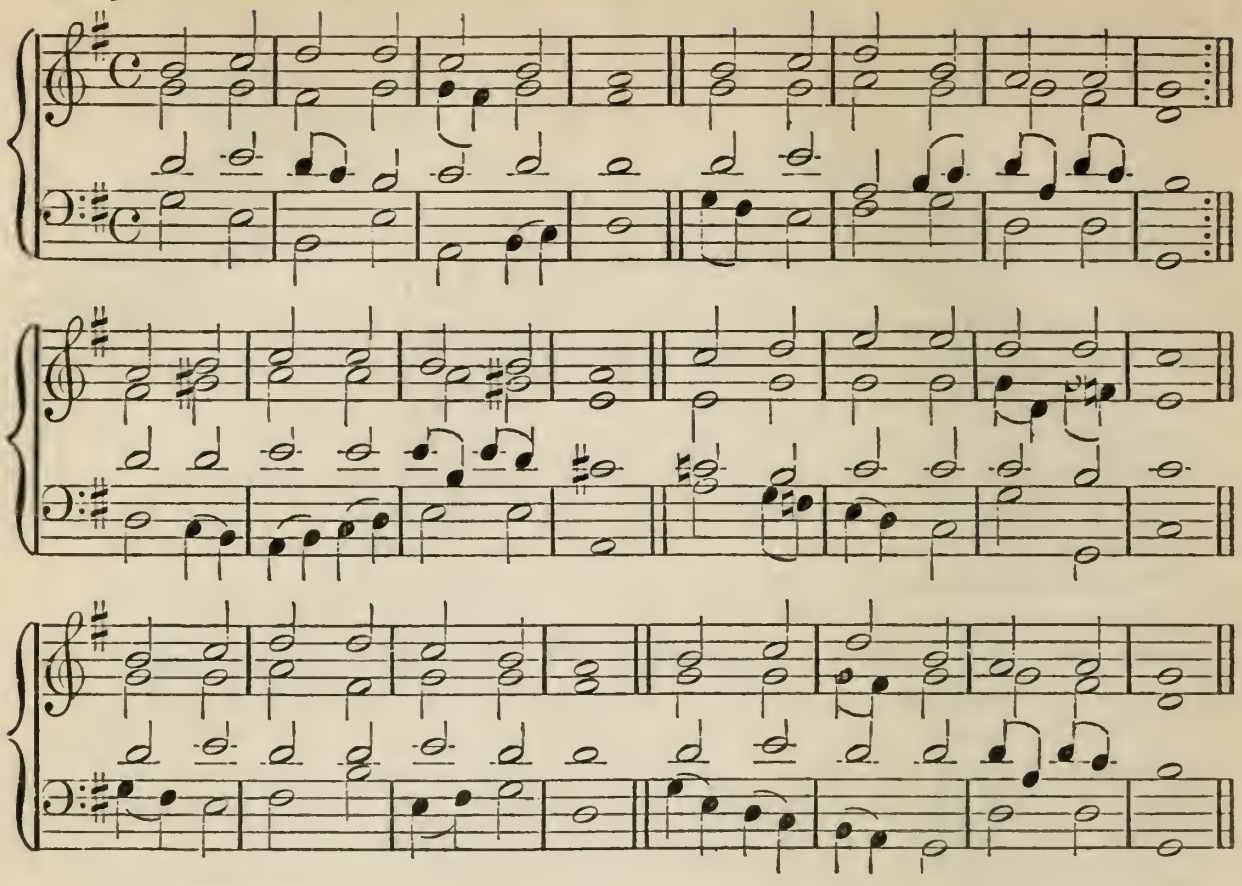
2 The calm retreat, the silent shade
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine!
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour! thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store!
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more!

Leipzig. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 450.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual, fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel.
Still our fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine.

2 Build us in one body up,
Called in one high calling's hope;
One the Spirit whom we claim;
One the pure baptismal flame;
One the faith, and common Lord;
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible.

3 One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow!
Rise eternal in our heart:
Thou our long-sought Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

PART II.

1 OTHER ground can no man lay;
Jesus takes our sins away;
Jesus the foundation is,
This shall stand, and only this:
Fitly framed in him we are,
All the building rises fair;
Let it to a temple rise
Worthy Him who fills the skies.

2 Husband of thy church below,
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee betrothed in love,
Always let us faithful prove;
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part;
Only thou possess the whole;
Take our body, spirit, soul.

3 Steadfast let us cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be:
Union to the world unknown,
Joined to God in spirit one:
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the Lamb shall take us home,
For his heaven the Bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

HYMN 451.

1 JESUS! soft harmonious name;
Every faithful heart's desire!
See thy followers, O Lamb!
All at once to thee aspire.
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run:
Hand in hand we seek thy face,
Come and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute,
Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

3 See the souls that hang on thee!
Severed though in flesh we are,
Joined in spirit all agree;
All thy only love declare;
Spread thy love to all around;
Hark! we now our voices raise!
Joyful consentaneous sound!
Sweetest symphony of praise!

4 Jesu's praise be all our song:
While we Jesu's praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet!
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

HYMN 452.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
Governed by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walked below.

2 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple met,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there:
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Power his image to retrieve,
Power, like thee, our Lord, to live.

4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good;
Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run;
Then from toil and sorrow free,
Yield we up our souls to thee.

HYMN 453

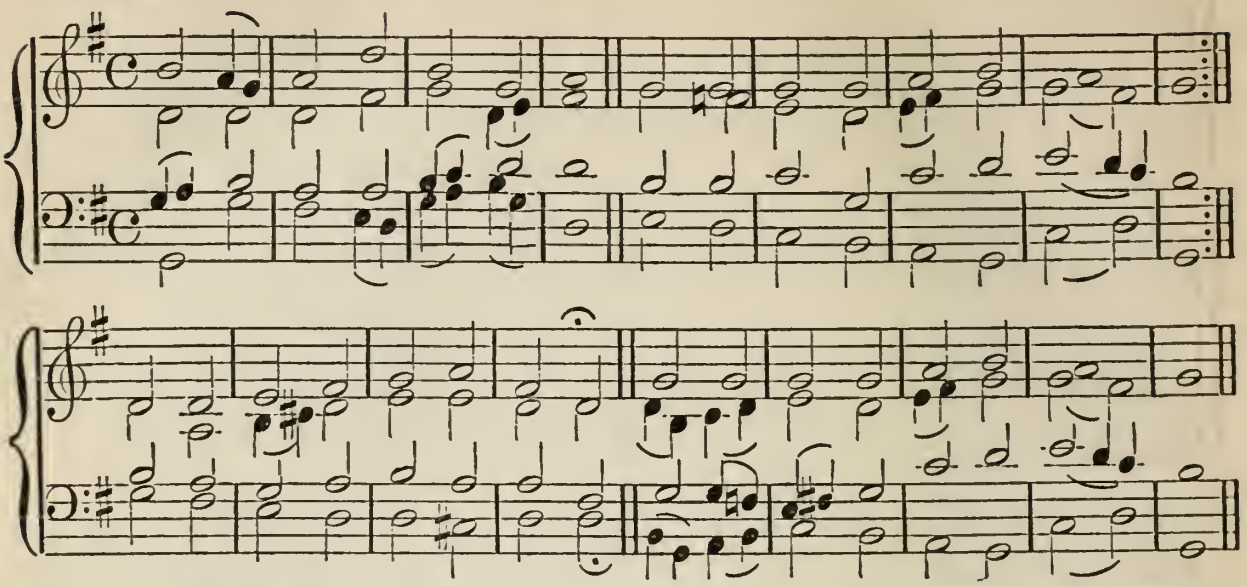
1 HAPPY saint, that free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus doth his spirit bear:
Jesus takes his every care:
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.

2 Oh, that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh.
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove;
All his paradise of love.

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear:
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy Spirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know
Perfect, through my Lord, below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.
Oh, that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven!

Arnheim. 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8.



Public Worship.

HYMN 454.

1 GRACIOUS Jesu! in thy Name
We are gathered now to hear thee;
To thy word our spirits frame,
Freely both to love and fear thee;
By thy teaching be it given
Every heart to raise to heaven.

2 All our knowledge, mind, and will,
Lie in earthly darkness sealèd,
Till thy light our spirits fill,
Till thou art in us revealèd:
Each good thought and inclination
Comes of thy sole inspiration.

3 Light of light! Thou Word divine!
Now prepare us to adore thee;
Heart, and mouth, and ear incline,
Bless us, Lord, while we implore thee:
Whilst we are thy name confessing,
O Lord Jesu! grant thy blessing!

Holy Baptism.

HYMN 455.

1 JESUS, Lord, thy servants see,
Offering here obedience willing;
Lo! this infant comes to thee,
Thus thy mandate blest fulfilling:
'Tis for such, thyself declarest,
That the kingdom thou preparest.

2 Loudly sounds thy warning plain,
Us with holy fear imbuing,
"He must here be born again,
Heart and mind and life renewing,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Who my kingdom will inherit."

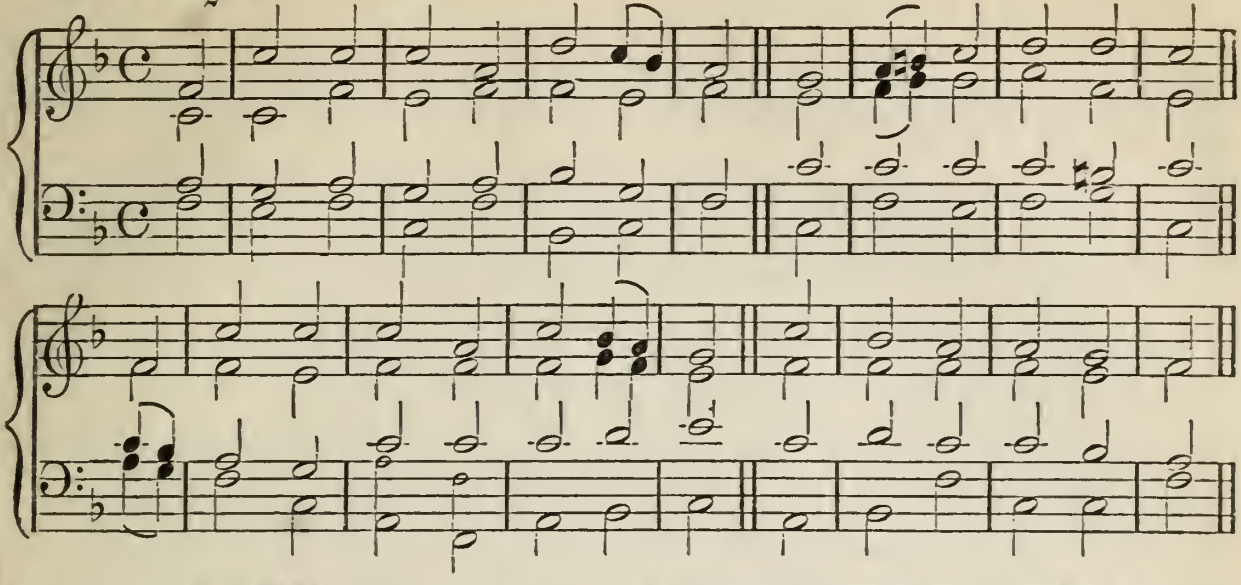
3 Take the pledge we offer now,
To the font baptismal hastening,
Make him, Lord, thy child below,
Let him feel thy tender chastening,
That he here may love and fear thee,
And in heaven dwell ever near thee.

4 Let thy light from darkness shine,
Grace instead of wrath revealing;
Realize the sacred sign,
Satan's venomed death-sting healing,
Make his soul thy Spirit's dwelling,
By its breath all sin expelling.

5 Prince of Peace, thy peace bestow,
Shepherd, to thy sheep-fold take him;
Way of life, his pathway show,
Head, thy living member make him,
Vine, abundant fruit providing,
Keep this branch in thee abiding.

6 Lord of grace! to thee we cry,
Filled our hearts to overflowing;
Heavenward take the burden'd sigh,
Blessings on the child bestowing:
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

St. George's. C. M.



HYMN 456.

1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living Vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
"Ye trembling souls appear!
The righteous, in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4 "Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;"—
Blest Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

HYMN 457.

1 COME, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise;
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove,
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

HYMN 458.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual Covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord:

2 Give up ourselves thro' Jesu's power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

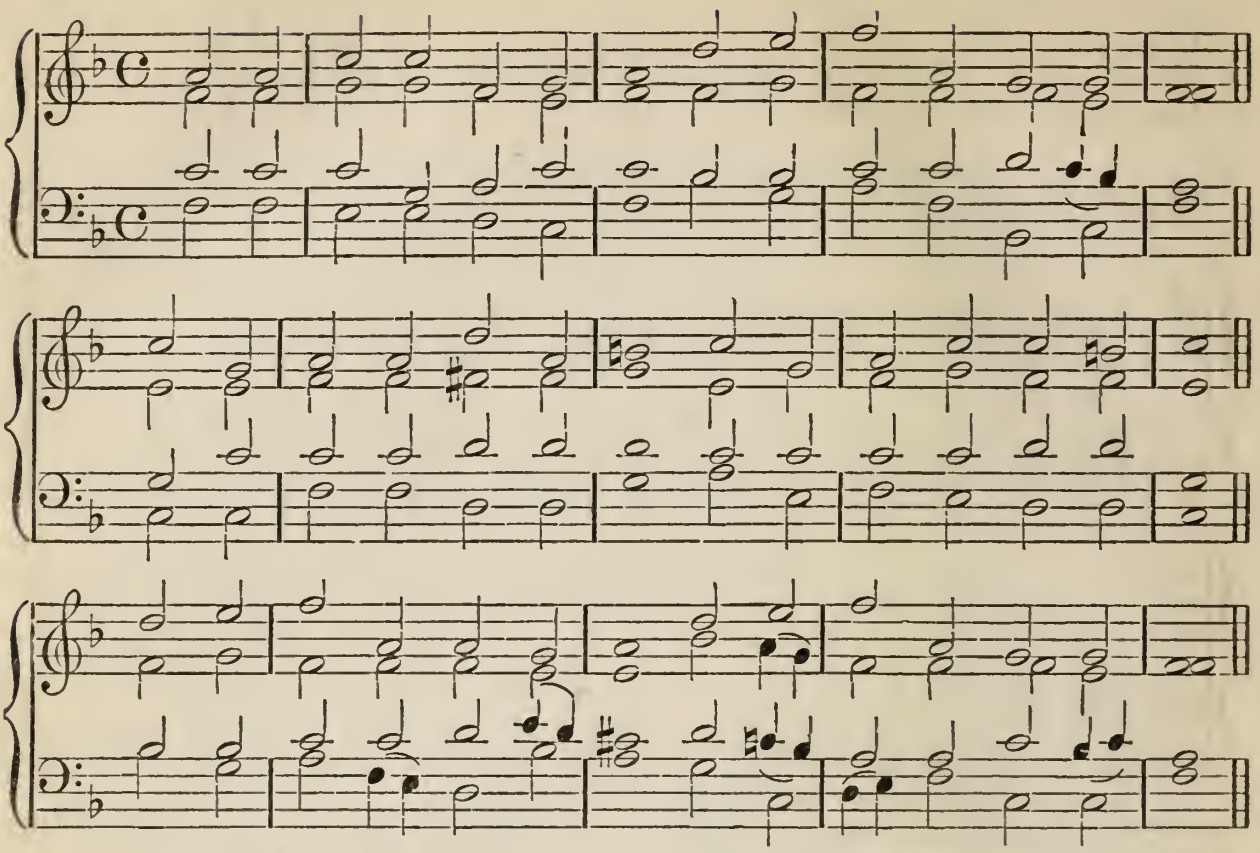
3 The Covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind:—
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow:—
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give!

6 To each the Covenant-blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Nassau. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 459.

1 JESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pity my unsettled soul!
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
Till thy love shall make me whole:
Give me perfect soundness, give;
Make me steadfastly believe.

2 I am never at one stay,
Changing every hour I am;
But thou art as yesterday,
Now and evermore the same:
Constancy to me impart,
Stablish with thy grace my heart.

3 Lay thy weighty cross on me;
All my unbelief control;
Till the rebel cease to be,
Bind him down within my soul:
That I never more may move,
Root and ground me fast in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea;
Holy, purifying hope,
Still my soul's sure anchor be:
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

HYMN 460.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

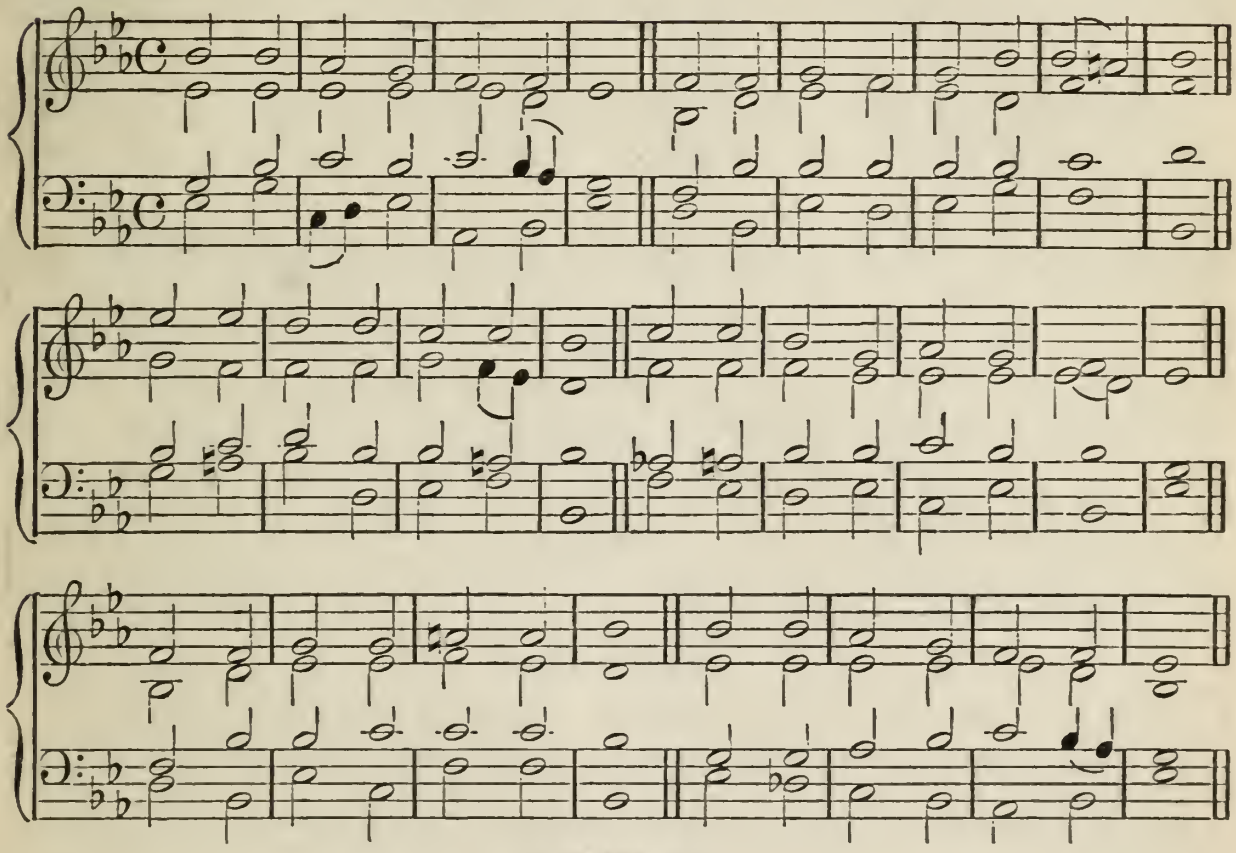
3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new!

5 Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live! thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

Berlin. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.



HYMN 461.

1 WILT thou not, my Shepherd true,
Spare thy sheep, in mercy spare me?
Wilt thou not, as shepherds do,
In thy bosom gently bear me?
Bear me, where all troubles cease,
Home to folds of joy and peace?

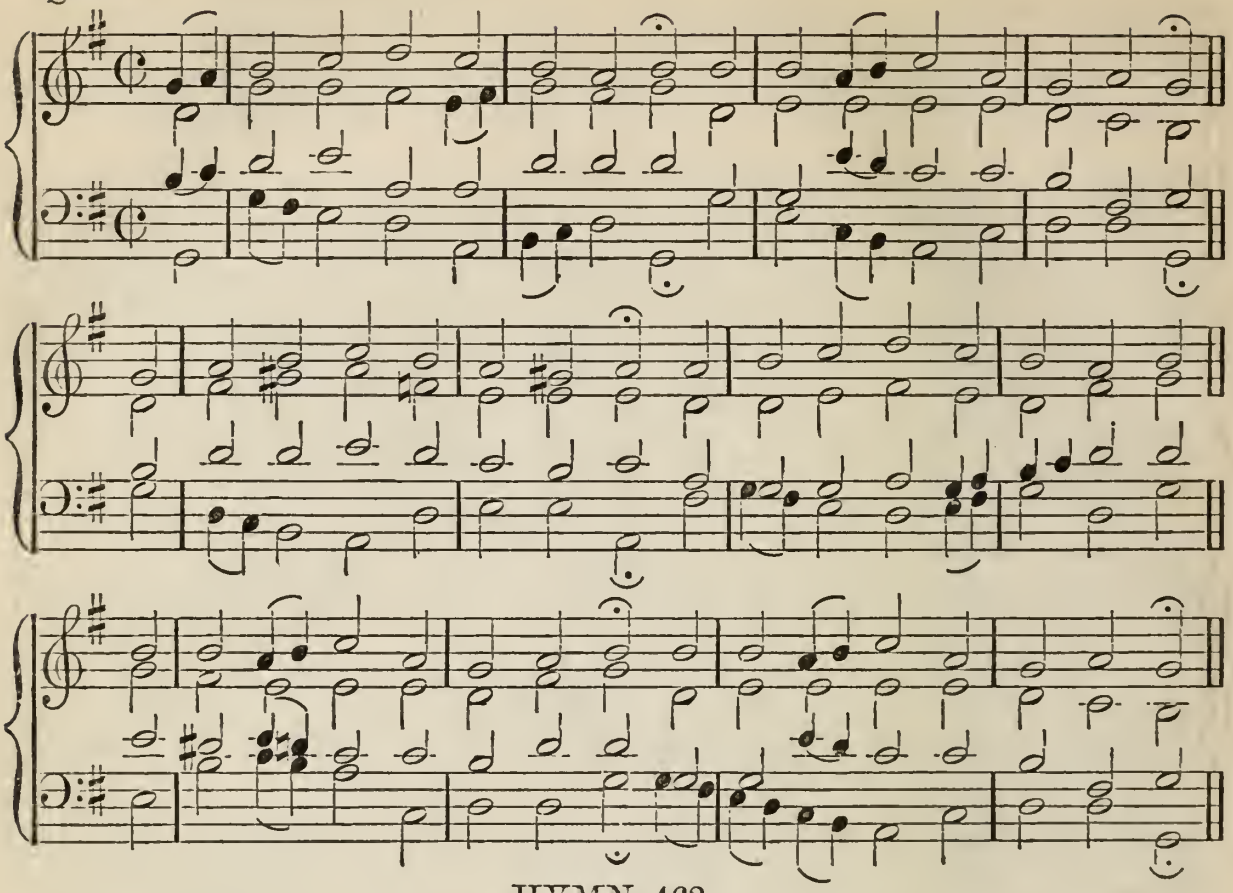
2 See how I have gone astray,
How earth's wilds do oft mislead me:
Bring me back into the way,
In thine own green pastures feed me:
Gather me within the fold,
Where thy lambs thy light behold.

3 With thy flock I long to be,
With the flock to whom 'tis given
Safe to feed, from danger free,
In the happy plains of heaven:
Free from fear of sinful stain,
They can never stray again.

4 Lord! I here am sore beset,
Fears at every step confound me;
Lo! my foes have spread their net,
And with craft and might surround me;
Not one moment safe can be,
Lord, thy lamb away from thee.

5 Jesus, Lord! my Shepherd true,
Oh, from wolves thy sheep deliver;
Help, as shepherds wont to do,
From their jaws preserve me ever:
Bear me homeward on thy breast,
To thy fold of endless rest.

Halle. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 462.

1 NOW let your notes of praise arise
To God's bright throne with voices clear;
The mighty Lord who rules the skies
Lends to our song a Father's ear:
Eternal Lord of heaven above, [love.
Look down and bless their plighted

2 O'er your whole life may God preside,
His richest gifts on both bestow,
With heavenly light your footsteps guide, [go:
As through the world's dark wild ye
Eternal Lord of heaven above, [love.
Look down and bless their plighted

3 By God's own Word each action try,
Let Christ your great exemplar be;
Still fix your hearts on heavenly joy—
We hasten towards eternity:
Eternal Lord of heaven above, [love.
Look down and bless their plighted

4 Together bend, God's grace implore,
Or no true joy your love will know;
Your voices blend, his name adore,
Till love to God each heart o'erflow:
Eternal Lord of heaven above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

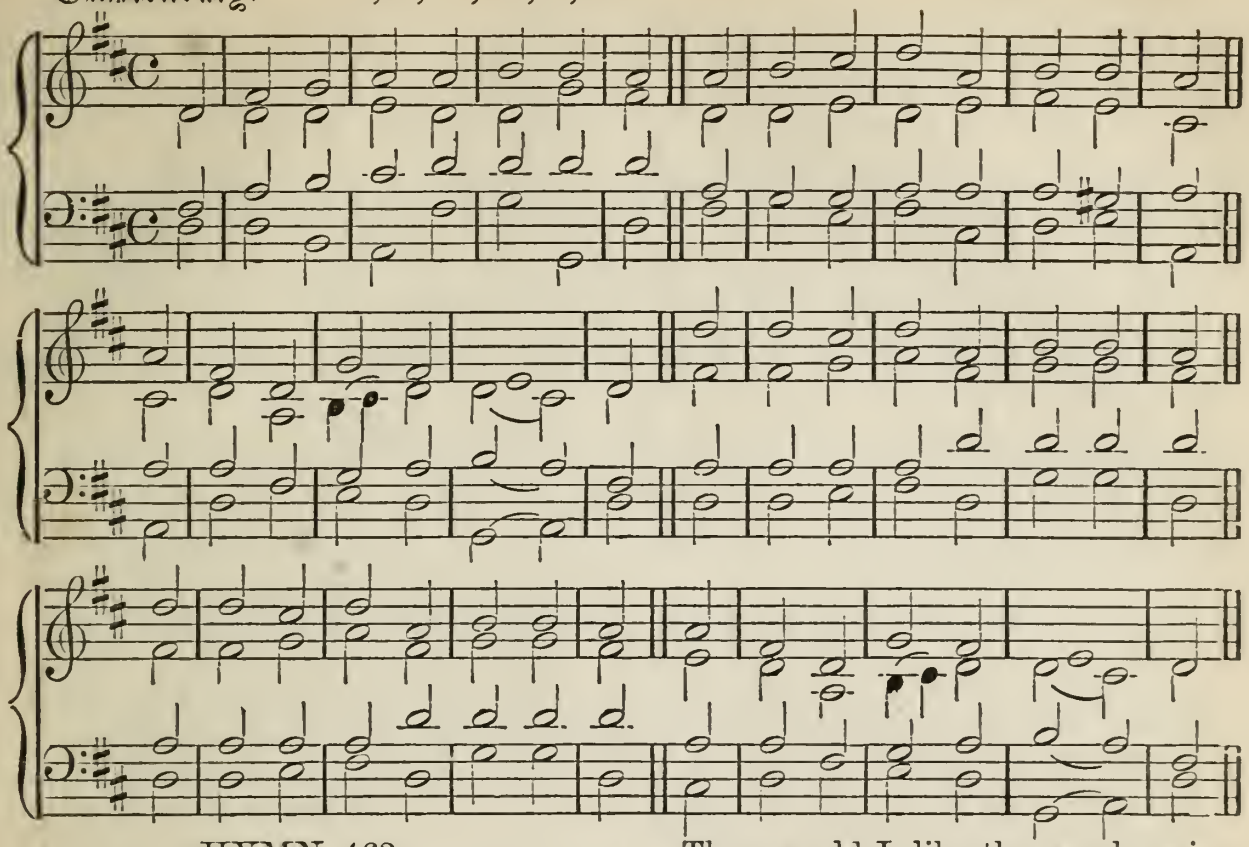
5 With cheerful faith in God confide,
The pilgrim's staff with courage take,
And, till the silent grave divide,
God and each other ne'er forsake:
Eternal Lord of heaven above, [love.
Look down and bless their plighted

6 May peace and love your lives adorn,
Attend you all your course along;
Your Christian walk, each night and morn, [song!
Oh, strengthen still with prayer and
Eternal Lord of heaven above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

7 Together now your voices raise,
Vow truth to God, hand joined in hand,
Till, on his glories called to gaze,
Ye meet in heaven's own happy land:
Eternal Lord of heaven above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

HARVEST.

Glastonbury. 8, 8, 7; 8, 8, 7.



HYMN 463.

1 THE golden corn now waxes strong,
Whereat alike both old and young
Praise God with cheerful voices,
Who giveth us abundant food,
And with so many a precious good,
The heart of man rejoices.

2 I may not, and I cannot rest,
God's goodness wakens in my breast
Such gratitude and pleasure:
I fain would bear a tuneful part,
And pour out praise from my full heart
In overflowing measure.

3 Methinks, if God so gracious be,
And deals ev'n here so lovingly,
With us poor erring mortals,
How glorious must the mansions be
Where we shall dwell eternally,
Within his golden portals.

4 What light will burst upon our eyes;
What joy in Christ's own paradise;
How will the air be ringing
With the sweet joys of seraphim,
Who with one heart and voice, to Him
Are Hallelujahs singing.

5 Ah! had I reached that blest abode;
Ah! that I stood ev'n now, my God,
Bearing my palms before thee!
Then would I, like the angels, raise
A thousand anthems to thy praise,
And with sweet psalms adore thee.

6 Nor will I, while I here remain,
And bear this yoke of flesh, refrain
From praises and thanksgiving:
My heart in this and every place
Shall never cease to praise thy grace
As long as I am living.

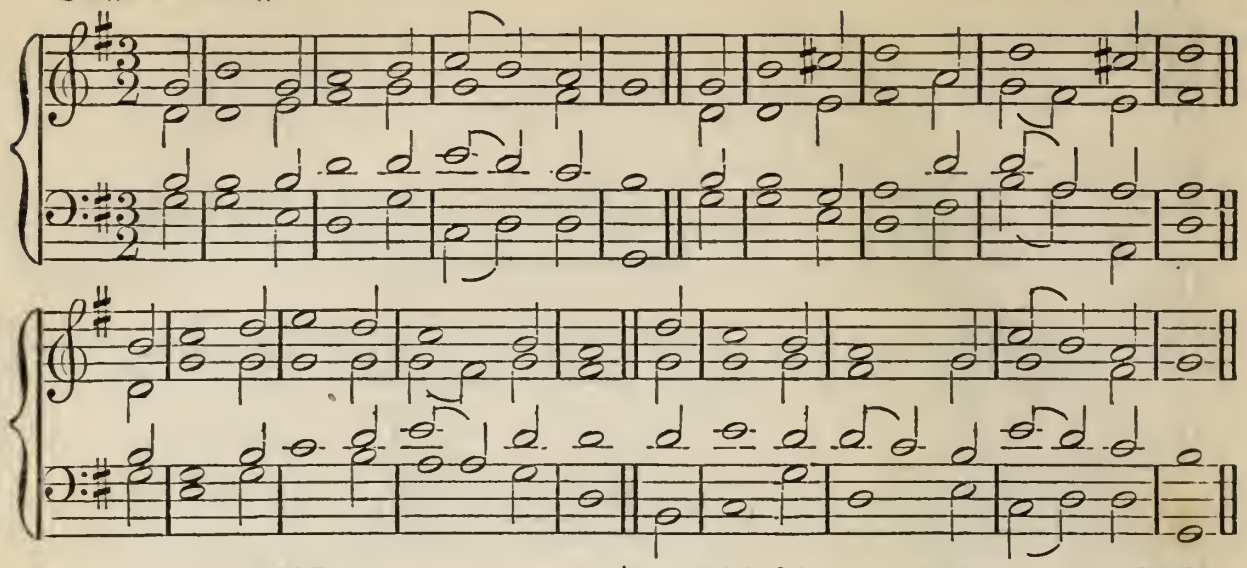
PART II.

1 BLESS me with blessings from above,
And cause the fruits of faith and love
To grow in me and flourish:
Oh, may the summer of thy grace
Make fruitful each unfruitful place,
And every virtue nourish!

2 Make for thy Spirit ample room,
That thus I may for ever bloom,
Like plants which root have taken:
Oh, let me in thy garden be
A flourishing and righteous tree,
Which never shall be shaken!

3 Oh, may I grow each day more wise,
And ripen for the paradise
To which my steps are hasting;
So shall I ever serve thee here,
And when I die, still serve thee there
In glory everlasting.

Angels' Song. L. M.



HYMN 464.

1 LORD of the wide extended main,
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls:

2 For thee we leave our native shore—
We, whom thy love delights to keep—
In other worlds thy works explore,
And see thy wonders in the deep.

3 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine,
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thy immensity!

5 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

PART II.

6 Infinite God! thy greatness spanned
These heavens, and meeted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise.

7 Thee to perfection who can tell?
Earth and her sons beneath Thee lie,
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
And less than nothing in thine eye.

8 Yet, in thy Son divinely great,
We claim thy providential care:
Boldly we stand before thy seat,
Our Advocate hath placed us there.

9 With him we are gone up on high,
Since He is ours and we are His;
With him we reign above the sky,
Yet walk upon our subject seas.

10 We boast of our recovered powers;
Lords are we of the lands and floods;
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

HYMN 465.

1 ALL praise to thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise;
All praise to thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies!

2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform:
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And calmly meet the gathering storm.

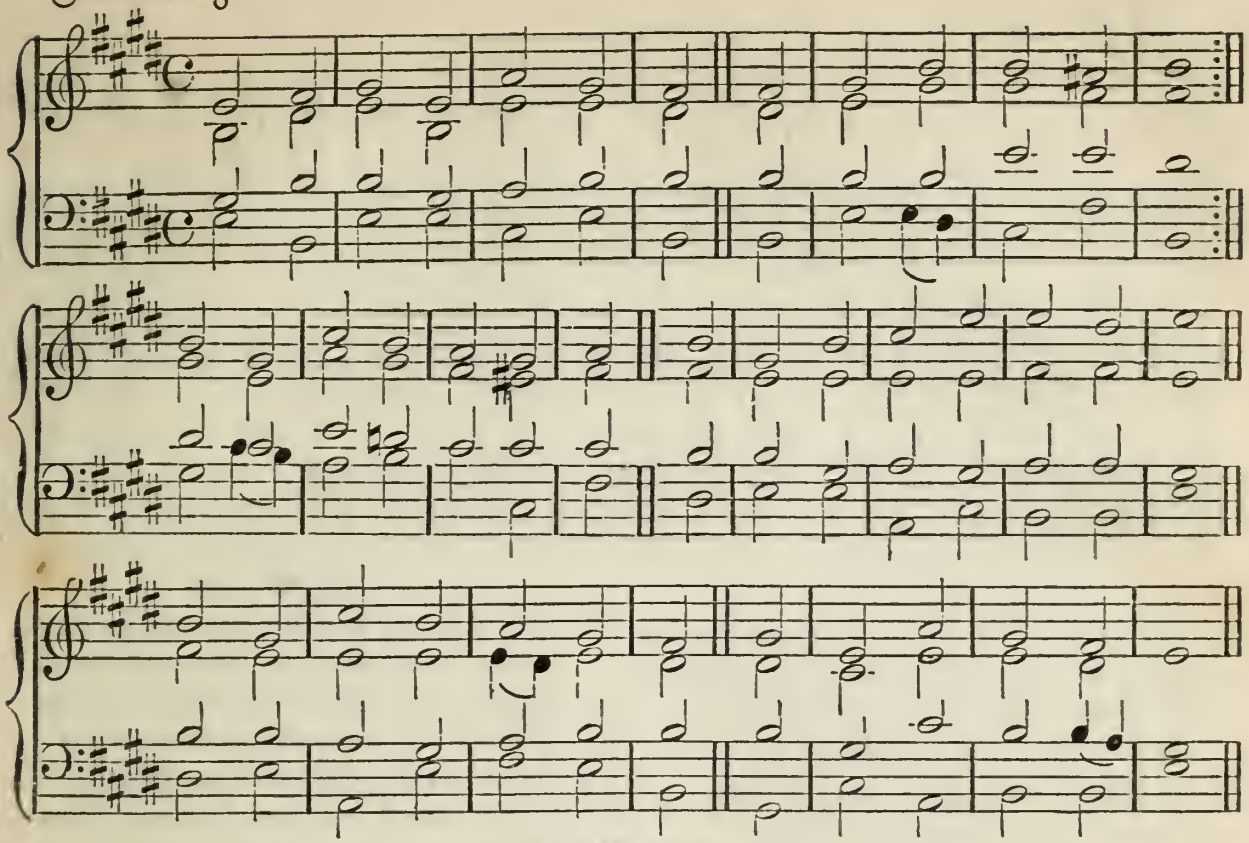
3 What tho' the floods lift up their voice?
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or whelm the soul, when God is nigh.

4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heaven are borne,
Unmoved the rapid whirlwinds sweep,
And all the watery world upturn.

5 Roar on, ye waves! our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest;
In vain to break the calm ye try—
The calm in a believer's breast.

6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
Thou sea, the servant of his will;
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise,
But fall when he shall say, "Be still!"

Auremburg. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.



HYMN 466.

1 LORD of earth, and air, and sea,
Supreme in power and grace,
Under thy protection we
Our souls and bodies place.
Bold an unknown land to try,
We launch into the foaming deep;
Rocks, and storms, and deaths defy,
With Jesus in the ship.

2 Who the calm can understand
In a believer's breast?
In the hollow of his hand
Our souls securely rest:
Winds may rise, and seas may roar,
We on his love our spirits stay;
Him with quiet joy adore,
Whom winds and seas obey.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

HYMN 467.

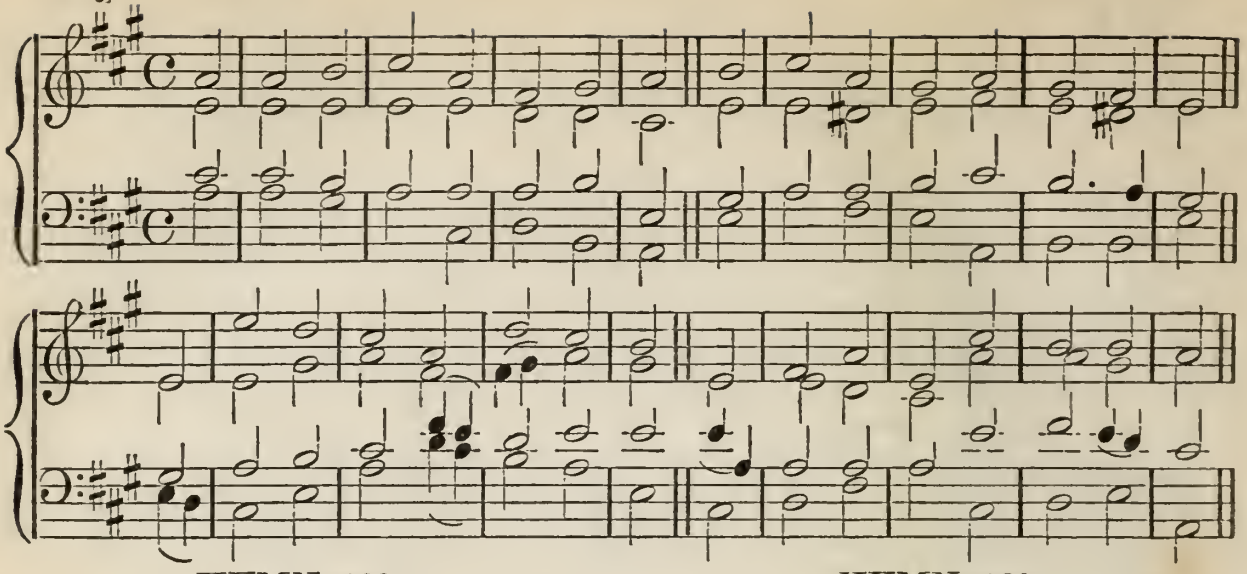
1 CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give;
My Saviour in distresses past,
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy Beloved;
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasped his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy Word and Name
I steadfastly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have—
Saved again, to others tell
Thy power and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resigned,
And stayed on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own:
Compassed round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live.

Ely. L. M.



HYMN 468.

1 GOD of my life whose gracious power
Thro' varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head.

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confessed thy power,
And given me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden, I found thee near to save—
The fever owned thy touch and fled.

5 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter and in me ever stay; [come,
The crooked then shall straight be-
The darkness shall be lost in day.

HYMN 469.

1 AND live I yet by power divine?
And have I still my course to run?
Again brought back, in its decline,
The shadow of my parting sun?

2 Jesus to my deliverance flew,
When sunk in mortal pangs I lay;
Pale death his ancient conqueror knew,
And trembled, and ungrasped his prey!

3 God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn,
To love my God I only live!

4 Be all my added life employed
Thy image in my soul to see;
Fill with thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

5 Come, then, my hope, my life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home!
Be mindful of thy gracious word;
Thou, with thy promised Father, come!

HYMN 470. [death,

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of
I, too, shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father's God to meet.

2 Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see;
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death, remember me!

3 Oh, that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

HYMN 471.

1 WHEN on the margin of the grave,
Why did I doubt my Saviour's art?
Ah! why mistrust his will to save?
What meant that faltering of my heart?

2 'Twas not the searching pain within
That filled my coward flesh with fear,
Nor consciousness of outward sin,
Nor sense of dissolution near.

3 Of hope I felt no joyful ground,
The fruit of righteousness alone;
Naked of Christ my soul I found,
And started from a God unknown.

4 Corrupt my will, nor half subdued,
Could I his purer Presence bear?
Unchanged, unhallowed, unrenewed,
Could I before his face appear?

5 Father of mercies, hear my call!
Ere yet returns the fatal hour,
Repair my loss, retrieve my fall,
And raise me by thy quickening power.

6 My nature re-exchange for thine;
Be thou my life, my hope, my gain;
Arm me in panoply divine,
And death shall shake his dart in vain.

HYMN 472.

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace!
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
Oh, make me in thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,
Oh, may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand.
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

HYMN 473.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down!

2 As in the ancient days appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame!
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now;
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Singing, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

6 Where pure essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

HYMN 474.

The Dying Malefactor's Prayer.

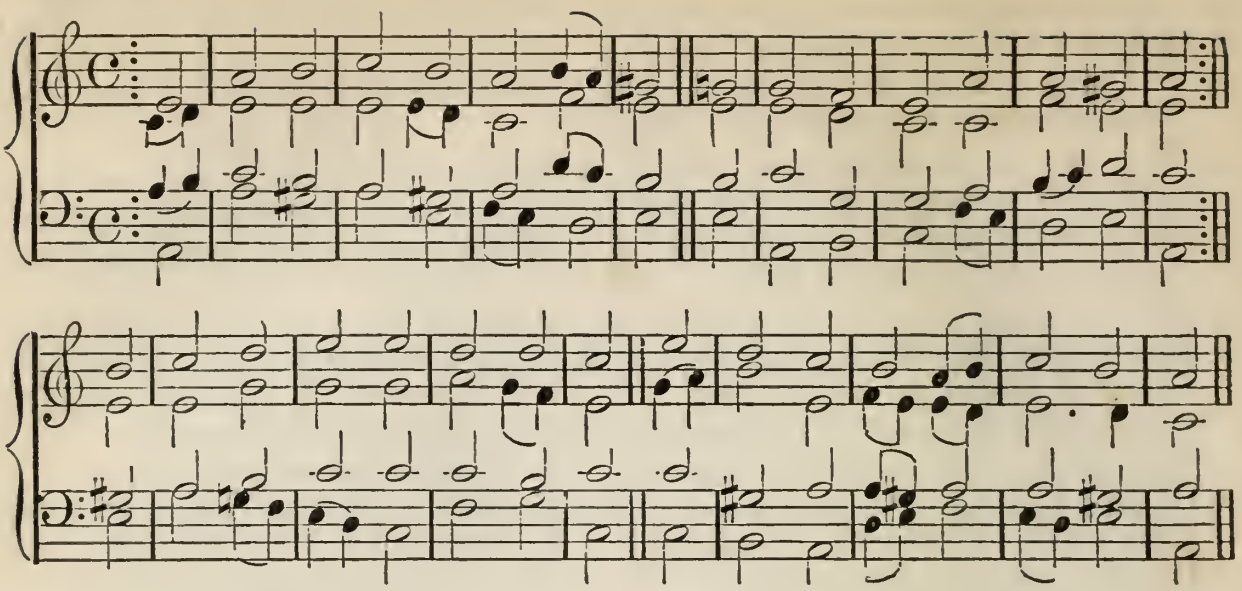
1 OH, thou that hangedst on a tree,
Our curse and sufferings to remove,
Pity the souls that look to thee,
And save us by thy dying love.

2 Canst thou reject our dying prayer,
Or cast us out who come to thee?
Our sins, ah! wherefore didst thou bear?
Jesus, remember Calvary?

3 For us wast thou not lifted up?
For us a bleeding victim made?
That we, the abjects we, might hope,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid.

4 Oh, might we, with believing eyes,
Thee in thy bloody vesture see;
And cast us on thy sacrifice!
Jesus, my Lord, remember me!

Bremen. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 475.

1 SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
What hast thou suffered on the tree,
Why didst thou groan thy mortal [groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion show,
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
Hath cleared this guilty soul of mine;
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to divine—
To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner all like thee.

3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding SACRIFICE expired:
But didst thou not my PATTERN die,
That, by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown eternal sure?

4 Thou didst the meek example leave
That I might in thy footsteps tread;
Might, like the Man of Sorrows grieve,
And groan and bow with thee my head:
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suffering share.

5 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conformed to thee;
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize!

6 This is the straight and royal way,
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight
From Calvary's to Sion's height.

HYMN 476.

1 THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end:
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
Shall save me to the latest hour;
And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great Name I go
To conquer death, my final foe!
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared, [might,
Who conquer through their Saviour's
Who rise into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know and see
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou searchest out in vain
What only conquest can explain.

HYMN 477.

1 PEACE! doubting heart; my God's I am!
Who formed me man, forbids my fear:
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When, passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own his power, accept the sign,
And sing to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace; be still!"

7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon mine head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

HYMN 478.

1 JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest follower's call,
And, O, instruct us how to pray!
Pour out thy supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face!

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire;
Then let us now Thyself receive,
The promised Intercessor give.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy suffering followers here!
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter:
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy Spirit in our heart.

4 Come in thy pleading Spirit down,
To us who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou wilt not then deny the rest.

HYMN 479.

1 O THOU, whose wise paternal love
Has brought mine active vigour down;
Thy choice I thankfully approve,
And, prostrate at thy glorious throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.

2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer do;
Yet, while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show;
My patience may thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.

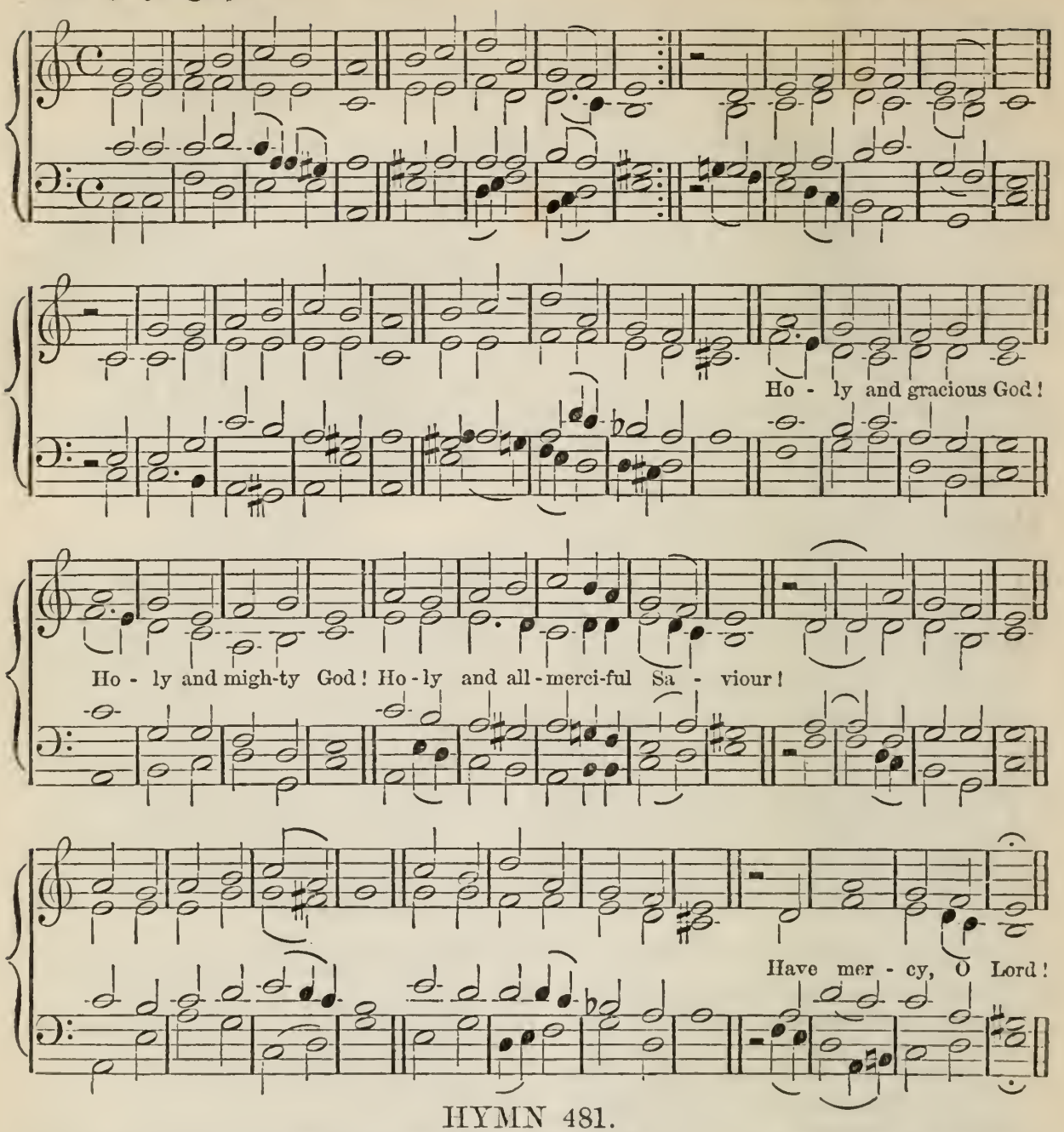
3 But since, without thy Spirit's might,
Thou knowest I nothing can endure,
The help I ask in Jesus' right,
The strength he did for me procure,
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.

4 O let me live, of thee possest,
In weakness, weariness, and pain!
The anguish of my labouring breast,
The daily cross I still sustain,
For him that languished on the tree,
But lived, before he died, for me.

HYMN 480.

A Last Prayer.

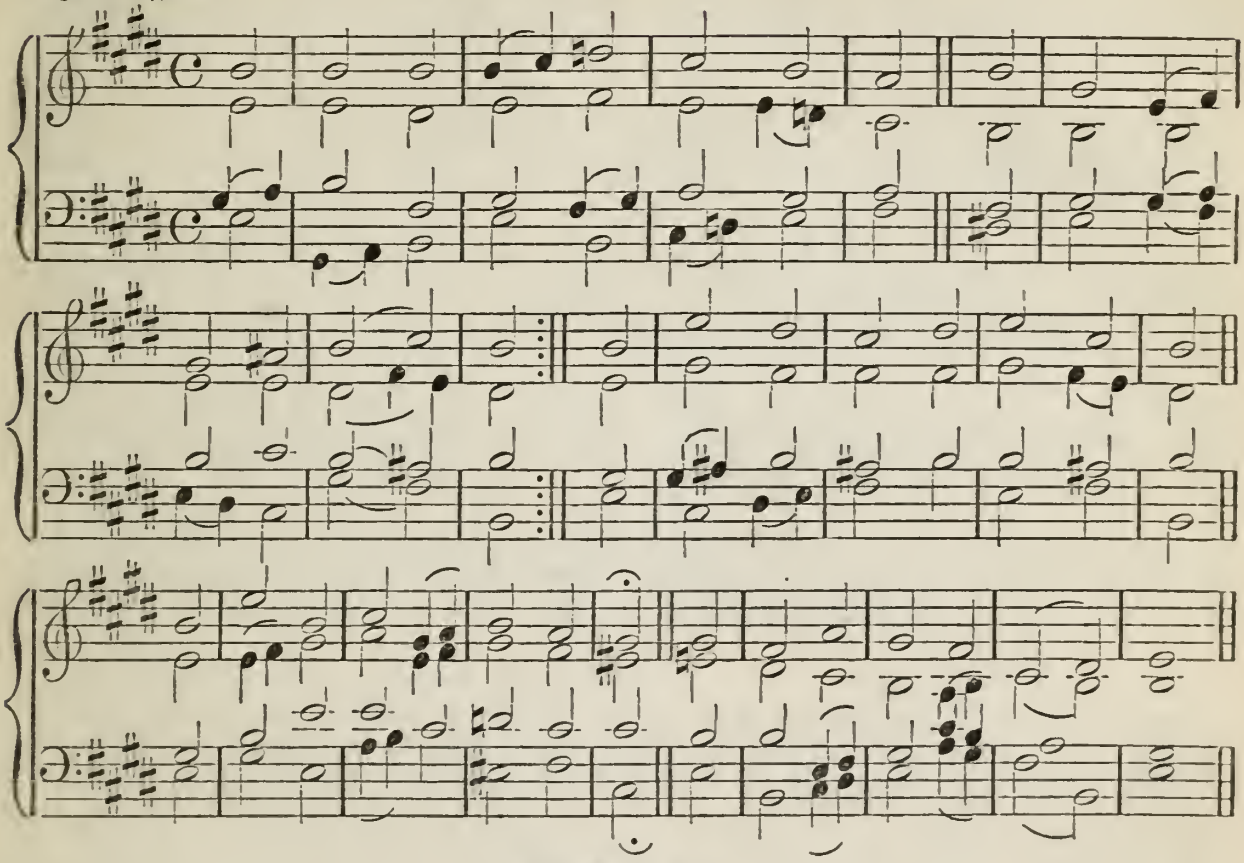
1 IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem!
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart,
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

St. John Baptist. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 9, 5, 6, 7, 5.

HYMN 481.

1 THOUGH in midst of life we be,
Snares of death surround us:
Where shall we for succour flee,
Lest our foes confound us?
To thee alone, our Saviour! [hath
We mourn our grievous sin, which
Stirred the fire of thy fierce wrath:
Holy and gracious God!
Holy and mighty God!
Holy and all-merciful Saviour!
Thou eternal God!
Save us, Lord, from sinking
In the deep and bitter flood:
Have mercy, O Lord!

2 While in midst of death we be,
Hell's grim jaws o'ertake us:
Who from such distress will free,
Who secure will make us?
Thou only, Lord, canst do it!
It moves thy tender heart to see
Our great sin and misery:
Holy and gracious God!
Holy and mighty God!
Holy and all-merciful Saviour!
Thou eternal God!
Let not hell dismay us
With its deep and burning flood
Have mercy, O Lord!

3 Into hell's fierce agony
Sin doth headlong drive us:
Where shall we for succour flee,
Who, oh! who will hide us?
Thou only, blessed Saviour;
Thy precious blood was shed to win
Peace and pardon for our sin:
Holy and gracious God!
Holy and mighty God!
Holy and all-merciful Saviour!
Let us not, we pray,
From the true faith's comfort
Fall in our last need away:
Have mercy, O Lord!

Dettingen. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

HYMN 482.

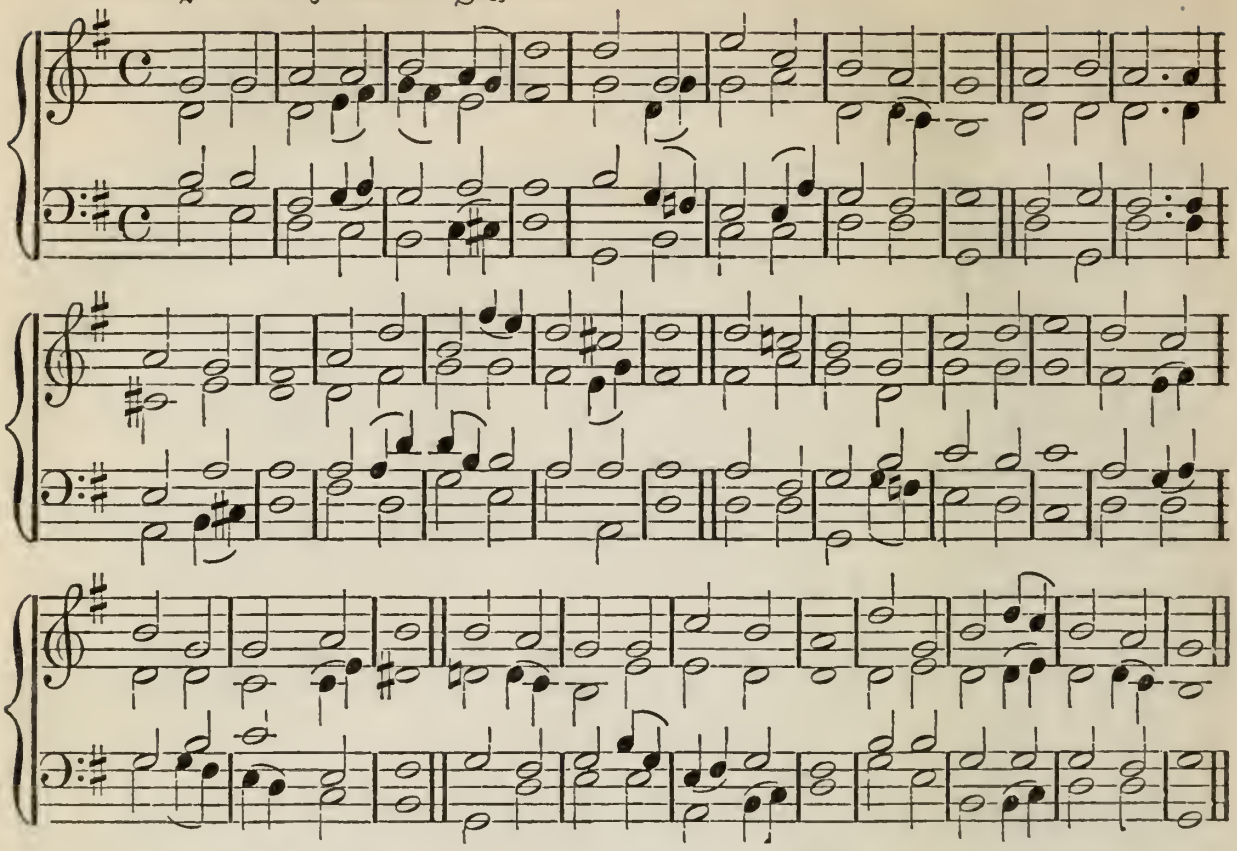
1 MINE hour appointed is at hand,
Lord Jesu Christ! attend me:
Beside my bed, my Saviour, stand,
To comfort, help, defend me:
Into thy hands I will commend
My trembling soul at my last end,—
How safe in thy sweet keeping!

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins are thronging round me;
But though they grieve and wound me
They cannot yet confound me: [sore,
My sins are numberless, I know,
But o'er them all thy blood doth flow,
Thy wounds and death uphold me.

3 Lord, thou hast joined my soul to thine,
In bonds no power can sever;
Grafted in thee, the living Vine,
I shall be thine for ever:
Lord, when I die, I die to thee,
Thy precious death hath won for me
A life that never endeth.

4 Since thou hast risen from the grave,
The grave cannot detain me:
"Christ died,"—"Christ rose again" to save,
These words shall still sustain me;
For where thou art, there I shall be,
That I may ever live with thee:
This is my joy in dying.

5 To thee, Lord Jesu Christ! I will
With arms outstretched betake me;
I sleep in thee—so sound—so still,
No mortal man can wake me!
For Jesus Christ, God's Son, I wait
To open me the heavenly gate,
Which leads to life eternal.

Coburg, or Christmas Hymn. 8 7's.

HYMN 483.

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest:
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.

2 Followed by their works they go
Where their Head hath gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace had opened Mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased!
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of Love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou;
Enter, and receive thy crown;
Reign with me triumphant now."

5 Angels, catch th' approving sound,
Bow, and bless the just award;
Hail the heir with glory crowned,
Now rejoicing with his Lord:
Fuller joys ordained to know.
Waiting for the general doom, [blow,
When th' Archangel's trump shall
"Rise, ye dead, to judgment come."

HYMN 484.

1 WHAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne!
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of their dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 They with Him shall ever reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Satisfy each soul with love.

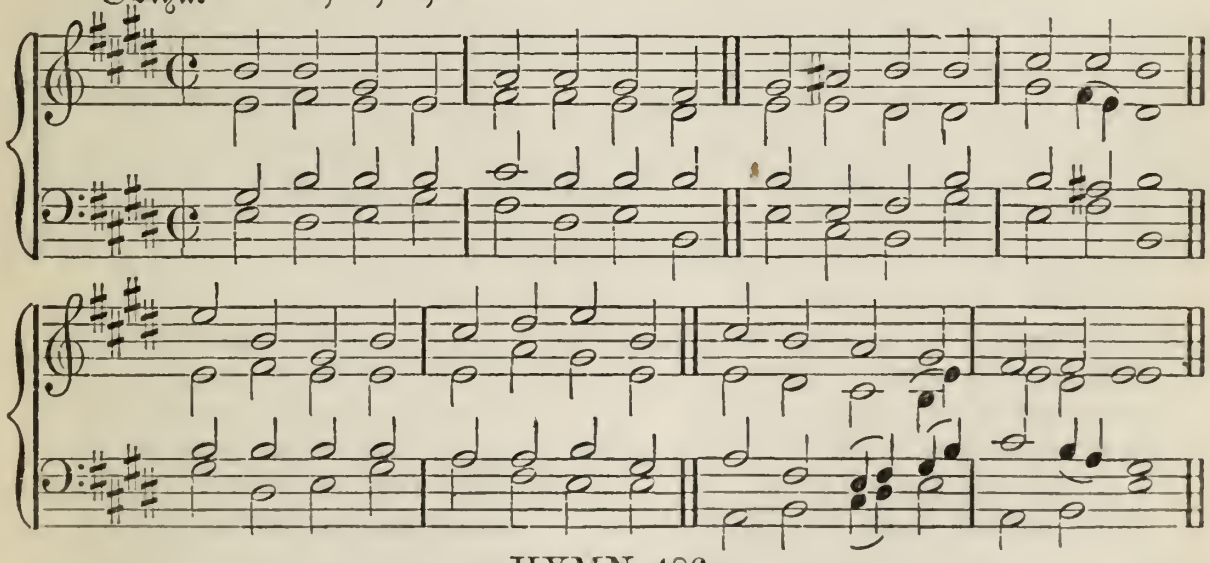
HYMN 485.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give;
Mixed with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord Most High,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

2 One, inexplicably Three,
One, in simplest Unity,
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us, thy lisping creatures, hear!
Thee, while man the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate Seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

3 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!
Fain with them our souls would vie,
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall o'erwhelmed with love, or soar;
Sing, or silently adore!

Gotha. 8, 7, 8, 7.



HYMN 486.

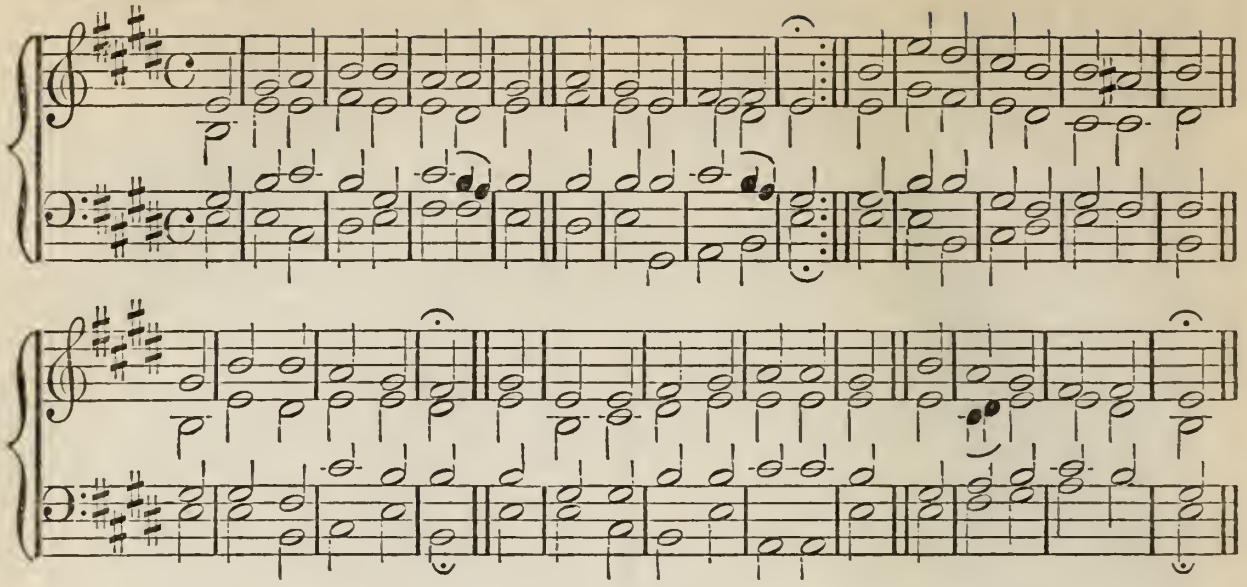
1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy great Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

St. Simon's. D. C. M.



HYMN 487.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
With wistful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity:
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
Lord Jesus! be our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

HYMN 488.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer out my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 Surely he will not long delay:
I hear his Spirit cry,
"Arise, my love, make haste away!
Go, get thee up, and die.
O'er death, who now has lost his sting,
I give thee victory;
And with me my reward I bring,
I bring my heaven for thee."

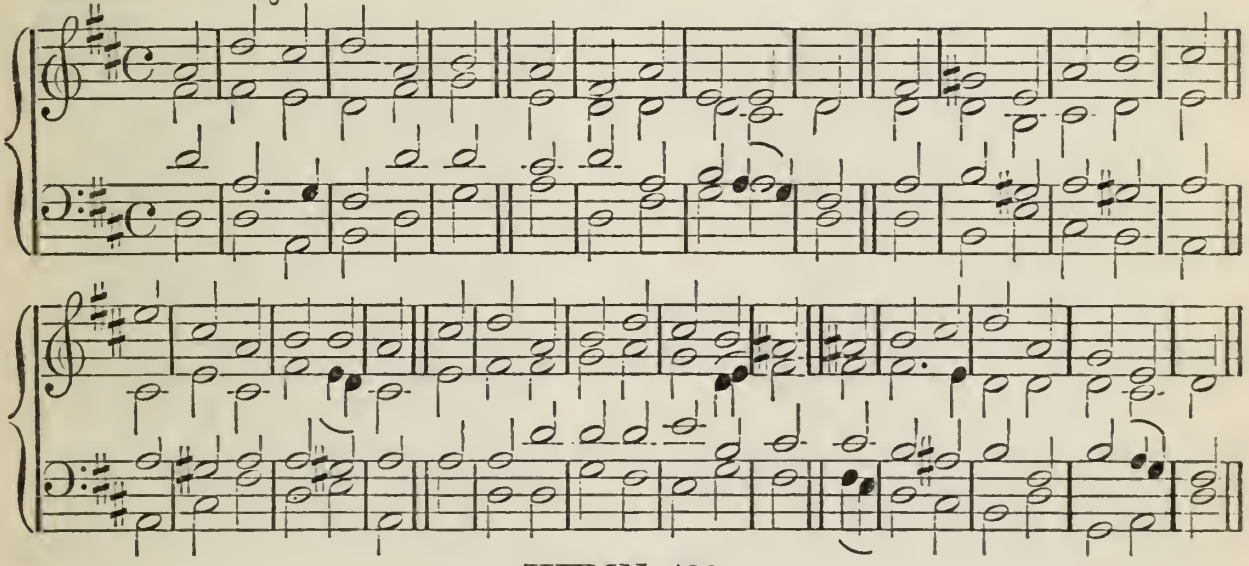
4 Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise:
They flourish in perpetual bloom,
Fruit every month they give;
And to the healing leaves who come,
Eternally shall live.

5 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there:
They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear:
Adorned by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb;
And every shining front displays
Th' unutterable name.

6 They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck th' ambrosial fruit,
And each records the praise of Him
Who tuned his golden lute: [wire,
At once they strike th' harmonious
And hymn the great Three-One:
He hears; he smiles; and all the choir
Fall down before his throne.

7 Oh, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day.

Croft's 148th. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.



HYMN 489.

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry, [nigh!"
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

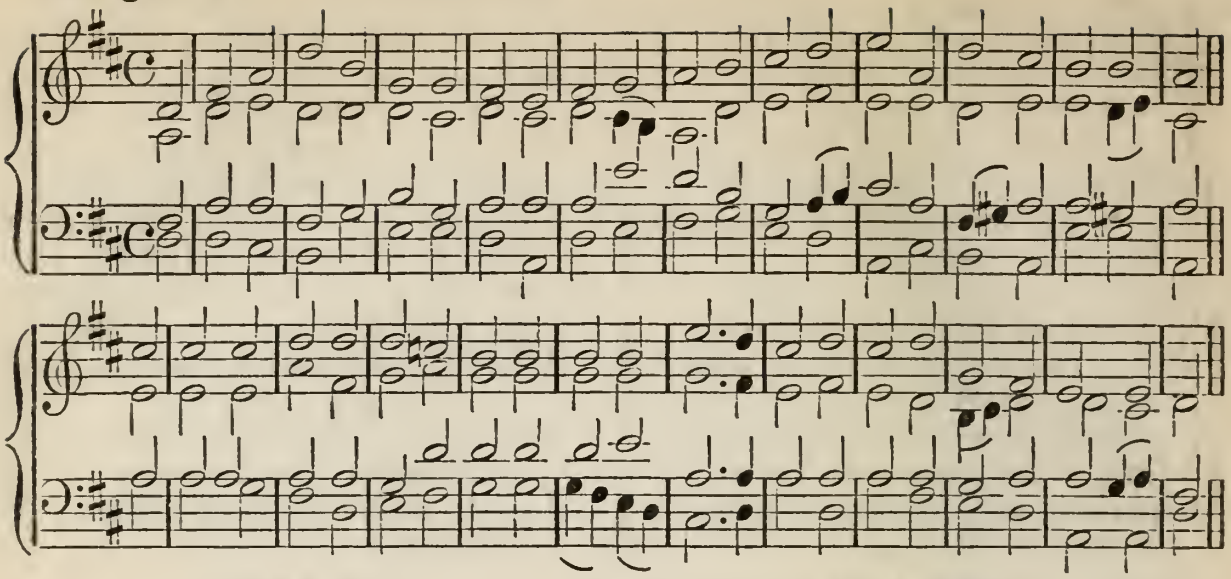
3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face!

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
Obedient to his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice, in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up,
To stand before his throne,
Called to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found;
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine!

St. Jude's. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.



HYMN 490.

1 HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian-rock,
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesu's breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
Before the floods descend:
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess;
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And Nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near;
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the distant wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord, appear.

6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
Thy word and mystery to fulfil,
Confessors to approve;
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious, heavenly love.

HYMN 491.

1 BEYOND the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

2 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

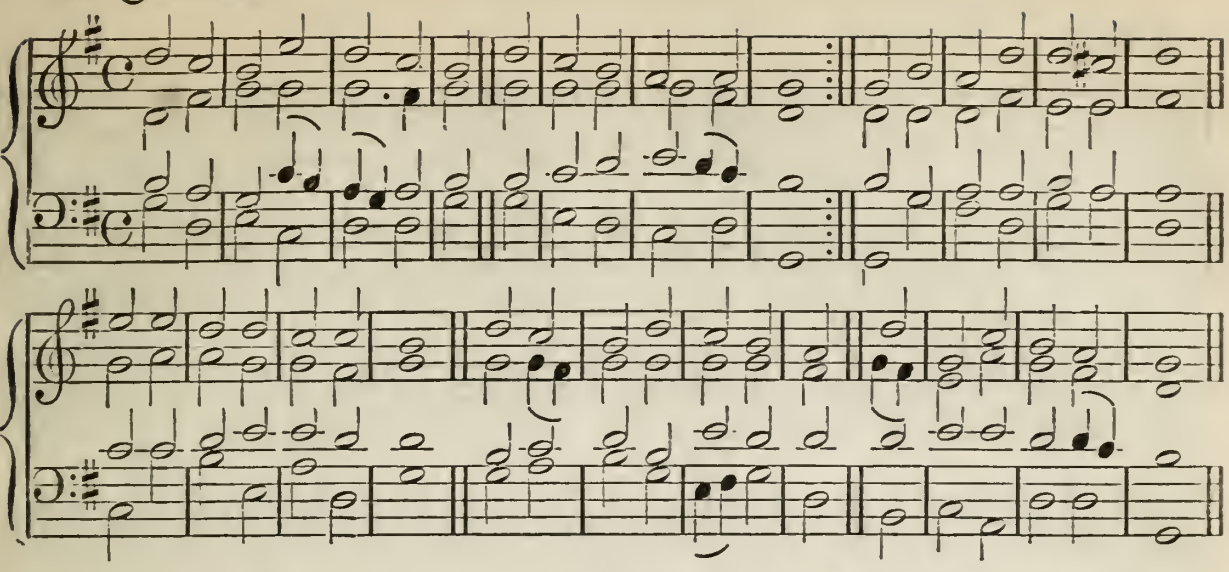
3 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

4 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

5 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

6 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God is All in All!

St. Barnabas' 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.



HYMN 492.

1 HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry;
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh!
Lo! he comes to keep his word,
Light and joy his looks impart!
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God,
He comes, and bids you hope;
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo! he brings you sure relief,
Believe, and feel him here!

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
Whose lamps are burning bright;
Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with him in white:
Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
Bids you all his promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall quickly be caught up
To meet the general doom;
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come;
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home:
Who can answer to his word?
Which of you dares meet his day?
"Rise, and come to judgment!"—
We rise, and come away. [Lord,

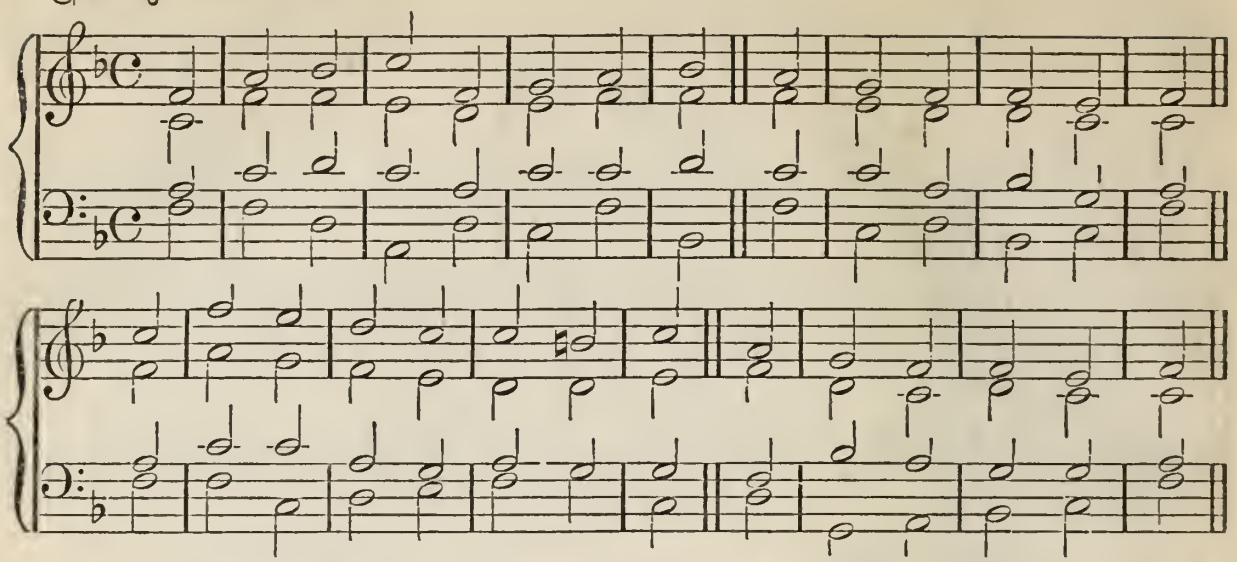
HYMN 493.

1 SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,
To bless our earth again,
Now assume thy royal power,
And o'er the nations reign.
Christ, the world's desire and hope,
Power complete to thee is given,
Set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven.

2 Where they all thy laws have spurned,
Thy holiest name profaned;
Where the ruined world hath mourned,
With blood of millions stained;
Open there the ethereal scene,
Claim the heathen tribes for thine;
There the endless reign begin
With majesty divine.

3 Universal Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
Every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess:
None shall in thy mount destroy;
War shall then be learnt no more;
Saints shall their great King enjoy,
And all mankind adore.

French. C. M.



HYMN 494.

At a Meeting.

1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy Name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here;
But, oh, thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

HYMN 495.

For Parents.

1 GOD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright:

2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt, by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny:

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a sacred clue
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up;
By thy example taught
To alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their hearts
With mildest zeal proceed; [t'obey;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure ingenuous love:

8 To watch their will, to sense inclined;
Withhold their hurtful food;
And gently bend the tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

HYMN 496.

For Travellers.

1 THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out,
Oh, bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 Oh, that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

HYMN 497.

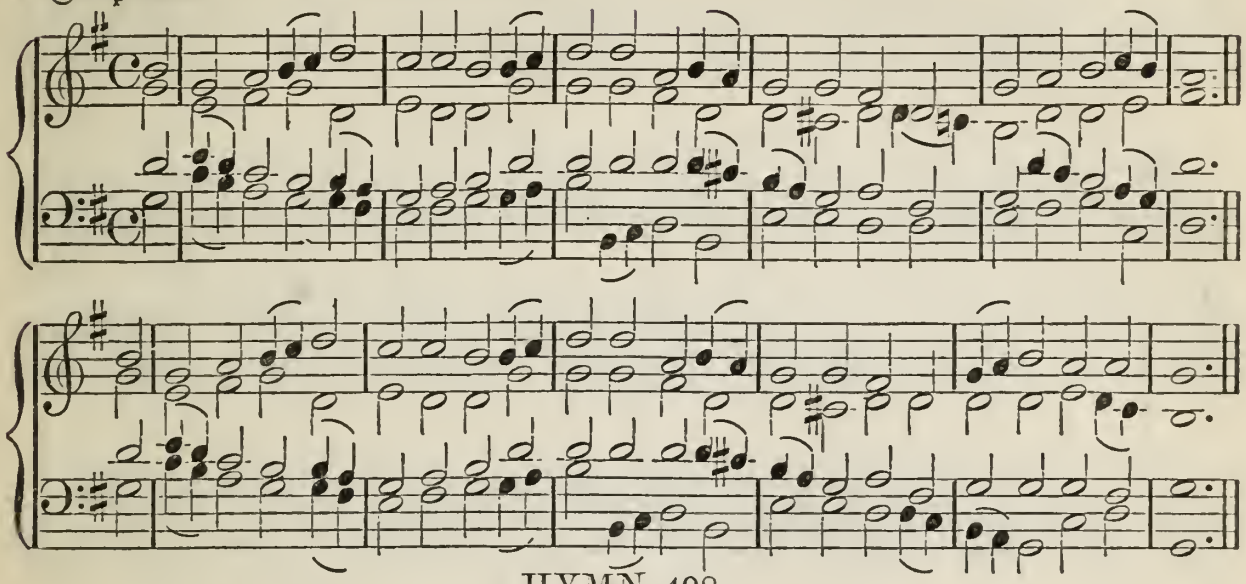
For Servants.

1 SERVANT of all, to toil for man,
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us!

2 Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

3 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.

Inspruck. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.



HYMN 498.

For Masters.

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain;
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive!
Work in me both to will and do;
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

Accession. HYMN 499.

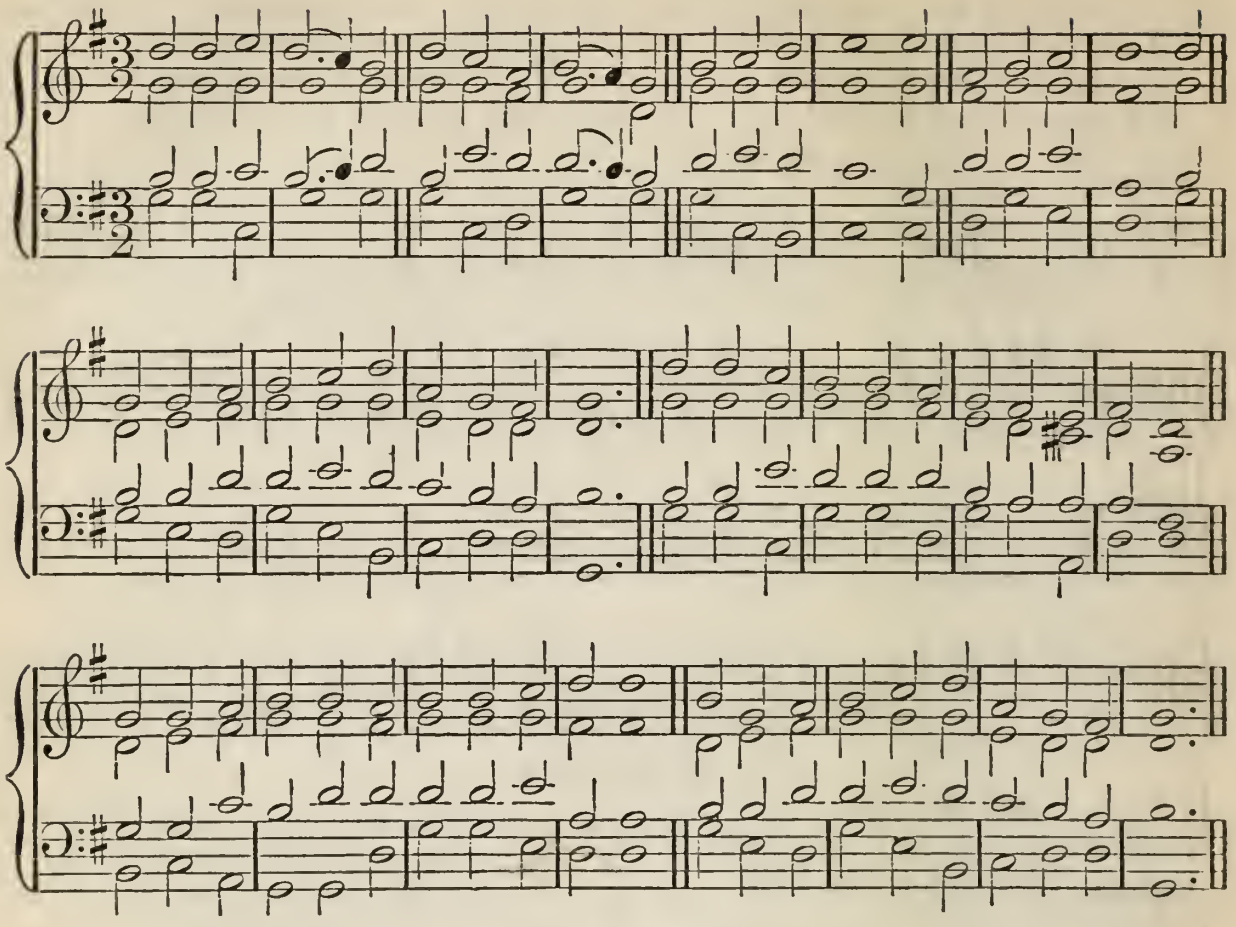
1 LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign,—
Rulers, and governors, and powers;
And, lo, in faith we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their every hostile aim,
Their baffled hopes destroy:
But shower on him thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joy.

3 To hoary hairs be thou his God,
Late may he reach that high abode,
Late to his heaven remove:
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy by thy grace
To fill a throne above.

4 Secure us, of his royal race,
A man to stand before thy face,
And exercise thy power:
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bless,
Till time shall be no more.

Franconia. P. M.



HYMN 500.

1 EVENING and morning,
Sunset and dawning,
Wealth, peace, and gladness,
Comfort in sadness, [be thine:
These are thy works, all the glory
Times without number,
Awake, or in slumber,
Thine eye observes us,
From danger preserves us,
Causing thy mercy upon us to shine.

2 All here is dying,
Groaning and sighing;
God does not alter,
Nor his word falter; [ground,
Built like his will, on immutable
His love remaineth,
His grace never waneth,
Soothing and healing
The pains we are feeling,
Keeping us now and eternally sound.

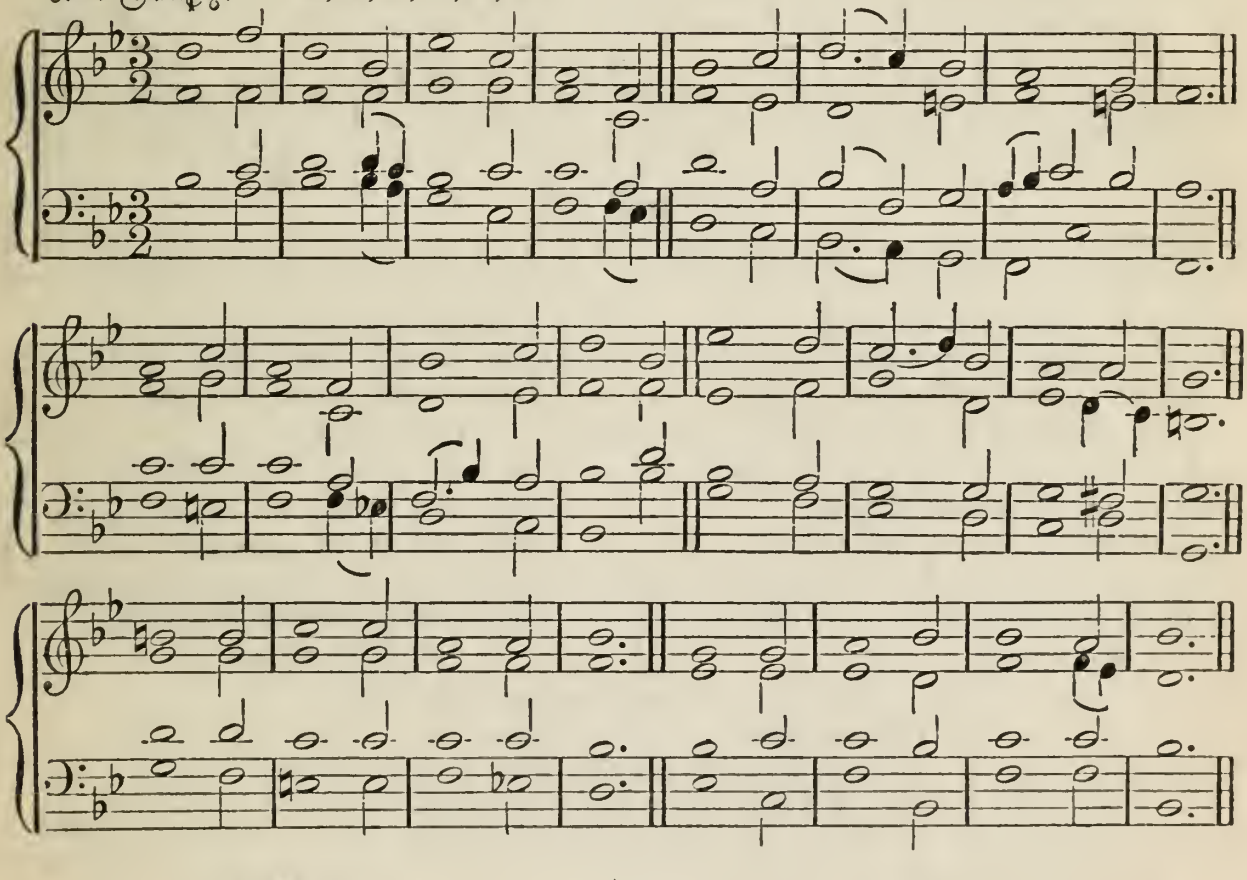
3 Father, Oh, hear me,
Pardon and spare me,
Quench all my terrors,
Blot out my errors, [be scanned.
That by thine eyes they may no more
Order my goings,
Direct all my doings,
As it may please thee,
Retain or release me,
All I commit to thy fatherly hand.

4 Wilt thou to try me,
With all supply me,
Nature requireth,
Or heart desireth, [breast,
Whisper this counsel of love in my
"God is the greatest,
The fairest, the sweetest,
God is the purest,
The truest, the surest, [best."
And of all treasures the noblest and

5 Or shouldst thou give me,
Wormwood to grieve me
Griefs to distress me,
Burdens to press me, [decreed.
Welcome whatever thy Word hath
My kind Physician
Knows well my condition,
That which will hurt me,
Or heal and convert me, [need.
God will not chasten us more than we

6 Griefs of God's sending,
All have an ending;
Clouds may be pouring,
Wind and wave roaring, [has past:
Sunshine will come when the tempest
Joys still increasing,
And peace never ceasing,
Faith lost in vision,
And hope in fruition, [last.
These are the joys which I look for at

St. Asaph. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.



HYMN 501.

1 GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who the day and night hast given,
Sun, and moon, and starry host;
Whose strong hand the world sus-
And whatever it contains. [tains,

2 For the night which now has ended,
God, I thank thee from my heart;
Thou hast watched me and defended
From all danger, grief, and smart;
And from him who, night and day,
Seeks to make my soul his prey.

3 From my many sins relieve me,
Let their night with this night cease;
Jesus, let thy wounds receive me,
There alone can I find peace;
Balm for every wound that bleeds,
Everything a sinner needs.

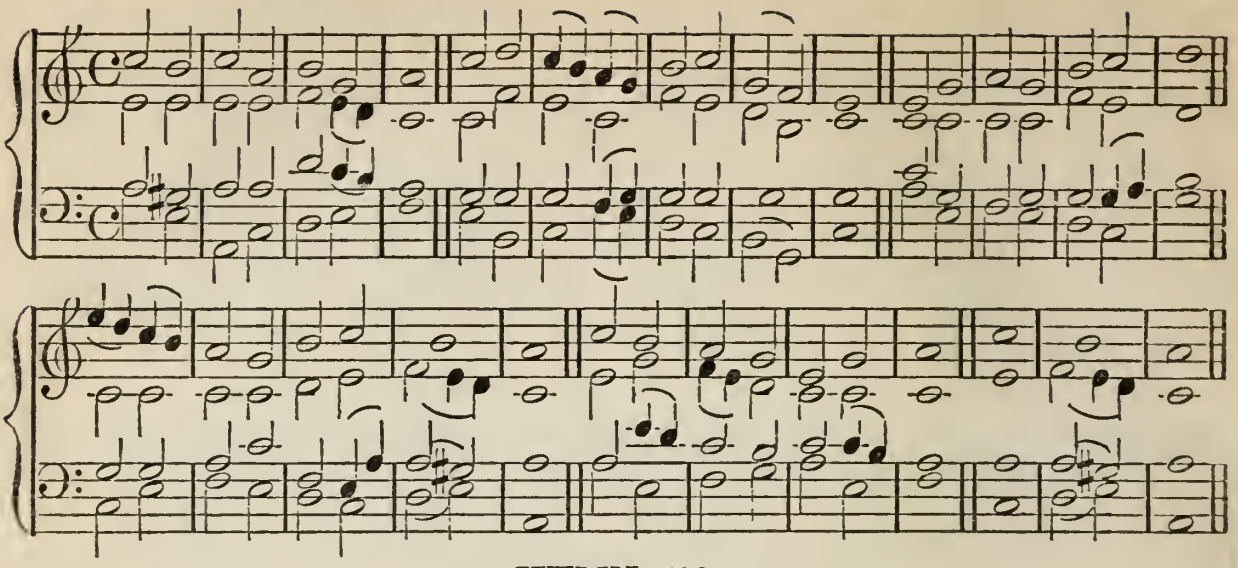
PART II.

1 Help me, that I may this morning
In the Spirit also rise;
And my soul with grace adorning,
Lord, prepare it in such wise,
That I may, without dismay,
Look for thy great Judgment day.

2 Lead me, and direct my doings
By thy holy word and will;
Order all my ways and goings,
Keep me, Lord, this day, from ill;
Nowhere else, except with thee,
Can I safely guarded be.

3 Lying down, awake, and sleeping,
Soul and body, heart and mind,
I commit to thy safe keeping,
Great Preserver of mankind!
Lord, my glory, whose I am,
Fold and guard thy helpless lamb!

Wells. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 3.



HYMN 502.

1 COME, thou bright and morning star,
Light of light, without beginning,
Shine upon us from afar,
That we may be kept from sinning;
Drive away by thy clear light,
Our dark night.

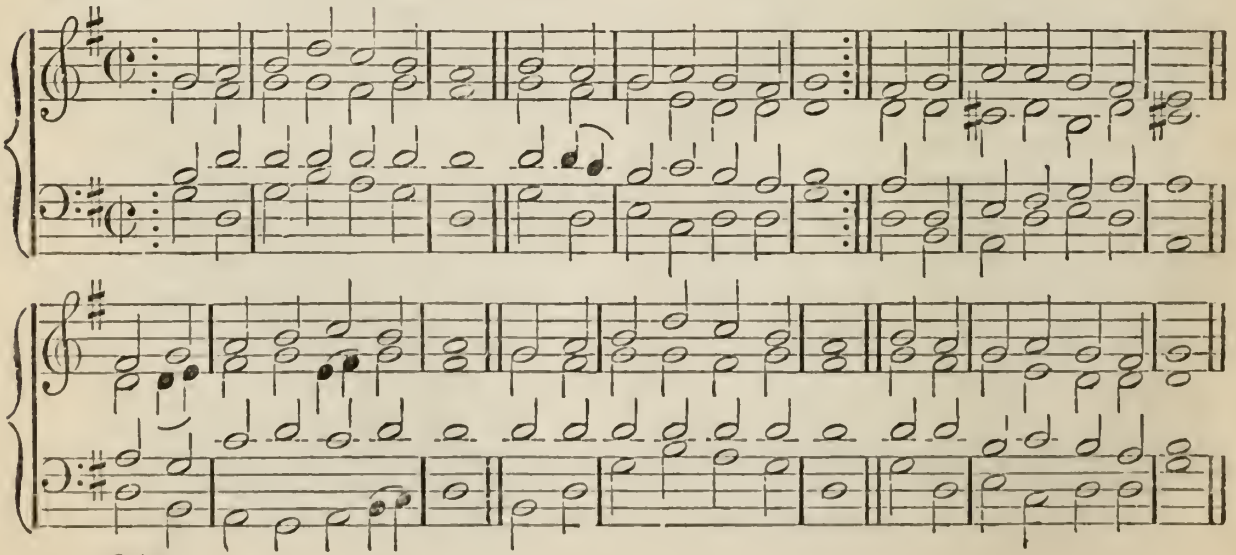
2 Let thy grace, like morning dew,
Falling upon barren places,
Comfort, quicken, and renew
Our dry souls and dying graces;
Bless thy flock from thy rich store,
Evermore.

3 May thy fervent love destroy
Our cold works, in us awaking
Ardent zeal, and holy joy,
At the purple morn's first breaking:
Let us truly rise, ere yet
Life has set.

4 Ah! thou Day-star from on high,
Grant that at thy next appearing,
We who in the grave do lie,
May arise, thy summons hearing;
And rejoice in our new life,
Far from strife.

5 Light us to those heavenly spheres,
Sun of Grace, in glory shrouded;
Lead us through this vale of tears,
To the land where days unclouded,
Purest joy, and perfect peace,
Never cease.

Cassel. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.



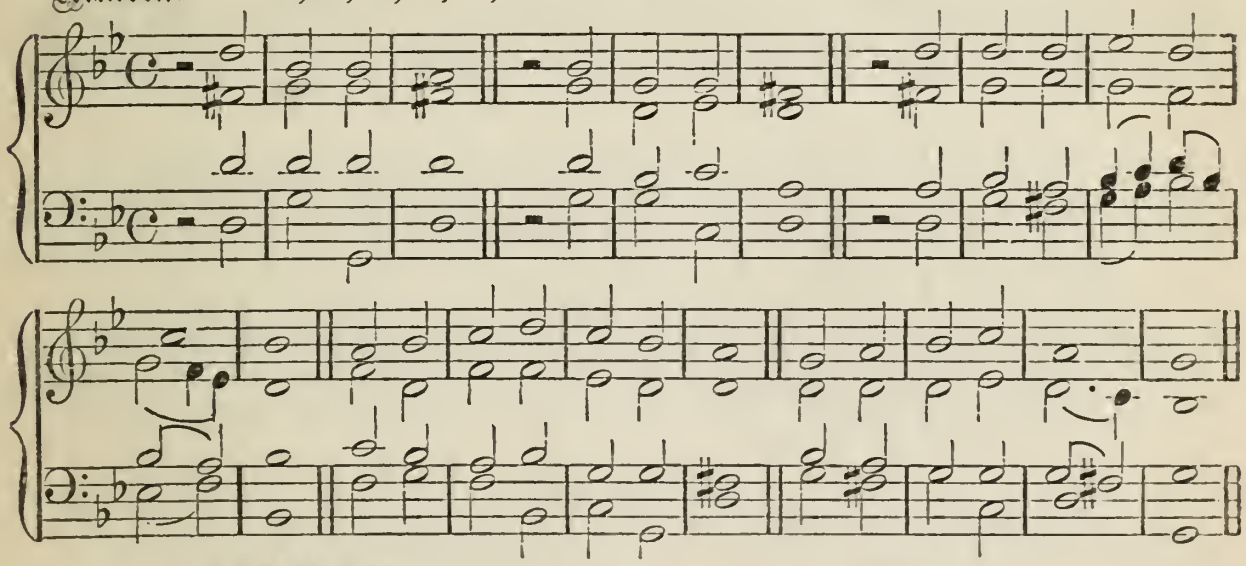
HYMN 503.

1 OMNIPRESENT God! whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain;
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 Oh, thou jealous God, come down,
God of spotless purity!
Claim and seize me for thy own,
Consecrate my heart to thee;
Under thy protection take;
Songs in the night season give;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake,
Let me die to thee, and live.

3 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free;
Draw with stronger influence
My unfettered soul to thee:
In me, Lord, thyself reveal,
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee, when waking, feel,
Let me in thy image rise.

Minden. 4, 4, 7, 7, 6,



HYMN 504.

PART II.

1 THE day is gone,
And left alone,
I long for that blest morrow,
Which shall set me wholly free
From all care and sorrow.

2 The night is here,
Oh, be thou near,
With thy bright lamp, O Jesus,
From the night of sin and death,
Speedily release us.

3 The sweet sunlight
Fades from my sight;
Eternal, uncreated
Sun, break forth, and shine on me,
Who so long have waited.

4 Whate'er doth move,
Below, above,
Now from its work reposes;
Show me, Lord, thy work in me,
Ere mine eye-lid closes.

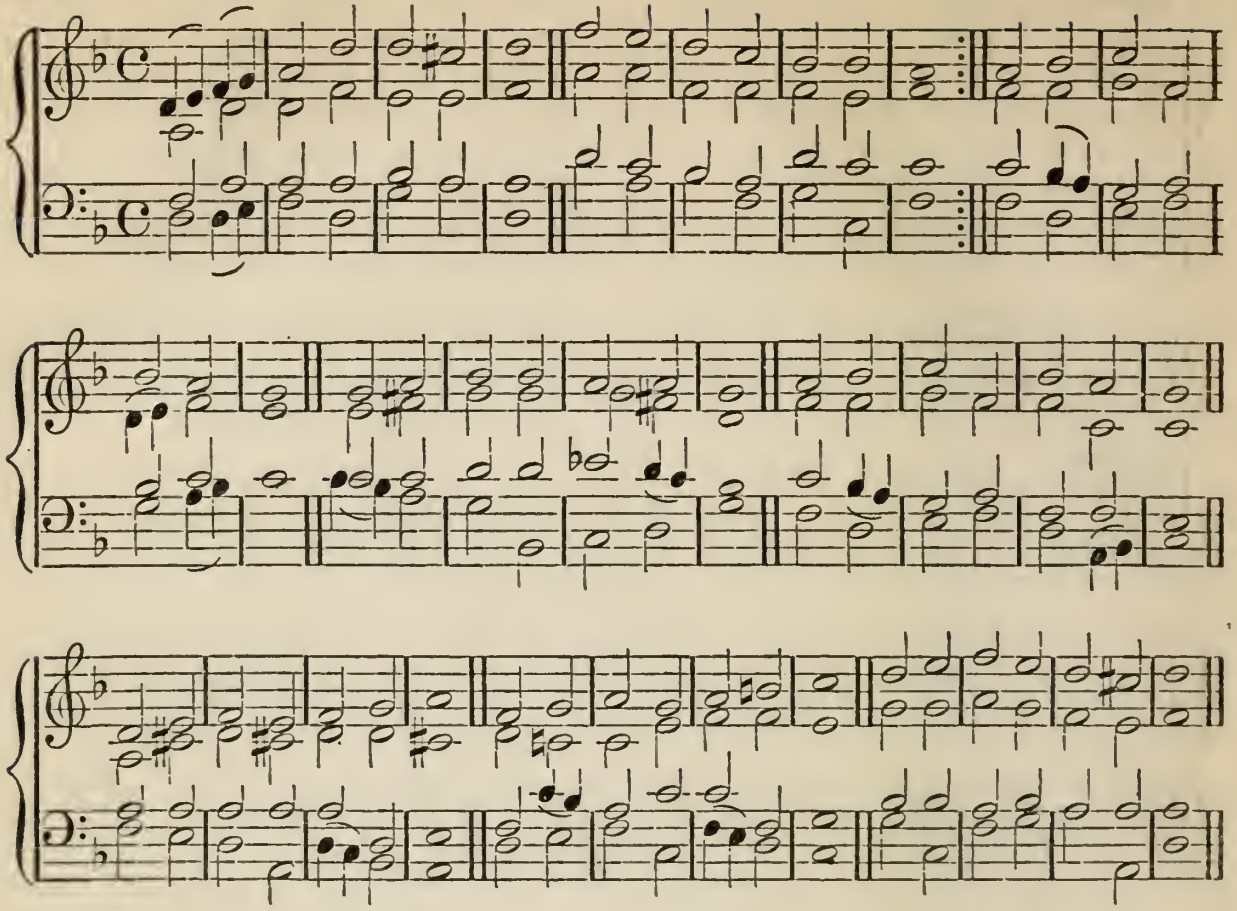
1 When shall the day
Abide alway,
By night no more succeeded?
When the day of days arise,
Where no sun is needed?

2 To Salem, then,
No more again
Her sunlight shall be missing;
For the Lamb shall be her light,
Her eternal blessing.

3 Oh! were I there!
Where all the air
With lovely sounds is ringing;
Where the saints are evermore
Holy, Holy, singing!

4 Jesu, my Rest!
Thou ever blest!
Oh, help my poor endeavour!
Let me, in thy glorious light,
Shine before thee ever!

St. Bartholomew's. P. M.



HYMN 505.

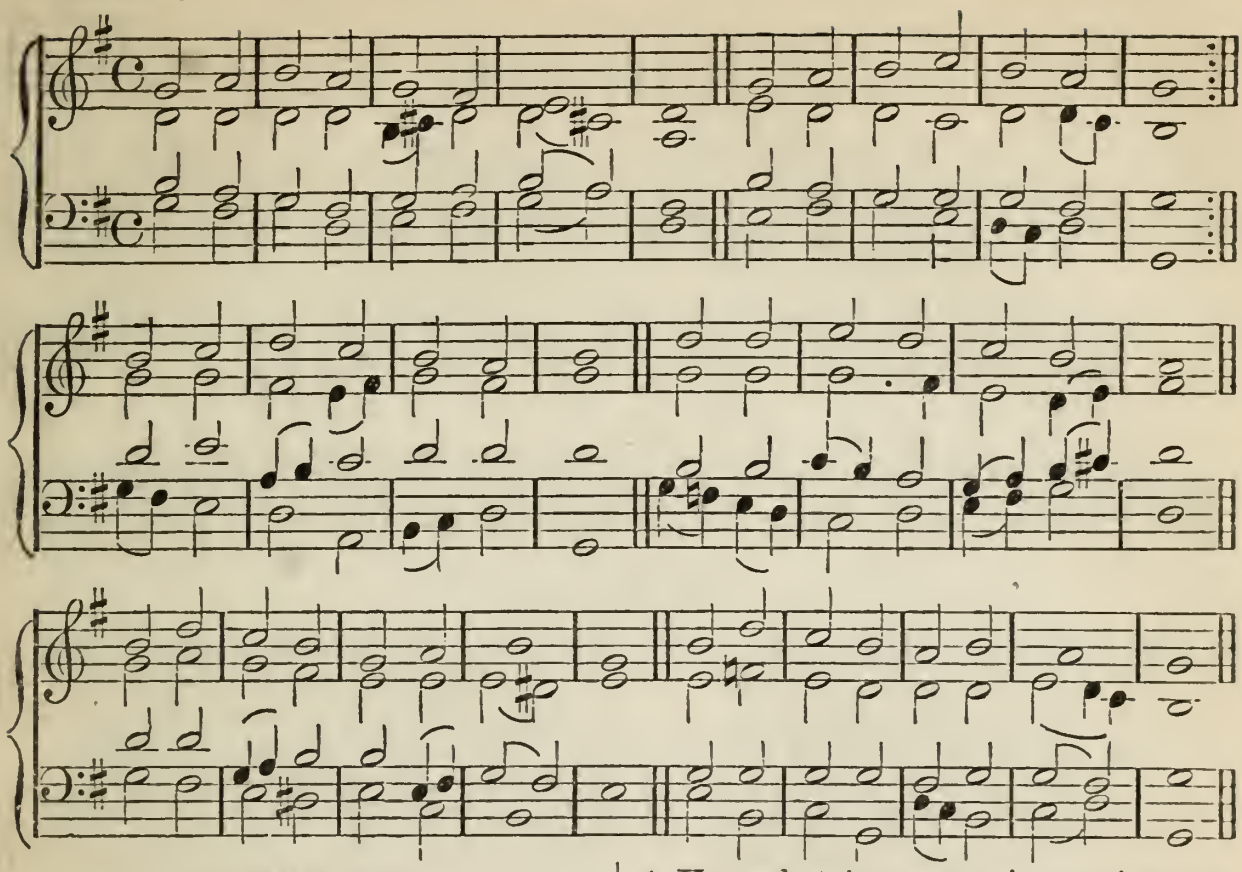
1 FATHER! by thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father! guard our couch from ill,
Lull thy creatures to repose:
We to thee ourselves resign;
Let our latest thoughts be thine!

2 Saviour! to thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer:
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray; [pride,
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of
Wishes to thy cross untrue,
Secret faults, and undescried,
Meet thy spirit-piercing view:
Blessed Saviour! yet through thee
Pray that these may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit! breath of balm!
Fall on us in evening's calm:
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with thee will vigils keep:
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort, still!

4 Blessed Trinity! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear,
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Let thy angels' guardian host
Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wakes us to a song of praise.

Coblentz. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7.



HYMN 506.

1 OH, what precious balm and healing,
Jesus, in thy wounds I find!
Every hour that I am feeling
Pains of body and of mind:
Should some evil thought rush in,
And provoke my soul to sin, [ning
Thoughts of thy deep wounds, from sin-
Keep me in its first beginning.

2 Should some lust or sharp temptation
Prove too strong for flesh and blood,
Lo! I think upon thy passion,
And the breach is soon made good:
Or should Satan press me hard,
Thinking I am off my guard,
Christ, I say, for me was wounded,
And the tempter flees confounded.

3 If the world my heart entices
On the broad and easy road,
And doth by its gay devices
Silence every thought of God,
When the heavy load I see
Which, dear Lord, was laid on thee,
I can still each wild emotion,
Calm and blest in my devotion.

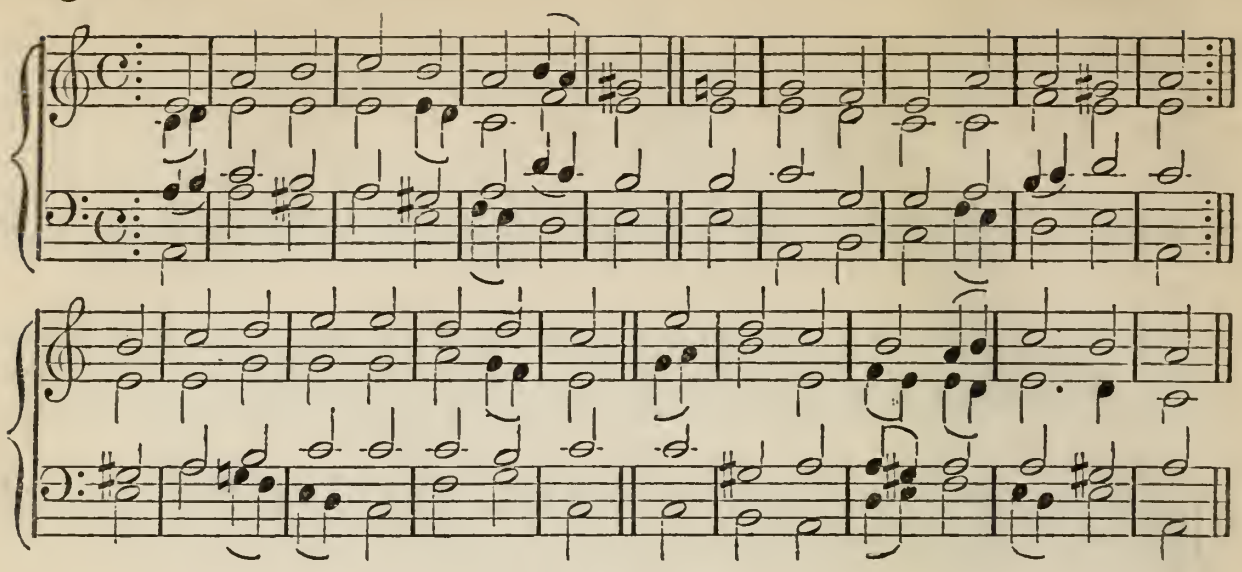
4 Yes, whate'er may pain or grieve me,
Thy dear wounds can make me whole,
When my heart sinks, they revive me,
Life pours in upon my soul:
May thy comfort render sweet
Every bitter cup I meet;
Thou who by thy death and passion
Hast procured my soul's salvation.

PART II.

LORD, on thee alone I stay me,
Safely hide beneath thy wing;
Death can neither hurt nor slay me,
Thy death took away his sting:
That I may in thee have part,
Comfort, strengthen, heal my heart;
Light, and life, and love bestowing,
All from thy free mercy flowing.

6 Well of life, if thou art nigh me,
Springing deep within my heart,
When the last dread hour shall try me,
I can feel no inward smart:
If I hide myself in thee,
Not a foe can injure me;
He shall overcome who hideth
In thy wounds, and there abideth.

Bremen. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



HYMN 507.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still:
My joy, thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 Oh, may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
Oh, may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

EVE OF THE NEW YEAR.

HYMN 508.

1 HOW many pass this solemn night
In revellings and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth;
For *us* suffice the season past;
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep;
So many years on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one night for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody:
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Stand in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and make our joys abound;
Let us exult, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask for every waiting soul,
Oh, let our glorious joy be full!

5 Oh! may we all triumphant rise,
With joy upon our heads return,
And far above those nether skies,
By thee on eagles' wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the heaven of highest love!

HYMN 509.

1 VICTIM Divine, thy grace we claim,
While thus thy precious death we show:
Once offered up a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

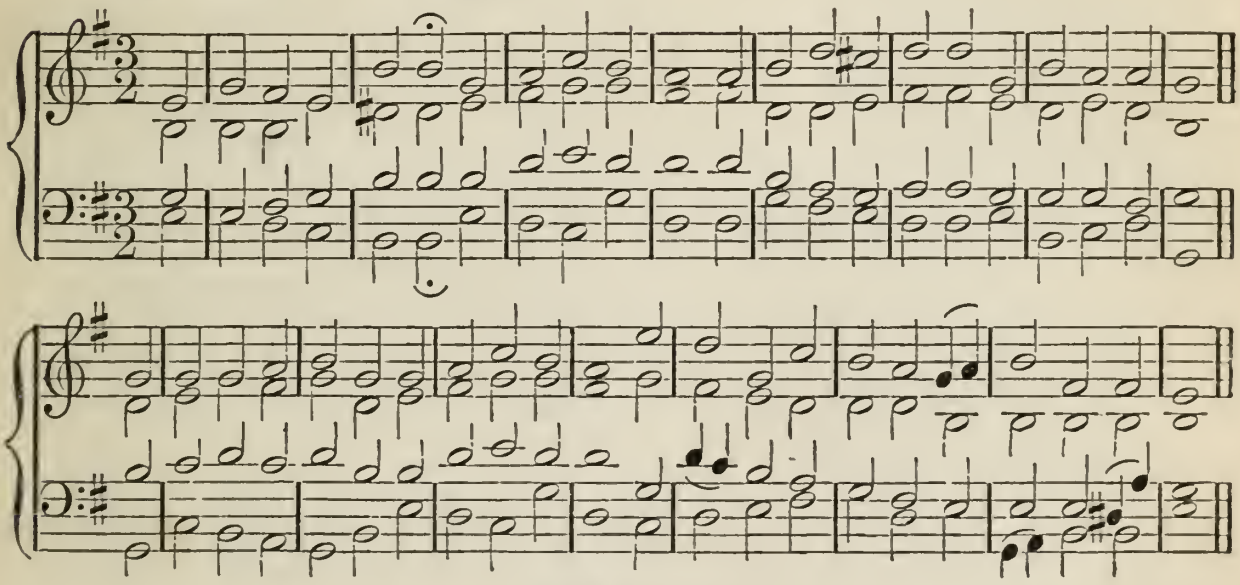
2 Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All-prevalent for helpless man:
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

3 The smoke of thy atonement here
Darkened the sun, and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And showed the great Invisible:
Well pleased in thee, our God looked down,
And calls his rebels to a crown.

4 He still respects thy Sacrifice;
Its savour sweet doth always please;
The offering smokes through earth and skies.
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace;
To these, thy lower courts, it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now thy banquet crown:
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence here!

Old 104th. P. M.



HYMN 510.

1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! by myriads are poured,
The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord:
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred:
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of men are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

5 Oh Saviour! our Saviour! look down from above,
On us who await thee in faith and in love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

Doxologies.

I. S. M.

GIVE God the Father praise,
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit of all grace,
Be equal honour done.

II. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

III. 6 8's.

IMMORTAL honour, endless fame,
Ascribe to God the Father's name;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost men's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
O God the Spirit, paid to thee!

IV. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed;
Let ceaseless praise to God be given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven.

V. P. M.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blessed,
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

VI. 7's.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

VII. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

VIII. Dble. 8. 7.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

IX.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come! Rev. iv. 8.

X.

IT is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God.

THEREFORE with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name; evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory: Glory be to thee, O Lord most High. AMEN.

XI. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

1 GLORY be to' God on high: and in êarth' peace, good' will towards men. 2 We praise thee, we blêss thee, we' worship thee: wê' glori'-fy thee; 3 We give' thanks to thee: fôr' thy great' glö-ry.

4 O Lord Gôd,' heavenly King: Gôd the' Father Al'mighty.

5 O'··' Lord: the ônly-begotten' Son' Jesu Christ: 6 O' Lörd God: Lamb of Gôd,' Son of the' Fä-ther, 7 That takest awây the' sins of the world: hâve' mercy up'ön us.

8 Thou that takest awây the' sins of the world: hâve' mercy up'ön us.

9 Thou that takest awây the' sins of the world: rê'ceive' öur prayer.

10 Thou that sittest at the right hând of God the Father: hâve' mercy up'ön us.

11 For thôu' only art holy: thôu' only' art the Lord;

12 Thou only, O Chrîst, with the' Holy Ghost: art most high in the glory of Gôd the' Father.' AMEN.

XII.

1 The four living creatures and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.

2 And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;

3 And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.

4 And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures, and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;

5 Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

6 And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

7 And the four living creatures said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever. Hallelujah! Rev. v. 8—14.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	NO.
According to thy gracious word	308
A charge to keep I have	31
A thousand oracles divine	349
Again the day returns of holy rest	348
Again the Lord of life and light	95
Ah! head so pierced and wounded	92
Ah! what avails my strife	327
Ah! whither should I go	63
All hail the power of Jesus' name	124
All other pleas we cast aside	111
All people that on earth do dwell	334
All praise to thee, my God this night	357
All praise to thee who safe hast kept (pt. 2)	354
All praise to thee, whose powerful word	465
All which for my soul is needful ...(pt. 2)	185
And am I only born to die	29
And can it be that I should gain	430
And have I yet by power divine	469
And let our bodies part	133
And let this body fail	488
And live I yet by power divine	469
Angels, from the realms of glory	40
Another six days' work is done	338
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat	209
Arise, my soul, arise	2
Arise, my soul, arise	103
Arise, O God! and let thy grace	73
Arm of the Lord! awake! awake!	376
Arm of the Lord! awake! awake!	473
As a Father ne'er removeth (pt. 3)	185
As the hart with longing looks (pt. 2)	143
As when the weary traveller gains	264
Awake! again the gospel trump	35
Awake, and sing the song	132
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	354
Before Jehovah's awful throne	335
Behold the Lamb of God who bears	230
Behold the mountain of the Lord	268
Behold the Saviour of mankind	405
Being of beings! God of love	182
Being of beings! may our praise ...(pt. 2)	346
Beneath our feet, and o'er our head	322
Beset with snares on every hand	263
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go	233
Beyond the bounds of time and space	491
Bless me with blessings from (pt. 2)	463
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	127
Blessed be thy name	165
Blessed be thy name for ever	361
Blest are the pure in heart	245
Blest Lord, the word of mercy give	289
*Bread of the world in mercy broken	314
Brethren! let us join to bless	60
Bright and joyful is the morn	8
Brightest and best of the sons of the morn	45
Captain of Israel's host, and guide	146
Captain of our salvation, take	42
Cast on the fidelity	467
Children of the heavenly King	248
†Christ is our corner-stone	388
†Christ lay awhile in death's strong bands.	104
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day	98
Christ, the Rock on which I build	106
Christ, whose glory fills the sky	49
Christians, awake! salute the happy morn	39
Come all who truly bear	310
Come, and let us sweetly join	99
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	169
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	150
Come, great Conqueror of the nations	54
Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God	305
Come, Holy Ghost, Lord God, full fill	142
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	303
Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind	151
Come, Holy Spirit, come	325
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	140
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	123
Come, let us join our friends above	487
Come, let us who in Christ believe	457
Come, let us use the grace divine	458
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	344
Come, O thou all victorious Lord	226
Come, Redeemer, blessed Jesus	18
Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above	438
Come thou bright and morning star	502
Come, thou high and lofty Lord	6

* Bound upon th' accursed tree! 87

† Christ is risen! 100

	NO.
Come, weary souls, with sin distressed ...	232
Come, ye that love the Lord	429
Come, ye who love the Lord	102
Commit thou all thy griefs	184
Creator of the rolling flood	293
Creator, Spirit ! by whose aid.....	145
Dread Jehovah ! God of nations	364
Dread Sovereign ! let my evening song...	360
Earth to earth, and dust to dust	101
Equip me for the war	427
Ere another sabbath's close.....	343
Eternal beam of light divine	219
Eternal God ! we look to thee..	225
Eternal Power, whose high abode	189
Eternal Spirit ! source of truth	141
Evening and morning	500
Except the Lord conduct the plan.....	422
Expand thy wings, celestial dove	147
Extended on a cursed tree	402
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.....	449
* Father of all, in whom alone	174
Father, how wide thy glory shines.....	183
Father of all our mercies, thou	227
Father of all, whose powerful voice	195
Father of eternal grace	250
Father of faithful Abraham, hear	43
Father of heaven, whose love profound...	157
Father of lights, from whom proceeds ...	75
Father of me and all mankind	167
Father of mercies, in thy word	171
Father of mercies ! send thy grace.....	392
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	469
Father, Son, and Spirit, hear	450
Father, throned on high	164
Father, to thee my soul I lift	207
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	198
For all thy saints, O Lord	326
For ever, here my rest shall be	307
Forget not what my ransom cost...(pt. 2)	36
Forgive, O Lord, our wanderings past ..	315
Forth from the dark and stormy sky.....	317
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go	439
Fountain of good, to own thy love	393
Fountain of mercy, God of love.....	372
From all that dwell below the skies	337
From depths of woe I raise to thee	64
From Egypt's bondage come.....	275
From every earthly pleasure	296
From Greenland's icy mountains	377
From Jesse's root, behold a Branch arise .	12
Give me the wings of faith, to rise.....	277
Give to the winds thy fear.....(pt. 2)	184
Glorious things of thee are spoken	269
Glory be to God on high	162
God in his temple let us meet.....	341
God, in the gospel of his Son	175
God moves in a mysterious way	201
God of all grace and majesty	417
God of almighty love	425
God of mercy, throned on high	383
God of my life, to thee I call	262
God of my life, whose gracious power.....	468
God of my salvation, hear	61
God of our life ! thy various praise.....	396
God, only wise, almighty, good	495
God reveals his presence	297
God, that madest earth and heaven	362
God, who madest earth and heaven	501
Go to dark Gethsemane.....	88
Gracious Jesu ! in thy name.....	454
Gracious Spirit ! love divine.....	153
Great God ! as seasons disappear.....	371
Great God ! to me the sight afford.....	178
Great God ! what do I see and hear	27
Great is our redeeming Lord	353
Great Shepherd of thy people, hear	330
Guide us, O thou great Jehovah.....	160
Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord.....	166
Hail the day that sees him rise.....	118
Hail ! thou once despised Jesus	136
Hail to the Lord's anointed	378
Happy saint, that free from harms.....	453
Happy soul, thy days are ended	486
Happy the man that finds the grace	294
Happy the man whose hopes rely	192
Happy the souls to Jesus joined.....	267
Hark, a voice divides the sky	483
Hark ! the herald angels sing.....	37
Hark ! the glad sound, the Saviour.....	3
Hark ! the song of jubilee..... ...	379
Hark ! the voice of love and mercy.....	91
Have mercy, Lord, on me	62
Head of the church triumphant	271
Hearken to the solemn voice	492
Heaven hath confirmed the great decree...	324
Help, Lord, to whom for help	423
High above every name .....(pt. 2)	2
High in the heavens, eternal God	190
Holy Ghost ! whose fire celestial.....	270
Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty ...	156
Holy, holy, holy Lord	485
Holy Lamb ! who thee confess	452
Holy Lamb ! who thee receive	78
Holy Spirit, from on high	154
Holy Spirit, in my breast.....	152
Hosanna ! raise the pealing hymn	4
Hosanna to the living Lord.....	1
How are thy servants blessed, O Lord ...	202
How beauteous are their feet.....	52
How bright appears the morning star	15
How do thy mercies close me round.....	442
How good and pleasant 'tis to see.....	299
How happy are the little flock.	490
How long the time since Christ began.....	223
How lovely is the eastern sky	46
How many pass this solemn night	508
How shall the young secure their hearts...	173

* Father ! by whose love and power 505.

	NO.
How sweet the hour of closing day	301
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	210
How swift the torrent rolls	321
I and my house will serve the Lord	498
I hold the sacred book of God	176
I thank Thee, uncreated Sun (pt. 2)	435
I want the spirit of power within	431
I will sing my Maker's praises	185
If God himself be for me	161
In age and feebleness extreme	480
In duty and in suffering too	241
In stature grows the heavenly child	286
In the hour of trial	265
In the sun, and moon, and stars	7
In token that thou shalt not fear	306
Incarnate God! the soul that knows	199
Infinite God! thy greatness spanned (pt. 2)	464
Infinite, unexhausted love	415
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! enthroned	81
Jerusalem! my happy home	276
Jesu! at whose supreme command	309
Jesu! if still thou art to-day	416
Jesu! my God and King (pt. 3)	2
Jesu! my Saviour, Brother, Friend	437
Jesu! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord	445
Jesu! Shepherd of the sheep	459
Jesu! the very thought of thee	413
Jesu! thy boundless love to me	65
Jesu! thy far extended fame	66
Jesus! and can it ever be	218
Jesus Christ is risen to day: Hallelujah	94
Jesus comes, his conflict over	108
Jesus drinks the bitter cup	134
Jesus exalted far on high	21
Jesus! great Shepherd of the sheep	266
Jesus! Lord, thy servants see	455
Jesus! Lord, we look to thee	59
Jesus, lover of my soul	215
Jesus, my chief pleasure	436
Jesus, my Saviour! let me be	217
Jesus, my strength, my hope	243
Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun	375
Jesus! soft, harmonious name!	451
Jesus, the conqueror, reigns	428
Jesus, the name high over all	414
Jesus, thou soul of all our joys	347
Jesus, thou sovereign Lord of all	478
Jesus, thou wounded Lamb of God	67
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness	33
Jesus, where'er thy people meet	339
Leader of faithful souls, and guide	251
Lead us! heavenly Father, lead us!	159
Let earth and heaven agree	412
Let not the wise his wisdom boast	231
Let songs of praises fill the sky	137
Light of life, seraphic fire	155
Light of those whose dreary dwellings	17
Lo! God is here! let us adore	346
Lo! he comes, with clouds	19
Lo! I come with joy to do	421
Lo! round the throne at God's	300
Long have we heard the joyful sound	333
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee	394
Lord, {dismiss / refresh} us with thy	350
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	133
Lord I believe a rest remains	444
Lord, if judgments now are waking	55
Lord, it belongs not to my care	258
Lord, let thy bitter passion (pt. 2.)	84
Lord, may the inward grace abound	41
Lord of earth, and air, and sea	466
Lord of heaven, earth, and ocean	374
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise	345
Lord of life, the guard and giver	361
Lord of mercy and of might	220
Lord of the harvest, hear	53
Lord of the harvest! thee we hail	368
Lord of the sabbath! hear us pray	340
Lord of the sabbath! thee we praise	329
Lord of the wide extended main	464
Lord of the worlds above	387
Lord teach us how to pray aright	253
Lord, thou hast bid thy people pray	499
Lord, what thy providence denies	203
Lord, when we bend before thy throne	254
Love divine, all love excelling	16
Lover of souls! thou well canst prize	70
Marked as the purpose of the skies	43
Master, Lord, to thee we cry	119
Meet and right it is to sing	352
Mine hour appointed is at hand	482
Most High and Holy Trinity	163
My blessed Saviour, is thy love	22
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	74
My God, and is thy table spread	311
My God, I humbly call thee mine	448
My God, my God, to thee I cry	208
My God, the spring of all my joys	180
My Jesus, whom the Seraph Host	135
My Saviour, thou thy love to me (pt. 2)	65
My soul before thee prostrate lies	367
My soul through my Redeemer's care	443
My spirit, Lord, awake	424
New every morning is the love	356
Not all the blood of beasts	214
Now begin the heavenly theme	9
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal	397
Now I have found the ground wherein	432
Now let us join with hearts and tongues	114
Now let your notes of praise arise	462
O Almighty God of love	420
Object of my first desire	216
O bring to Jehovah your tribute	395
O Christ, our hope, our heart's desire	407
O Christ! the leader of that war	279

	NO.
O Christ ! who hast prepared a place.....	129
O come, all ye faithful	38
O ! for a thousand tongues to sing.....	288
O Fountain eternal of life and of light ...	228
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	197
O God, our help in ages past	177
O God, what offering shall I give	434
O God, who gav'st thy servant grace	283
O happy day, that fixed my choice.....	318
O heavenly Father, hear our prayer.(pt. 3)	278
O heavenly King	25
O Holy Ghost, into our minds... ....(pt. 2)	305
O Jesu ! Lord of heavenly grace.....	44
O Jesu ! Lord of heavenly grace.....	355
O Jesu ! source of calm repose.....	298
O King of earth, and air, and sea.....	369
O King of kings ! thy blessing shed.....	113
O Lord, another day is flown.....	359
O Lord, my best desire fulfil.....	259
O Lord, thy judgments awe the land.....	365
O Lord, turn not thy face from me, who lie	80
O Lord, when condemnation.....	84
O praise ye the Lord	10
O Saviour, is thy promise fled ?.....	47
O Saviour ! whom that holy morn.....	20
O Son of God, most high	409
O Sun of righteousness, arise.....	168
O Thou, eternal Victim slain.....	316
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows...	68
O Thou that dwellest in the heavens high	206
O Thou that hangedst on a tree.....	474
O Thou whose wise paternal love ....,.....	479
O Thou to whose all searching sight.....	260
O Thou who camest from above.....	234
O Thou who hast at thy command.....	261
O who shall dare, in this frail scene	291
Oh ! for a closer walk with God.....	69
Oh ! for a heart to praise my God	238
Oh ! from the world's vile slavery	115
Oh happy, happy place ....(pt. 2)	133
Oh happy they, God's chosen race	110
Oh, help us, Lord ! each hour of need.....	72
Oh, how shall I receive thee.....	5
Oh joyful sound ! Oh glorious hour.....	109
Oh let thy wisdom be my guide.....(pt. 2)	135
Oh let triumphant faith dispel..... 125	
Oh that I could my Lord receive 222	
Oh that the Lord's salvation.....	382
Oh that the Lord would guide my ways...	172
Oh that thou would'st the heavens rend ..	285
Oh weep not o'er thy children's tomb !....	284
Oh what precious balm and healing	506
Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me (pt. 2.)	488
Oh where shall rest be found.....	256
Of my life the Life, O Jesus	404
Of strife and of dissension .....(pt. 3)	305
Oft I in my heart have said.....	418
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe	249
Omnipresent God ! whose aid.....	503
On the mountain top appearing	56
Open, Lord, my inward ear	419
Other ground can no man lay... .....(pt. 2)	450
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	144
Our festal morn is come !.....	51
Our souls shall magnify the Lord.....	391
Partners of a glorious hope.....	120
Peace ! doubting heart : my God's I am..	477
Pour down thy Spirit, gracious Lord	332
Pour out thy Spirit from on high.....	304
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.....	351
Praise the Lord through every nation.....	122
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise.....	188
Prophet, to me reveal .....(pt. 2.)	409
Refining fire, go through my heart.....	239
Rejoice ! the Lord is King.....	126
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !.....	83
Rise, crowned with light imperial, Salem.	13
Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	89
Salvation ! oh, the joyful sound !.....	211
Saviour of all, what hast thou done.....	475
Saviour of men, and Lord of love	24
Saviour of men, thy searching eye...(pt. 2)	440
Saviour of the Gentile race.....	50
Saviour, Source of every blessing	221
Saviour, when in dust to thee.....	90
Saviour, whom our hearts adore.....	493
See, in the vineyard of the Lord.....	398
See, Jesus, thy disciples see.....	494
See, what unbounded zeal and love.....	82
Send out thy light and truth, O God.....	381
Servant of all, to toil for man.....	497
Servants of Christ, his truth who know...	290
Seven times our blessed Saviour spoke ...	401
Shall I for fear of feeble man	440
Shrinking from the cold hand of death ...	470
Sinner, hear thy Saviour's call.....	417
Soldiers of Christ, arise	246
Songs of praise the angels sang	380
Sons of God, triumphant rise, Hallelujah	94
Sons of men, behold from far.....	58
Soon shall the evening star with... (pt. 2)	348
So rest, my Rest !	93
Source of good ! whose power controls	143
Sovereign of all, whose will ordains	373
Speak to us, Lord, thyself reveal	96
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love !	148
Spirit of truth ! on this thy day.....	139
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	149
Steep and thorny is the way	319
Sun of my soul ! thou Saviour dear	358
Sweet is the memory of thy grace	179
Sweet is the work, my God ! my King !...	336
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....	313
Teach me, my God and King.....	244
That day of wrath, that dreadful day.....	34
The chariot !.....	510
The day is gone	504
The golden corn now waves strong	462

	NO.
The Lord unto my Lord hath said	446
Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace	200
Thee, O my God and King	410
Thee we adore, eternal Lord !	186
Thee we adore, eternal name	323
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower.	435
The God of Abraham praise	280
The God who reigns on high.....(pt. 3)	280
The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound.	36
The Lord ascendeth up on high	121
The Lord is king ! lift up your voice	117
The Lord is risen from the dead	116
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	370
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow	26
The Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake	32
The mighty gates of earth unbar	14
There is a fountain filled with blood	85
There is a land of pure delight	272
The roseate hues of early dawn	273
The saints who die of Christ possest	131
The Son of God goes forth to war	281
The spacious firmament on high	194
The Sun of righteousness appears	97
The thing my God doth hate	426
Then rose that cry, My God .....(pt. 2)	401
This is the feast of heavenly wine	456
This is the day the Lord hath made	328
This stone to thee in faith we lay	389
This, this is He that came	213
Time by moments steals away	399
Thou art the Way ; to thee alone	386
Thou boundless Source of every good	204
Thou God hast blest my going out	496
Thou God of glorious majesty	28
Thou hidden God of love, whose height...	237
Thou Judge of quick and dead	30
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace	472
Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out	496
Thou, Lord, on whom I still depend	476
Thou knowest, Lord, that they	255
Thou Refuge of my weary soul	71
Thou son of God, whose flaming eyes ...	331
Thou whose Almighty word	170
Though in the midst of life we be	481
Though nature's strength decay ....(pt 2.)	280
Through all the changing scenes of life ...	205
Through centuries of sin and woe	363
Thy ceaseless unexhausted love	181
Thy mercy Lord, to us extend	187
Thy throne, O God, in righteousness	384
To be the gracious Saviour's choice	287
To God, most awful and most high	366
To-morrow, Lord, is thine	320
To praise our Shepherd's care	212
To thy temple I repair	342
Try us, O God ! and search the ground ...	240
Victim divine !	509
Watched by the world with jealous eye...	236
Weary of wandering from my God	77
We give immortal praise	158
We hail thee, Lord, the Church's Head..	278
We saw thee not when thou didst come...	229
What are these arrayed in white	484
What days of solid happiness	433
What sinners value I resign	112
When all thy mercies, O my God !	196
When Christ the Lord would come on earth	292
When gathering clouds around I view ...	76
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be ...	441
When his lost sheep the Shepherd finds...	224
When I can my title clear	257
When I survey the wondrous cross	312
When Jesus left his Father's throne 385	
When like a stranger on our sphere	390
When on the margin of the grave	471
When our heads are bowed with woe	79
When quiet in my house I sit	507
When streaming from the eastern skies...	252
When struggling passions rage within ...	235
When thou in death didst bow thy head..	408
Where high the heavenly temple stands...	128
Wherewith, O God, shall I draw near	403
While dead in trespasses I lie .....(pt. 2)	416
While with ceaseless course the sun	400
Who clings with resolution.....(pt. 2)	161
Who is this that comes from Edom	107
Why do we mourn departing friends	282
Why should the children of a king	242
Wilt thou not, my Shepherd true	461
Wisdom's highest, noblest treasure	411
With all my heart I love thee, Lord	105
With all my heart, O Jesus .....(pt. 2)	92
With glorious clouds encompassed round.	406
With hearts in love abounding	295
With joy may I behold the day	274
With joy we meditate the grace	86
Woe to the men on earth who dwell	23
Ye boundless realms of joy	193
Ye faithful souls who Jesus know	130
Ye hallelujahs sing on high	302
Ye nations exult, salvation is nigh	57
Ye saints and servants of the Lord	191
Ye servants of God	11
Ye servants of the Lord	247
Ye virgin souls, arise !	489
Ye who from Jesus Christ have .....(pt. 2)	278

INDEX OF TUNES.

IAMBIC METRES.

Measure.	Name of Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Author.	Date.	Revised or harmonized by
S. M.	Colchester	132, 133	Unknown	.....	Goss
S. M.	Moravia	184,244,245,246,247	Rev. E. R. West	1800	Goss (by perm.)
S. M.	Mount Ephraim	325, 326, 327	Millgrove	.....	Goss
S. M.	Potsdam	212, 213, 214	From S. Bach	.....	Phillips
S. M.	St. Augustine	256	.....	.....	Goss
S. M.	St. Bride's	62,66,320, 321	Dr. Howard	1780	Goss
S. M.	St. Michael's	51, 52, 53	Psalter	1588	Havergal
S. M.	Southwell	62, 63	Psalter	1588	Havergal
D. S. M.	Norwich	30, 31	Adapted	.....	Goss
D. S. M.	Swabia	138,243,310,425-429	German	1646	Filitz
P. S. M.	Ludlow	275	Adapted	.....	Goss
C. M.	Abridge	257, 258, 259	Isaac Smith	1770	Goss
C. M.	All Saints'	207—210, 405—407	Hugh Wilson	.....	Goss
C. M.	Bedford	331, 332, 333	W. Wheale, M.B.	ob. 1745	Havergal
C. M.	Burford	322, 323, 324	H. Purcell	ob. 1695	Goss
C. M.	Cambridge	384—386, 413—416	Ancient Church	.....	Filitz
C. M.	Canterbury	284—289	From Playford	1671	S. Wesley
C. M.	Carlisle	266—268	Ravencroft's Psalter	1621	Havergal
C. M.	Gloucester	68—72, 276, 277	From Farrant	1585	Havergal
C. M.	French	179—182, 494—497	Scotch Psalter	1635	Havergal
C. M.	Irish	197—200	Isaac Smith	1770	Goss
C. M.	London New	95, 96, 97	Scotch Psalter	1635	Havergal
C. M.	Manchester	85, 86	Wainwright	ob. 1782	Goss
C. M.	Northampton	306—308	Dr. Croft	1703	Goss
C. M.	Nottingham	201—205	Jer. Clarke	1700	Havergal
C. M.	Old Martyrs	281, 282	Scotch Psalter	1611	Goss
C. M.	St. Ann's	20-24, 359, 360, 444—449	Dr. Croft.	1703	Havergal
C. M.	St. David's	328—330, 372, 373	Playford's Psalter	1671	Havergal
C. M.	St. George's	3, 4, 456—458	Nich. Herman	1560	Goss
C. M.	St. James's	392, 393, 394	R. Courtville.	1680	Goss
C. M.	St. Mary's	222—224, 396—398	Playford's Psalter	1671	Havergal
C. M.	St. Stephen's	171—174, 238—241	Rev. W. Jones.	ob. 1800	Goss
C. M.	Silesia	225, 226, 227	Crüger	1658	Filitz
C. M.	Tallis's Ord. Hym	305	Tallis	1565	Havergal
C. M.	Westminster	166—169	Turle	1851	Turle
C. M.	Winchester	139—141	Allison's Psalter	1599	Havergal
C. M.	Windsor	177, 178	Kirby.	1592	Havergal
C. M.	York	123, 124, 125	Scotch Psalter	1615	Havergal
D. C. M.	Brunswick	272, 273	From Handel	1742	Goss
D. C. M.	Old 81st	183, 349	Day's Psalter	1563	Chiefly Havergal
D. C. M.	Ripon	253, 254	Unknown	.....	Goss
D. C. M.	St Matthew s	80-82,196, 309	Dr. Croft	1703	Goss
D. C. M.	St. Simon's	487, 488	J. Crüger	1658	Filitz
P. C. M.	Old 44th	363	Day's Psalter	1563	Chiefly Havergal
P. C. M.	Salisbury	211	Adapted	.....	Goss
L. M.	Angel's Song	128, 464—465	O. Gibbons	.....	Goss
L. M.	Breslau	231—234,371,437-443	Clauderi Psalter	1636	(By permission)
L. M	Bristol	116, 117	Jer. Clarke	ob. 1707	Turle
L. M.	Cannons	402, 403	Handel	1742	Havergal
L. M.	Crasselius	157, 188, 190, 375, 376	Crasselius	... .	Chiefly Havergal
L. M.	Eisenach	217, 218, 219	J. H. Schein	ob. 1631	From S. Bach.

Measure.	Name of Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Author.	Date.	Revised or harmonized by
L. M.	Ely	468—474	Bishop Turton	1850	Bishop Turton
L. M.	Erfurt	175, 176	Luther	1543	Havergal
L. M.	Goldel	283	Goldel	1627	Havergal
L. M.	Hereford	354, 355	Ancient Church	.....	Goss
L. M.	Kent	338—341, 389—391	Dr. Greene	.....	Goss
L. M.	Luxemburg	260—264	Freylinghausen	1714	Filitz
L. M.	Magdeburg	112—115	Goudimel	1565	Havergal
L. M.	Melcombe	148—151	S. Webbe	ob. 1816	Goss (by permission)
L. M.	Old 100th	318, 334—337	The Psalter	1580	Havergal
L. M.	Rockingham	32—34, 311, 312	Ancient	.....	Goss
L. M.	St. Ambrose	46, 47, 48	Ancient Church	.....	Goss
L. M.	Saxony	66, 67	.....	.....	Havergal
L. M.	Spires	365—367	The Psalter	1563	Havergal
L. M.	Stirling	300, 301, 302	America	.....	Goss
L. M.	Tallis's Canon	356—358	T. Tallis	ob. 1585	Havergal
L. M.	Veni, Creator	44, 303, 304	Ancient Church	.....	S. Bach
L. M.	Warrington	73, 74	R. Harrison	.....	Goss
L. M.	Whitehall	292, 293, 294	H. Lawes	1638	Havergal
L. M.	Worcester	83, 186, 187	Unknown	.....	Goss
D. L. M.	Lambeth	14, 135, 194, 195	R. King, M.B.	.....	Havergal
P. D. L. M.	St. Matthias	142	Luther	.....	From S. Bach
6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.	Beverley	102, 103	Unknown	.....	Goss
6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.	Croft's 148th	158, 193, 489	Dr. Croft	1703	Havergal
6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.	Darwell's 148th	387, 388	Darwell	.....	Goss
6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.	Handel's 148th	126, 127, 412	Handel	1742	Chiefly Havergal
8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.	Innspruck	109,110,111,498,499	German	1490	From S. Bach
8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.	Oxford	28, 29, 347, 422, 423	Dr. Boyce	.....	Goss
8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.	St. Jude's	274, 490, 491	Hayes	.....	Havergal
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.	Bremen	235, 236, 475—480, 507, 508	G. Neumark	1657	S. Bach
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.	Darmstadt	41–43, 145–147, 315-317,434,435	J. Schop	1641	(By permission)
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.	Dresden	229, 230, 430	Moravian	.....	Goss
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.	Halle	251,252,346,462	Kugelman	1540	S. Bach
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.	Mamre	75, 76, 77	From Handel	1742	Goss
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.	Surrey	65, 368, 369, 370	Carey	ob. 1743	Goss
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.	Exeter	191, 192, 290, 291	Bond	1562	Havergal
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.	Old 112th	36	Luther	1540	From Mendelssohn
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.	St. Paul's	298, 299	Goss	1850	Goss

OTHER IAMBIC METRES.

8, 6, 8, 4.	Olmutz	144	Adapted	.....	Goss
8, 8, 8, 8, 7.	Baden	1	J. Pachevell	1690	Rink
8, 8, 7, 8, 7.	St. Philip's	401	J. Schop	1641	From S. Bach
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.	Altorf	26, 27, 64	Klug	1535	Goss
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.	Dettingen	482	German	1524	S. Bach
8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.	St. Andrew's	104	Spangenberg	1545	S. Bach
6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.	Llandaff	255	Adapted Choral	.....	From S. Bach
6, 6, 8, 4, 6, 6, 8, 4.	Jerusalem	280	Hebrew	.....	Goss
6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.	Rochester	424	German	1698	S. Bach
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.	Lusatia	278	From the German	1524	Goss
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8.	St. Luke	163	Calvisius	1598	From S. Bach
8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 8, 8.	Peterborough	433	Moravian	.....	Goss
8, 8, 8, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8.	Worms	381	Luther	1535	S. Bach
7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.	Bernburg	92	German	1601	S. Bach
7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.	Konigsberg	5, 295, 296	German	1715	(By permission)
7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 7, 6.	St. Mark's	84	From the German	164	Goss
7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.	Wittemberg	161, 377, 378	Crüger	1649	Goss
10, 10, 10, 4.	St. Clement's	279	Ancient Church	.....	Goss
10, 10, 10, 10.	Basle	348	Goudimel	1565	Goss
10, 10, 10, 10.	Truro	12, 13	Dr. Burney	.....	Goss
10,10,10,10,10,10.	Dorchester	39	Dr. Wainwright	ob. 1782	Wainwright
10, 10, 8, 8, 10, 10.	St. Alban's	35	From Old 50th	.....	Goss
8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 9, 9, 8, 8.	Munich	408	German	.....	Goss
8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 4, 8, 8.	Hamburg	105	Calvisius	1597	Filitz and Bach

TROCHAIC METRES.

Measure.	Name of Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Author.	Date.	Revised or harmonized by
7, 7, 7, 5.	Kiel	220	Romberg	.....	Goss
7, 7, 7, 7.	Culbach	78, 79	German	.....	Havergal
7, 7, 7, 7.	Durham	248—250, 383	Stabat Mater	.. ...	Goss
7, 7, 7, 7.	German Hymn	6, 7, 8, 9	Pleyel	.....	Goss
7, 7, 7, 7.	Lincoln	382	Stabat Mater	.....	Goss
7, 7, 7, 7.	Lubeck	100, 162	German	.....	Havergal
7, 7, 7, 7.	Vienna	58, 59, 60	German	.....	Havergal
7, 7, 7, 7.	Lichfield	342, 343, 344	Stabat Mater	.....	Goss
7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.	Coburg, or Christmas Hymn	37, 483—485	H. R. H. The Prince Consort	1858	H. R. H. The Prince Consort
7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.	Nassau	49, 50, 459, 460	Rosenmüller	1565	Havergal
7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.	Presburg	88, 89	S. Bach	.....	(By permission)
7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.	Ratisbon	101	German	.....	Havergal
7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.	Cassell	215, 216, 399, 400	German	.....	Goss
7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.	Leipzig	450—453, 483	J. Schop	1641	S. Bach
7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.	Salsburg	379, 380	German	1690	S. Bach
7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.	Weimar	90, 143	Telemann	1706	Havergal
7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.	Zurich	98, 99, 118, 119, 120	J. Schop	1642	Filitz
8, 7.	Gotha	221, 269, 270, 486	H. R. H. The Prince Consort	1858	H. R. H. The Prince Consort
8, 7, 8. 7, 4, 7.	St Asaph	19	H. Purcell	.....	Goss
8. 7. 8, 7, 4, 7.	Manheim	54—56, 159, 160	German	.....	(By permission)
8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.	St Peter's	91	Ancient Church	.....	Filitz
8, 7, 8. 7, 4, 7.	St. Werbergh's	19, 40, 350, 351	M Haydn	.....	Goss
8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.	St. Asaph	107, 108	H. Purcell	.....	Goss
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.	Augsburg	364	German	.....	Havergal
8. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.	Austria	374	Haydn	.....	Goss
8, 7, 8, 7, 8. 7, 8, 7.	Chester	313	Handel	1742	Goss
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.	Chichester	136	S. Wesley	1835	S. Wesley
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.	St. Chrysostom	269, 270	Laudi Spirituali	1310	(By permission)
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.	St. John's	16, 17, 18, 185	.....	.....	Goss
8. 7. 8, 7, 8, 7. 7, 7.	Dusseldorf	404	J. Schop	1642	S. Bach
8.7,8,7,8.7,8,7.7,7.	St. Barthol.	87, 505	J. Schop	1641	Bach and Filitz
8, 7, 8. 7. 8, 7, 8, 8.	Coblentz	506	.....	1642	S. Bach
5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5.	Haarlem	164, 165	German	.....	Filitz
7. 7, 7, 7. 7, 3.	Wells	502	From German	.....	Goss
7, 8, 7. 8, 8, 8.	Arnheim	454, 455	German	1715	From S. Bach
7, 8, 7. 8, 7, 7.	Berlin	461, 501	German	1668	Goss
7. 8, 7. 8, 7, 7.	Heidelberg	106, 319	John Crüger	1658	S Bach
6. 5, 6. 5, 6, 5, 6. 5.	Bohemia	265	Adapted	.....	Goss
6.6,5,6,6,5,7,8,6.	Wurtemburg	436	John Crüger	1656	From S. Bach

OTHER METRES.

10, 10, 11, 11.	Hanover	10, 11	Dr. Croft	1703	Goss
10, 10, 11, 11.	Montgomery	57	Stanley	ob. 1786	Goss
10, 10, 11, 11.	Old 104th	510	Ravenscroft	.....	Havergal
11, 11, 11, 11.	Wareham	395	L. Knapp	ob. 1768	Goss
11, 11, 6, 6, 11.	Oldenburg	228	T. Selle	1641	Filitz
8, 8, 7, 4, 8, 4, 8,	Frankfort	15	Nicolai	1599	S. Bach
7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.	St. Barnabas	134, 352, 353, 492, 493	Adapted from Damantius	1618	Goss and Filitz
8, 7, 8, 7, 12, 12, 11, 11.	Landsberg	411	Freylinghausen	.....	From S. Bach
4, 4, 7, 8, 7.	Minden	93, 504	Christ. Peter	1641	From S. Bach
6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.	Bangor	2, 409, 410	Unknown	.....	Goss
5, 5, 5, 5, 10, 11, 11, 10.	Franconia	500	Ebeling	1666	Filitz
7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 9, 5, 6, 7, 5.	St. John Baptist	481	Ancient Church	1525	From S. Bach
P. 4, 7's.	Easter Hymn	94	Carey	1703	Goss
8, 8, 7; 8, 8, 7.	Glastonbury	121, 463	Ancient Church		
7, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7.	Gottingen	271	Schein	1627	Goss
6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6.	Groningen	297	Neander	1680	Filitz
9, 8, 6, 6, 4, 8, 8.	Hernhutt	122	German	1599	S. Bach
6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.	Moscow	170	Giardini	1760	Havergal
9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8.	Navarre	314	Goudimel	1565	Filitz
7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.	Nuremburg	61, 417—421, 467	From a German Chorale		
6, 6, 11, 6, 6, 11.	Portugnese Hymn	38	Adeste Fideles		Goss
12, 12, 12, 11.	St. Athanasius	156	Ad. from Ancient Church		
8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.	St. Thomas	137	Adapted		
8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.	Upsal	362	Adapted		
11, 10, 11, 10.	Holstein		From Romberg		

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

	HYMN
*Abridge	257—259
*All Saints' (Martyrdom)	207—210, 405—407
*Altorf (Luther's Hymn)	26, 27, 64
*Angels' Song	128—131, 464, 465
Arnheim	454, 455
Augsburg	364
*Austria	374
Baden	1
Bangor	2, 409, 410
Basle	348
*Bedford	331—333
Berlin	461
Bernburg	92
*Beverley	102, 103
Bohemia	265
Bremen	235, 237, 475—480, 507, 508, 509
Breslau	231—234, 371, 437—443
Bristol	116, 117
Brunswick	272, 273
*Burford	322, 324
Cambridge	384, 386, 413—416
Cannons	32—34, 402, 403
*Canterbury	284—289
Carlisle	266, 268
Cassel	215, 216, 399, 400, 503
Chester	313
Chichester	136
*Christmas Hymn, or Coburg	37, 483—485
Coblentz	506
Coburg	37, 483—485
*Colchester	132, 133
Crasselius	157, 188—190, 375, 376
Croft's 148th	158, 193, 489
Culbach	78, 79
Darmstadt	41–43, 145–147, 315–317, 434, 435
*Darwell's 148th	387, 388
Dettingen	482
Dorchester	39
Dresden	229, 230, 430—432
Dusseldorf	404
*Durham	248, 250, 383
*Easter Hymn	94
Eisenach	217—219
Ely	468—474
Erfurt	175, 176
Exeter	191, 192, 290, 291
Franconia	500
Frankfort	15
*French (Dundee)	179—182, 494—497
*German Hymn	6—9
Glastonbury	121, 463
Gloucester (Farrant)	68—72, 276, 277
Goldel	283
Gotha	221, 269, 270, 486
Gottingen	271
Groningen	297
Haerlem	164, 165
Halle	251, 252, 346, 462
Hamburg	105
Handel's 148th	126, 127, 412
*Hanover	10, 11
Heidelberg	106, 319
Hereford	354, 355
Hernhutt	122
Holstein	45
*Irish	197—200
Inspruck	109—111, 498, 499
Jerusalem	280
*Kent (Devonshire)	66, 338, 341, 389—391
Kiel	220
Konigsberg	5, 295, 296
Lambeth	14, 135, 194, 195
Landsberg	411
Leipzig	450—453
Lincoln	382
*Lichfield	342—345
Llandaff	255
*London, New	95—97
Lubeck	100, 162, 248—250
Ludlow	275
Lusatia	278
Luxemburg	260—264
*Magdeburg	112—115
Mamre	75—77
*Manchester	85, 86
Manheim	54—56, 159, 160
*Melcombe	148—151
Minden	93, 504
*Montgomery	25, 57
*Moravia	184, 244, 247
Mornington's Chant	206, 361
Moscow	170
*Mount Ephraim	325—327
Munich	408
Nassau	49, 50, 459, 460
Navarre	314
*Northampton	306—308
Norwich	30 31
*Nottingham	201—205
Nuremburg	61, 417—421, 466, 467
Old 44th	363

	HYMN
Old 81st	183, 349
Old 104th	510
Old 112th	36
Oldenburg	228
*Old Hundredth	318, 334—337
Old Martyr's	281, 282
Olmutz	144
*Oxford	28, 29, 347, 422, 423
Peterboro'	433
*Portuguese Hymn	38
Potsdam	212, 213, 214
Presburg	88, 89
Ratisbon	101
*Ripon	253, 254
Rochester	424
*Rockingham	32—34, 311, 312
St. Alban's	35
St. Ambrose	46—48
St. Andrew's	104
*St. Ann's	20—24, 359, 360, 444—449
St. Asaph's	107, 108, 501
St. Athanasius	156
St. Augustine	256
St. Barnabas	134, 352, 353, 492, 493
St. Bartholomew	87, 505
*St. Bride's	62, 63, 320, 321
St. Chrysostom	269, 270
St. Clement's	279
*St. David's	328—330, 372, 373
*St. George's	3, 4, 456—458
*St. James's	392—394
*St. John's	16—18, 185
St. John Baptist	481
*St. Jude's	274, 490, 491
St. Luke's	163
St. Mark's	84
*St. Mary's	222—224, 396—398
*St. Matthew's	80—82, 196, 309
St. Matthias's	142
*St. Michael	51—53
St. Paul's	298, 299
St. Peter's	91
St. Philip's	401
St. Simon's	487, 488
*St. Stephen's	171—174, 238—242
St. Thomas's	137
*St. Werbergh's	19, 40, 350, 351
Salisbury	211
Salzburg	379, 380
Saxony	66, 67
Silesia	225—227
Southwell	62, 63
Spires	365—367
Stirling	300—302
*Surrey	65, 368—370
Swabia	138, 243, 310, 425—429
Tallis's Ordination Hymn	305
Tallis's Canon	356—358
*Truro	12, 13
Upsal	362
Veni, Creator	44, 303, 304
Vienna	58—60, 152—155
Wareham	395
*Warrington	73, 74
Weimar	90, 143
Wells	502
Westminster	166—169
Whitehall	292—294
Winchester	139—141
*Windsor	177, 178
Wittemberg	161, 377, 378
*Worcester	83, 186, 187
Worms	381
Wurtemberg	436
*York	123—125
Zurich	98, 99, 118—120

N.B. As a guide to those who may adopt "the Church Psalter and Hymn Book," the tunes most generally known are marked with an asterisk.

The following are selected as a specimen of tunes which, though not generally known, are sure to become popular as soon as they are heard.

Bangor, II. 2, 409, 410. Bohemia, II. 265. Cassel, II. 215, 216, 399, 400, 503. Chichester, II. 136. Coburg, or Christmas Hymn, II. 37, 483—485. Crasselius, II. 157, 188—190, 375, 376. Frankfort, II. 15. Gotha, II. 221, 269, 270, 486. Hernhütt, II. 122. Konigsberg, II. 5, 295, 296. Lubeck, II. 100, 162, 248—250. Mannheim, II. 54—56, 159, 160. Moscow, II. 170. Nassau, II. 49, 50, 459, 460. Oldenburg, II. 228. Olmutz, II. 144. St. Asaph, II. 107, 108, 501. St. Augustine, II. 256. St. Athanasius, II. 156. Stirling, II. 300—302. Vienna, II. 58—60, 152—155. Wareham, II. 395. Wittemberg, II. 161, 377, 378, &c. &c.

As the taste for music advances, such admirable compositions as the following will be duly appreciated :—

Bernburg, II. 92. Bremen, II. 235, 236, 475—480, 505; 506. Breslau, II. 231—234, 371, 437—443. Darmstadt, II. 41—43, 145—147, 315—319, 434, 435. Groningen, II. 297. Halle, II. 251, 252, 346, 462. Hamburg, II. 105. Leipzig, II. 450—453, 483—485. Minden, II. 93, 504. Nuremburg, II. 61, 417—421, 466, 467. Presburg, II. 88, 89. St. Bartholomew, II. 87, 505. St. Luke's, II. 163. St. Mark's, II. 84. Swabia, II. 138, 243, 310, 425—429. Upsal, II. 362. Veni, Creator, II. 303, 304. Worms, II. 381. Wurtemberg, II. 436. Zurich, II. 98, 99, 118—120, &c. &c.

INDEX OF CANTICLE CHANTS,

SANCTUSES, RESPONSES, &c.

MORNING.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS.

NO.

I. Gregorian, by Tallis.
II. Farrant.
III. Battishill.
IV. Gregorian.
V. Gregorian.
VI. Rev. R. Bacon.
VII. Dr. Woodward.
VIII. W. Russell.
IX. J. Jones.
X. P. Humphreys.

EASTER DAY.

I. Pelham Humphreys.

TE DEUM.

I. (1) P. Humphreys.
(2) Dupuis.
II. J. Robinson.
III. (1) Dr. Turner.
(2) Dr. Blow.
(3) Dr. Greene.
IV. (1) (2) (3) Gregorian.
V. (1) From Henry Lawes.
(2) R. Cooke.
VI. R. Cooke.
VII. Rev. William Tucker.
VIII. (1) Dr. Wm. Hayes.
(2) Gregorian.
(3) Gregorian.
IX. Dr. William Hayes.
X. (1) Dr. Cooke.
(2) Dr. Dupuis.
(3) Dr. Crotch.
XI. (1) Dr. Alcock.
(2) John Weldon.
(3) Dr. Woodward.
XII. Dr. Crotch.
XIII. (1) Dr. Boyce.
(2) William Morley.
XIV. Dr. Crotch.
XV. (1) From Luther.
(2) From Beethoven, by John Goss.

BENEDICITE, OPERA OMNIA.

I. Roman: Gloria Patria. Thomas Purcell.
II. (1) Gregorian.
(2) Gregorian.
(3) Gregorian.
III. (1) James Turle.
(2) James Turle.
(3) Dr. Randall.

BENEDICTUS.

I. W. Higgins.
II. (1) Gregorian.
(2) Gregorian.
III. (1) From Langdon's Collection.
(2) T. Purcell.
IV. Gregorian, adapted.
V. Dr. Philip Hayes.
VI. Dr. Alcock.
VII. (1) Anonymous.
(2) Jonathan Battishill.
VIII. From Dean Aldrich.
IX. James Turle.
X. From Handel
XI. Spohr, by G. Cooper.
XII. Christopher Teesdale.
XIII. Wm. Savage.
XIV. E. J. Hopkins.
XV. Dr. Dupuis.
XVI. Lemon.
XVII. Goss.
XVIII. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.
XIX. Dr. Crotch.
XX. Boyce.

JUBILATE.

I. Jonathan Battishill.
II. W. Russell.
III. J. Jones.
IV. Thomas Norris.
V. Dr. Woodward.
VI. John Davy.

EVENING.

MAGNIFICAT.

NO.

I. Earl of Mornington.
II. Dr. Nares.
III. Dr. Croft.
IV. John Goss.
V. J. Battishill.
VI. Dr. Cooke.
VII. John Soaper.

CANTATE DOMINO.

I. Lord Mornington.
II. J. Jones.
III. Dr. W. Hayes.
IV. Dr. Randall.
V. Dr. Dupuis.
VI. Gregorian.
VII. Rev. R. Bacon.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

I. Richard Langdon.
II. T. Purcell.
III. Goodson.
IV. J. Battishill.
V. Anonymous.
VI. Dr. Blow.
VII. Dr. Greene.
VIII. Gregorian.
IX. Soaper.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

I. Rev. Phocion Henley.
II. John Weldon.
III. H. Purcell.
IV. From Beethoven, by Goss.
V. P. Humphreys.
VI. Gregorian.
VII. Gregorian.
VIII. Dr. Dupuis.
IX. Dr. Crotch.

RESPONSES TO THE COMMANDMENTS.

John Marbeck; or,
I. Dr. B. Rogers.
II. J. S. Bach.
III. Dr. Arnold.
IV. Adapted.
V. Dr. Nares.
VI. Adapted.
VII. T. F. Walmisley.
VIII. J. Davy.

DOXOLOGIES.

Before Gospel.	*After Gospel.*
I. From Tallis.	I. Goss.
II. From Tallis.	II. From Tallis.
III. Tallis.	III. Goss.

SANCTUSES.

Marbeck; or,
I. Orlando Gibbons.
II. Croft.
III. Davy.
IV. Dr. Arnold.
V. Dr. William Hayes.

NICENE CREED.

I. Marbeck, harmonized by J. Goss.
II. John Goss.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

I. Marbeck, harmonized by J. Goss.
II. Quadruple (Adapted).

INDEX OF PSALTER CHANTS.

DAY.	NO. OF PSALMS.	COMPOSER OF DOUBLE CHANT.	COMPOSER OF SINGLE CHANT.
1 M.	i, ii,	*Bennett.*	*Farrant.*
	iii, iv, v,	*From Handel.*	*Dupuis.*
E.	vi, vii,	*James Turle.*	*T. Purcell.*
	viii,	*Do.*	*H. Purcell.*
2 M.	ix,	*E. Mornington.*	*Rev. Sir F. Ouseley, Bart.*
	x, xi,	*Flintoft.* [*Goss.*	*Blow.*
E.	xii, xiii, xiv,	*Beethoven by*	*Goodson.*
3 M.	xv,	*Sir J. Rogers.*	*Gregorian.*
	xvi, xvii,	*Do.*	*Goodson.*
E.	xviii,	*Dr. Dupuis.*	*Humphreys* (1), *and Tallis* (2).
4 M.	xix,	*Dr. Crotch.*	*P. Humphreys.*
	xx, xxi,	*Do. or Dr. W. Hayes.*	*John Jones.*
E.	xxii, v. 1-22,	*Handel, by Longhurst.*	*Blow.*
	xxii, v. 23-32, xxiii,	*Col. Lemon.*	*T. Purcell.*
5 M.	xxiv,	*Attwood.*	*Battishill.*
	xxv, xxvi,	*Soaper* [*Cooper.*	*Nares.*
E.	xxvii,	*Spohr, by G.*	*Turner.*
	xxviii,	*Do.*	*Blow.*
	xxix,	*J. Davy.*	*Battishill.*
6 M.	xxx,	*R. Cooke.*	*Turner.*
	xxxi,	*Do. or Nares.*	*T. Purcell.*
E.	xxxii,	*Dr. Dupuis.*	*Gregorian.*
	xxxiii,	*Do. or Russell.*	*Gregorian.*
	xxxiv,	*Russell.*	*Anon.*
7 M.	xxxv,	*Flintoft.*	*Bacon.*
	xxxvi,	*Do.*	*Dr. W. Hayes.*
E.	xxxvii,	*Norris.*	*Gregorian.*
8 M.	xxxviii, xxxix, xl,	*Battishill.* *From Lawes.*	*Tallis.* *T. Purcell.*
E.	xli, xlii, xliii,	*Goss.* [*Goss.*	*Dr. Nares.*
9 M.	xliv,	*Beethoven, by*	*Dr. Greene.*
	xlv, xlvi,	*From Luther.*	*Greg. by Tallis.*
E.	xlvii, xlviii,	*Dr. Dupuis.*	*W. Tucker.*
	xlix,	*Dr. Crotch.*	*Dr. W. Hayes.*
10 M.	l,	*Rev. P. Henley.*	*Gregorian.*
	li,	*Do.*	*Blow.*
	lii,	*Do.*	*Dr. Cooke.*
E.	liii, liv,	*Battishill.*	*Goodson.*
	lv,	*Do.*	*Dupuis.*
11 M.	lvi, lvii,	*Langdon.*	*Farrant.*
	lviii,	*Do.*	*Dr. W. Hayes.*
E.	lix,	*R. Cooke.*	*Gregorian.*
	lx, lxi,	*Do. or Luther.*	*Savage.*
12 M.	lxii, lxiii,	*E. Mornington.*	*J. Jones.*
	lxiv,	*Do. or Crotch.*	*John Goss.*
E.	lxv,	*Dr. Woodward.*	*Gregorian.*
	lxvi, lxvii,	*Do.*	*Gregorian.*
13 M.	lxviii, v. 1-16,	*Boyce.*	*Gregorian.*
	v. 17-35,	*Do.*	*P. Humphreys.*
E.	lxix, v. 1-30,	*Morley.*	*Gregorian.*
	lxix to end and lxx,	*Do. or from Dean Aldrich.*	*Gregorian.*
14 M.	lxxi,	*From Dean Aldrich.*	*Philip Hayes.*
	lxxii,	*From Lawes.*	*Woodward.*
E.	lxxiii,	*Rev. W. Havergal.*	*W. Hayes.*
	lxxiv,	*From H. Purcell, by Turle.*	*Croft.*
15 M.	lxxv, lxxvi,	*Boyce.*	*Battishill.*
	lxxvii,	*Turle.*	*Goodson.*

DAY.	NO. OF PSALMS.	COMPOSER OF DOUBLE CHANT.	COMPOSER OF SINGLE CHANT.
15 E.	lxxviii,	*Quadruple.*	*From Roman.*
	v. 1-30,	*Henley.*	*Alcock.*
	v. 31-52,	*Morley.*	*Weldon.*
	v. 53 to end,	*Boyce.*	*Woodward.*
16 M.	lxxix, lxxx,	*Morley.*	*Gregorian.*
	lxxxi,	*Boyce.*	*Greg. by Tallis.*
E.	lxxxii, lxxxiii,	*Flintoft.*	*Gregorian.*
	lxxxiv, lxxxv,	*Dupuis.*	*Anonymous.*
17 M.	lxxxvi,	*Higgins.*	*Gregorian.*
	lxxxvii,	*Higgins.*	*Farrant.*
	lxxxviii,	*Higgins.*	*Gregorian.*
E.	lxxxix, v. 1-36,	*Boyce.*	*Jones.*
	v. 37 to end,	*Dr. Cooke.*	*Croft.*
18 M.	xc,	*Battishill.*	*H. Purcell, or Anon.*
	xci, xcii,	*Dupuis.*	*Anon.*
E.	xciii, xciv,	*Dupuis.*	*Bacon.*
19 M.	xcv, xcvi,	*Soaper.*	*Gregorian.*
	xcvii,	*Do. or Boyce.*	*Turner.*
E.	xcviii, xcix, c,	*Robinson.*	*Ouseley.*
	ci,	*Do. or Cooke.*	*Woodward.*
20 M.	cii,	*Dupuis.*	*Blow.*
	ciii,	*Teesdale.*	*Hayes.*
E.	civ,	*Battishill.*	*Tucker*, v. 1-15, 31-35, *Greg.* v. 16-30.
21 M.	cv,	*Crotch*, v. 1-16, *and Dupuis*, v. 17-44.	*Greg.* v. 1-16, *Woodward*, v. 17-44.
E.	cvi,	*Henley.*	*Hayes and Greg.*
22 M.	cvii,	*Crotch.*	*Gregorian.*
E.	cviii,	*Mornington.*	*Battishill.*
	cix,	*Do. or Brownsmith.*	*Tallis.*
23 M.	cx, cxi, cxii,	*Hayes.*	*Gregorian.*
	cxiii,	*Hayes.*	*Greg. by Tallis.*
E.	cxiv, cxv,	*Crotch.*	*Greg. by Tallis.*
24 M.	cxvi, cxvii,	*From Greg.*	*Gregorian.*
	cxviii,	*Do.*	*Savage.*
E.	cxix,	*Langdon.*	*Farrant*, v. 25, *Goodson.*
25 M.	cxix, v. 33,	*Robinson.*	*E. J. Hopkins and Dupuis.*
E.	cxix, v. 73,	*Randall.*	*Nares.*
26 M.	cxix, v. 105,	*Turle.*	*Alcock, Farrant*
E.	cxix, v. 145,	*Higgins.*	*Hayes*, v. 169, *and Dupuis.*
27 M.	cxx, cxxi,	*Mornington.*	*Bacon.*
	cxxii to cxxv,	*Mornington.*	*Jones.*
E.	cxxvi-cxxviii,	*R. Cooke.*	*Woodward.*
	cxxix-cxxxi,	*Soaper.*	*Greene.*
28 M.	cxxxii, cxxxiii,	*Crotch.*	*Croft.*
	cxxxiv, cxxxv,	*Woodward.*	*Gregorian.*
E.	cxxxvi,	*From Lawes.*	*Gregorian.*
	cxxxvii,	*Dr. Cooke.*	*Greg.* or *E. Purcell*
	cxxxviii,	*From Lawes.*	*Greg.* or *P. Hayes.*
29 M.	cxxxix,	*Dr. Cooke.*	*Gregorian.*
	cxl, cxli,	*Goss.*	*Weldon.*
E.	cxlii, cxliii,	*From Handel.*	*From Langdon's Collection* (1), *T. Purcell* (2)
30 M.	cxliv,	*Lemon.*	*H. Purcell.*
	cxlv, cxlvi,	*Boyce.*	*Jones.*
E.	cxlvii,	*Crotch.*	*Battishill.*
	cxlviii, cxlix, cl,	*From Lawes.*	*P. Humphreys.*

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF PSALTER CHANTS.

SINGLE CHANTS.

Name of Composer.	Flourished.	Died.	Key.	No. of Psalm.
Alcock, Dr.		1806	B ♭	119 (v. 105).
Anonymous			G	84, 85.
Ditto			A	34, 91, 92.
Bacon, Rev. R.		1759	A	35, 93, 94, 120, 121.
Battishill, Jonathan		1801	D	24.
Ditto			G	29, 75, 76, 147.
Ditto			A	108.
Blow, Dr.		1708	E min.	10, 11, 22 (vv. 1—21), 28, 51, 102.
Cooke, Dr. B.		1798	E	52.
Croft, Dr.		1727	B min.	74, 89 (vv. 37—50), 132, 133.
Dupuis, Dr. T. S.		1796	A min.	55.
Ditto			B ♭	3, 4, 5, 119 (vv. 57—72), (vv. 169—176).
Farrant		1585	F	1, 2, 56, 57, 87, 119 (vv. 1-24), (vv. 121-144).
Goodson		1717	C	16, 17, 53, 54, 77, 119 (v. 25).
Goss, John	1860		A	64.
Greene, Dr.		1755	G	44, 128—131.
Gregorian (by Tallis)				18, 45, 46, 81, 113, 114, 115.
Gregorian				69, 79, 80, 137.
Gregorian				33, 50, 95, 96, 104, 110, 111, 134, 135.
Gregorian				15, 65, 105.
Gregorian				68, 106.
Gregorian				106.
Gregorian				37, 59, 86, 107, 139.
Gregorian				37, 107, 136.
Gregorian (Peregrine)				32, 65, 82, 83, 89, 110.
Hayes, Dr. Philip		1797	F	71, 138.
Hayes, Dr. William		1777	D	73.
Ditto			E	36, 49, 103.
Ditto			E ♭	119 (vv. 145—168).
Ditto			B ♭	58.
Hopkins, Edward J.	1860		E ♭	119 (vv. 33—56).
Humphreys, Pelham		1674	C	18, 19, 68, 148, 149, 150.
Jones, John		1796	C	20, 21.
Ditto			D	62, 63, 89 (vv. 1—36), 122—125, 145, 146
Langdon's Collection, From			G min.	142, 143.
Nares, Dr.		1783	A	25, 26, 41, 42, 43, 119 (vv. 73—104).
Ouseley, Rev. F. A. G., Bart.	1860		E ♭	98, 99, 100.
Ditto			E	9.
Purcell, Edward			D min.	137.
Purcell, Henry		1695	A min.	90.
Purcell, Henry			G	8, 144.
Purcell, Thomas		1682	G	22 (vv. 23—33), 23, 40.
Ditto			G min.	6, 7, 31, 142, 143.
Savage			B ♭	60, 61.
Ditto			C	118.
Tallis, Gregorian, harmonized by		1585	F	18, 81, 113, 114, 115.
Ditto, ditto			G	45, 46.
Ditto			A min.	38, 39, 109.
Tucker, Rev. William		1690	A	47, 48, 104.
Turner, Dr.		1740	G	27, 30.
Ditto			A	97,
Weldon, John		1736	G min.	78 (vv. 31—52), 140, 141.
Woodward, Dr.		1778	B ♭	72, 78 (vv. 53—73), 101.
Ditto			C	105 (vv. 17—44), 126, 127, 128.

DOUBLE CHANTS.

Name of Composer.	Flourished.	Died.	Key.	No. of Psalm
Aldrich, From Dean		1710	F	71.
Attwood, Thomas		1838	D	24.
Battishill, Jonathan		1801	A min.	38, 39, 53, 54, 55, 90.
Ditto			D	104.
Beethoven, by Goss		1827	C min.	12, 13, 14, 44.
Bennett, Alfred			F	1, 2.
Boyce, Dr.		1779	D	68, 78 (vv. 53-73), 81, 89 (vv. 1-36), 145, 146.
Ditto			E	97.
Ditto			F	75, 76.
Brownsmith, J. L.	1860		F♯ min.	109.
Cooke, Dr.		1793	B♭	101, 139.
Cooke, Robert		1814	B min.	89 (vv. 37—50).
Ditto			C min.	59, 60, 61, 137.
Ditto			G	30, 31, 126—131.
Cooper, George. From Spohr.	1860		G	27, 28.
Crotch, Dr.		1848	A	49, 64.
Ditto			C	19, 20, 21, 107, 114, 115.
Ditto			G	105.
Ditto			G	132, 133, 147.
Davy, John		1824	D	29.
Dupuis, Dr.		1796	A	32, 33, 47, 48, 91, 92.
Ditto			C	18, 84, 85.
Ditto			E min.	102.
Ditto			E	93, 94.
Flintoft			E min.	10, 11, 35, 36, 82, 83.
Goss, John	1860		E	41, 42, 43.
Ditto			E♭	140, 141.
Goss. From Beethoven. *See* Beeth.				
Gregorian, Adapted from			F	116, 117.
Handel, From		1759	E min.	22 (vv. 1—22).
Ditto			F	3, 4, 5.
Ditto			G	142, 143.
Havergal, Rev. William H.	1860		D	73.
Hayes, Dr. William		1777	F	20, 21, 110—113.
Henley, Rev. Phocion		1778	D	78 (vv. 1—30).
Ditto			E	50, 51, 52, 106.
Higgins			F	86—88, 119 (vv. 145—176).
Langdon, Richard		1798	F	56, 57, 58, 119 (vv. 1—32).
Lemon, Colonel			G	22 (vv. 23—32), 23, 144.
Lawes, Henry, From		1662	C	40, 72, 136, 138, 148—150.
Luther, From		1546	C	45, 46, 60, 61.
Morley, William			D min.	69 (vv. 1—30), 78 (vv. 31—53), 79, 80.
Mornington, Earl of		1781	D	108, 109, 120—125.
Ditto			E	9, 62, 63, 64.
Nares, Dr.		1783	G min.	31.
Norris, Thomas		1790	A	37.
Purcell, H., by Turle		1695	F♯ min.	74.
Quadruple, Adapted			F	78.
Randall, Dr.		1799	E	119 (vv. 73—104).
Robinson, John		1762	E♭	98, 99, 100, 119 (vv. 33—72).
Rogers, Sir John Leman, Bart.			G	15, 16, 17.
Russell, William		1813	E	33, 34.
Soaper, John			D	25, 26, 129, 130, 131.
Ditto			A	95, 96, 97.
Spohr, by George Cooper		1859	G	27, 28.
Teesdale, Christopher			E	103.
Turle, James	1860		C	6—8, 77, 119 (vv. 105—144).
Woodward, Dr.		1778	D	65—67, 134, 135.

EXPLANATORY MARKS OF THE PSALTER.

THE Psalter has been so pointed that it may be *read* with pleasure, as well as *sung* with ease. Hence, all unnecessary marks, which might disfigure the page, or obscure the meaning, have been avoided. The following explanation, it is hoped, will remove any difficulty that may occur.

Two species of Chants are used for the Psalter in the service of the Church of England, *single* and *double*. The single Chant, of which the subjoined is a specimen, must be sung through once to every verse, the first section being sung to the first part of the verse as far as the colon, and the second section to the remainder of the verse.

A double Chant is exactly equal to two single Chants, and must be sung through once to every two verses. Should the Psalm contain an odd number of verses, the last half of the Chant must be repeated for the final verse.

1. All the syllables, as far as the first accent in each part of the verse, must be sung to the first or reciting bar of each section of the Chant. Consequently the time of the first bar or reciting note is variable, and must depend upon the number of the syllables to be sung to it; but though it may be held longer than a full bar if the number of words require it, yet, however few the words, it is never held less than a full bar: these must not be gabbled or unduly hurried, but recited at the pace in which they would commonly be read. The remaining syllables in each division of the verse are to be sung to the remaining notes in the corresponding section of the Chant.

2. The *accents* of the *verse* correspond with the *bars* of the *Chants*, that is, the word immediately following the accent is sung to the note immediately following the bar: only, it will be observed, that whilst there are two bars in the first section of the Chant and three in the second, the first division of the verse has only *one* accent, and the second *two* accents. The reason of this is, that the remaining accents are perfectly needless, if it be carefully borne in mind that the first accent in the first division of the verse always corresponds with the first bar in the first division of the Chant, and the first and second accents, in the second division of the Chant, always answer to the first and second bars in the second division of the Chant.

3. When a single word or syllable stands between two accents, it is to be sung to the notes between the corresponding bars. See Example 1.

4. When a syllable has two dots placed over it, it is to be sung to two minims, or notes of equal value. See Example 2.

5. When two dots and no word occur between two accents, the syllable preceding the first accent is to be sung, not only to its own note or notes, but to the two succeeding minims. See Example 3.

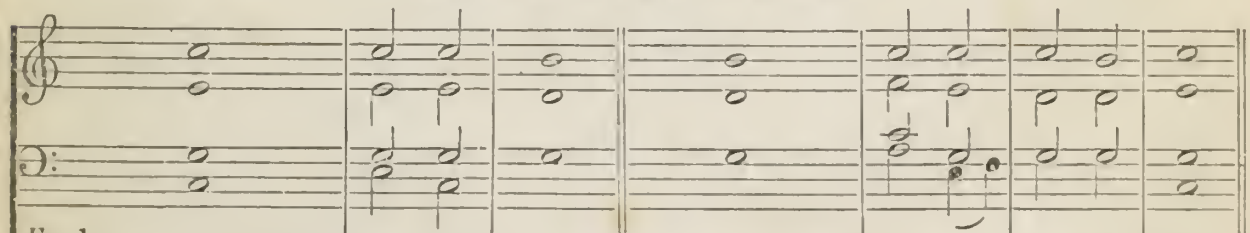
6. When two syllables are tied together, they are to be sung to the same note. See Example 4.

7. When a syllable is followed both by an accent and a dot, it must be sung, not only to its own note or notes, but to the succeeding minim. See Example 5.

As a general rule, to avoid the unnecessary accumulation of marks, the syllables OF THE are not tied, even when they are to be sung together.

N.B.—To rectify a habit which prevails in some places, of invariably dwelling on the syllable which immediately precedes the first accent in each division of the verse, whether emphatic or otherwise, a circumflex accent has been introduced into the present form of the work, to mark the syllable which is properly entitled to the emphasis. In using this accent, special care must be taken—1. Not to dwell longer upon the accented syllable than would be necessary in good reading. 2. Not to make a pause, when the accented word consists of more than one syllable, between the syllable over which the accent is placed and that which follows it. Let the word be pronounced fully and firmly as in ordinary reading. 3. Not to restrict the emphasis in such words as *mighty, blessed, filleth, fodder*, etc., to the syllable which has the accent, but to distribute it pretty equally over the whole word. An attention to these directions will render Chanting an intelligible, easy, and delightful exercise.

EXAMPLES REFERRED TO ABOVE.



Ex. 1. But his delight is in the	'law of the	Lord:	and—êxercise him-	'self'	day and	night.
Ex. 2. And he——by the	'water-	side:	that—forth his	'fruit in	dŭe	season.
Ex. 3. Whŏso	'doeth these	things:	shall	'··'	never	fall.
Ex. 4. Têach me the	'way-of thy	statutes,	ând I shall	'keep it	unto the	end.
Ex. 5. Whêrefore do the	'heathen	say:	Where	'· is'	now their	God?

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